F O R U M

VOL. LXXXII—No. 2

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, *Assistant Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

THE SUMMER has its serious side as well as the winter. Perhaps the most unhappy young woman I have ever seen was the husky athletic instructor who came to my wife after lunch to ask which she should do that afternoon, take a canoe trip with a pressing young Yale student, give Susie and Anne an extra swimming lesson, catch up with the Book-of-the-Month Club, or accept a third and last invitation to go picnicking with the riotous Robinsons. "Which do you want to do?" asked my wife patiently. Decision was too much for the young Amazon. "Which do you think I ought to do?" she sniffled. Just then someone started the camp super-heterodyne and I ran to shut it off. When I came back the athletic young lady had gone off to change her clothes, and my wife was reading "The Diary of John Quincy Adams."

LUCKILY the summer does not disturb me by its confusion of opportunities. I have chosen one simple pastime, the identification of the *hygrophorus miniatus* and the *pholiota adiposa*, two very edible varieties of white-spored mushrooms. I am not yet sure enough that the specimens I have found are not variants of the poison amanita, to test them in the frying pan; but the summer ought to make me an expert observer of this most elusive, fantastic, and mysterious realm of vegetable life. For Sundays I always keep in reserve the Einstein Theory.

THE PROBLEM of leisure is of course not such a serious one for the college professor and most members of the professional classes. Underpaid for their patient labors during the long winter months, they have to pick up snappy jobs and scratch around day and night in a lively fashion during the more remunerative vacation periods in order to keep the wolf from the nursery door. But to those of the more privileged capitalistic and labor classes, with their eight-hour days, five-day weeks, and life-extension institutes, the proper regulation of leisure-time has become a gruelling responsibility.

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FORUM

Next Month

WHAT I BELIEVE

Bertrand Russell.

The age we live in has been called an "age of transition," because, while many of the accepted beliefs of the past no longer command respect, we have not yet been able to agree upon new beliefs to take their place. So THE FORUM has invited some of the most distinguished and representative thinkers of the modern world to formulate their personal credos, to set forth the intimate views of life which they have built up out of their own experiences, and these living philosophies will be published month by month in THE FORUM, beginning with the next issue. Bertrand Russell — British mathematician, educator, and social philosopher — will ring up the curtain and will be followed by a group of Olympians which includes Albert Einstein, Irving Babbitt, John Dewey, Theodore Dreiser, Dean Inge, Sir Arthur Keith, Robert A. Millikan, Fridtjof Nansen, and others. Thinking Americans who wish to keep abreast of the best that is thought and said will not neglect to follow this new FORUM series.

IS ANYTHING LEFT OF RELIGION?

Theodore W. Darnell vs. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman

A FORUM debate. The ancients had such clear ideas about God that they seemed at times to be able to count the very whiskers on His face; but this distinct image has been blurred by time until now many moderns think of God as an impersonal Force — the Eternal Question Mark behind natural law. The ancients laid down categorical rules of conduct; many moderns find themselves completely at sea concerning the sanctions of good behavior. Does this mean the ultimate "fade-out" of religion?

ENFORCE PROHIBITION!

Francis Scott McBride

The Anti-Saloon League's reply to Mr. Coudert's challenge in this issue.

ON HAVING A BABY

Thomas Craven

Being a faithful record of the trials and tribulations of an expectant father.

HUMANISM AND RELIGION

Norman Foerster

Undefined frontiers are always bones of contention, and in this article a young humanist attempts to survey the shadowy borderland that separates religion and humanism.

ADVENTURES IN OLD-FANGLED EDUCATION

Hamilton Holt

The President of Rollins College tells how and why he has abolished the lecture system and what he has put in its place.

FOR A NEW INDIAN POLICY

Mary Austin

An almost unbelievable story of the stupidity, cruelty, and gross political corruption in our handling of Indian affairs — told by a woman who has made a life-study of the Southwestern tribes.

DON JUAN

André Maurois

The second installment of the fascinating biography of Byron which begins in this issue.

FOREWORD

Continued

MR. WALTER LIPPMANN prefaces his *Preface to Morals* with a quotation from Aristophanes: "Whirl is King, having driven out Zeus." Aristophanes never said a truer word, even in his famous frog chorus. "Whirl" will get us yet; he will get our vacations every time and drive us back to work annoyed and frustrated unless we assert ourselves, bridle each his own Pegasus, and ride the whirlwind. For the capitalists of synthetic fun have no mercy on us. Hollywood turns out a new talkie every week. The Radio Corporation perfects a new receiving set. New roadsters tempt us to do each his bit in keeping down the overproduction of gasoline. We are told it is our duty to take lessons in contract bridge. And the Crime-of-the-Week Club is in the offing. Leisure will ruin us unless we master it.

GRANT that America is the most hard-working nation the world has ever produced; grant that Americans are the most efficient people under the sun; grant that honest Ben Franklin's prophecy will come true, that we shall reduce the working day to four hours — and we still remain of all alleged civilized peoples the most inane and stupid in our pastimes. In work we are adults; in play we are not children, but imbeciles. The Chinaman smoking opium may get more philosophy out of his reverie than the American mother wedged into a theater seat watching a vacuous motion picture that acts as opium to her spirit. The sense of fun atrophies as easily as the unused muscle.

THE THREE chief satisfactions that Spinoza ascribed to the normal man — wealth, repute, and sensual gratification, these are the legitimate values of the working day. The eternal values of the Greeks — goodness, truth, beauty, these should be the goals of leisure. Judge a man by the way he plays. Measure a woman by the quality of her idle thoughts.

THE BUDGET method is the best way to control leisure. Budget your idle hours. Boycott all broadcasting that does not give you at least ten minutes of good music or good talk at a stretch. Select things you can do yourself. A musical instrument, a game, or a swim, fewer and better books, needlework or a paint brush, and weeding in the garden make a harmonious blend for a summer afternoon. Do not follow your budget too rigidly. And muffle the doorbell and take the receiver off the hook. For myself, when I am tired of identifying mushrooms, with Walt Whitman, "afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road."

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TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT

August Reading

by **DONALD F. ROSE**

THE LOST GENERATION

NOW THAT a decade of perspective makes it possible to generalize about the war, it becomes clear that the only authentic war records and estimates are essentially and intimately personal. ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, by Erich Maria Remarque (Little, Brown, $2.50), is the story of the lost generation, told in the experiences of one of them. The lost generation is the one that went to war with nothing behind it and came out with nothing before it. Before it had found its strength and assurance, it was robbed of hope and purpose. Older men came back scarred and hardened, but the damage was superficial and the resilience and endurance of habit soon made the war not much more than a nightmare memory. The children of the war period have already forgotten it, or were never aware of it. But these boys who were called up to carry on a war which their elders began became its most tragic victims, and this is their story.

It is greeted as the greatest book of the war, but it is in fact just one of them. It is not so great a novel as *The Case of Sergeant Grischa*, nor so perceptive a picture as *Undertones of War*. But it is a pitiless portrayal of Mars the murderer — murderer not alone of human bodies but of human spirits, and particularly of youth. These boys, not yet made men, were made less than animals by a senseless carnival of death, and it seems that when the chief character dies at the end, the last of a group sent up for sacrifice, he is well delivered from a worse fate. There are no heroics or hysterics about the story, but it is the most powerful indictment of the wasteful wickedness of war that has yet been written. Those who read it must remember it, and it will do much to teach the world repentance.

Another lost generation has a good deal to say in SLEEVELESS ERRAND, by Norah C. James (Morrow, $2.50). This story blames the war for the gin-soaked uselessness of neurotic young women who are supposed to prowl about the edges of polite society, seeking what they may devour and contemplating suicide. One of them loses her lover and can find no point to further existence, so highly resolves to drive herself off a cliff into oblivion. On the way she runs across a nice young man whose world tumbled down when he found his wife misbehaving herself, so that he also thinks suicide would be an effective solution. They spend about three days talking it over, during which they visit a choice collection

Woodcut by Frans Masereel, courtesy of Weyhe Gallery

of sink-holes where the post-war generation is drinking itself blotto for lack of something better to do. Ultimately, the lost lady persuades the man to believe that things might be worse. He goes back to his wife and she goes off the cliff.

As a delineation of a woman burned out and a nervous wreck, this is penetrating stuff, and her philosophy escapes her own self-conscious cynicism sufficiently to justify most of the conversation. But it is not an accurate picture of the whole generation, any more than the speakeasy is the sole consequence of prohibition. It is one sort of woman — may her tribe decrease — finding one way out from a synthetic crisis, and one sort of man recovering from a case of righteous indignation to which he is not properly entitled. The book was thoroughly and conclusively censored in England, but considering the muddy messiness that gets by to-day in the guise of literature, it is hard to see what all the shooting was about.

The censor might find better things to do in SALT WATER TAFFY, by Corey Ford (Putnam, $2.50), since vulgarity is really a worse sin than candid conversation. This is a highly diverting parody of Joan Lowell's profitable indiscretion, but most of it is about as subtle as a tack on a chair, and there is at least twice too much of it. June Triplett experiences all the adventures that made a mermaid out of Joan Lowell, and her father whales her right through the book and in the customary location. At last she reverses the process and her father, and does a little whaling on her own account. She should have spared at least one wallop for Corey Ford, for tossing off a book between three cocktails and bedtime.

THE CRIME COMPLEX

A PEDAGOGIC psychologist recently reported that he had taken the gangster apart and found him essentially insane and incurable, a creature of atrophied or undeveloped humanity. LITTLE CAESAR, by W. R. Burnett (Dial, $2.00), tells the same story and makes it a thrilling yarn. Morley Callaghan did something of the same sort in *Strange Fugitive* and Charles Walt again in *Love in Chicago*, but neither escaped so completely from concern with human motives and emotions as does this tale of gunmen and gangsters and sudden death. Its characters are not men, but rats or ferrets or small beasts of prey, whose scale of passions runs from appetite through greed to fear, and no further. They kill and are killed, and we feel little horror or distress. It is a real relief, to be sure, to be spared a sentimental or even psychological exploration into the inner workings of those who quite possibly haven't any, though such a story sets up another nice problem with which the wit of society must some day reckon. The book is like a good motion picture without sound effects — sharp-edged, swift, and exciting. Its message, if any, is in agreement with the pedagogic

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verdict, that the professional killer is a hard-boiled moron with hardly a recognizable human attribute save vanity.

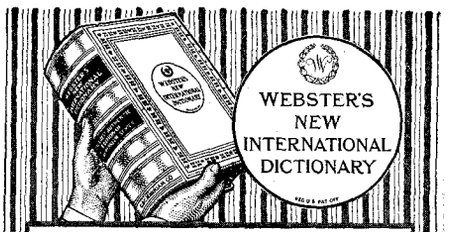
The problem for society is to determine what to do about it, whose fault it is. The likelihood is that the latter half of the problem will come home one day to roost on society's own doorstep, which is also the moral to be drawn from CLASS REUNION, by Franz Werfel (Simon and Schuster, $2.00). This, however, is the story of a personal and individual case — of a judge who condemns himself for spiritual murder. A murderer is brought up for examination; the examining magistrate thinks he recognizes an old schoolfellow, and after the tragic farce of a class reunion with all the petty failures that had been his school companions, goes home to tear apart his memory and conscience, and to realize that the unthinking brutality of boyhood had deliberately done to death the only sensitive spirit in the class. This, he believes, is the man now before him for murder. It is a manufactured situation and it has been done before, but the story is none the less full of truth and tragedy.

Sophistication is a polish acquired by contact with smooth company, and a man in jail is not likely to get it. PHILOSOPHY OF THE DUSK, by Kain O'Dare (Century, $2.00), is the work of a man who spent most of his young life as a guest of the state, and he writes not like a writer but like one who earnestly desires and endeavors to be a writer. Often, therefore, he is ingenuous, naïve, and even banal, but more often the reader is aware of sincerity and a sensitive thoughtfulness, and sometimes these take form in prose that is highly individual and effective.

LEGEND AND MYTH

LEGEND and history are all mixed up in THE LADY OF LAWS, by Susanne Trautwein (Holt, $2.50), and it is a delightful dish. Bologna in the time of the Renaissance is the scene, and the characters an emancipated woman and a hard-headed man of the world as it then was. The Lady of Laws is a magnificent woman, credible even in her somewhat symbolic character, and thoroughly human despite her dignity, wisdom, and sacrificial devotion.

Frances Winwar wrote *The Golden Round* in somewhat similar setting, though with a generous disregard of all probabilities save those of romance, and a fine extravagance of style. Her new book, PAGAN INTERVAL (Bobbs Merrill, $2.50), is a pointless tale of the modern Mediterranean, in which hot winds and earthquakes are supposed to upset the equilibrium of ordinary people to the point where they are capable of extraordinary actions and emotions.



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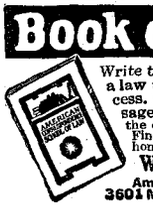

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—KEATS

Synthetic Wisdom

THE MANSIONS OF PHILOSOPHY, by Will Durant; Simon and Schuster, $5.00. Reviewed by V. F. CALVERTON.

THIS BOOK succeeds where *The Story of Philosophy* failed, and fails where *The Story of Philosophy* succeeded. In *The Mansions of Philosophy* Dr. Durant manages to make philosophy more than a mere entablature of names with curious portraits appended, as if the history of philosophic thought were an evolution of intellectual vaudevillians. Yet he does not achieve that engaging quality of journalistic ease and racy innuendo which made his earlier book almost as fascinating as fiction for the average reader. As a popular effort, therefore, this volume fails to approach its predecessor. *The Story of Philosophy* dealt with heavy thinkers in a light style; *The Mansions of Philosophy* deals too often with light thoughts in a heavy style.

WILL DURANT

Despite its inferiority to *The Story of Philosophy* as a venture in the popularization of philosophic ideas, *The Mansions of Philosophy*, in its earlier sections, may be of aid to many readers who have never been able to understand the problems of "logical legerdemain" that are involved in the nature of metaphysical and epistemological thought. While nothing original is contributed—and in fairness to Mr. Durant it should be stated that he claims no such contribution—there is a certain intelligence in what is said. To criticize this discussion of metaphysics and epistemology for what is unsaid would be meaningless. The aim in this treatment is simplicity and not completeness, and whatever inadequacies occur as a consequence are due to the method of popularization in general rather than to the failure of this specific book.

One might well wish that the last two-thirds of the book maintained the interesting and consistent construction of the first third. In the chapters on "The Lure of Philosophy," "Logic and Epistemology," and "Metaphysics," whatever is of real value to the lay reader is to be discovered. The rest of the volume, with occasional exceptions, is shallow. The symposium on "The Meaning of History" is an exception; it has a certain charm that should not be denied. But the *envoi*, with its sickening narcissism, is inexcusably empty and sentimental.

There is one point, nevertheless, which Mr. Durant makes in the first section of his book that should be singled out for special consideration. The point is not new and yet its significance is never lost by repetition. "Philosophy is not loved to-day," writes Mr. Durant, "because she has lost the spirit of adventure." Philosophy to-day and for some time in the past has become so particularized that it has lost all sense of vision in its scurry after the infinitesimal. Philosophers are no longer big men with great ideas, but little men with keen scalpels.

> "No one (except Spengler) dares to-day to survey life in its entirety; analysis leaps and synthesis lags; we fear the experts in every field, and keep ourselves, for safety's sake, lashed to our narrow specialties. Everyone knows his part, but is ignorant of its meaning in the play."

Fine words, these, and true. Tragically true! Mr. Durant, too, has said it well Either philosophy will again become synthetic or it will perish completely a the hands of science.

If only Mr. Durant had provided u with the fulfillment of his promise ther would be nothing but praise for his book His beginning augured something o hope, but his end fills us with nothin but a regretful despair. To be sure, on should scarcely expect in a book of popu larized philosophy such attainment o vision, and yet after these stirring word by way of exordium one is all the mor disappointed in, and vexed at, the kind o twaddle that is doled out in the chapter on "Aristocracy," "Is Socialism Dead?

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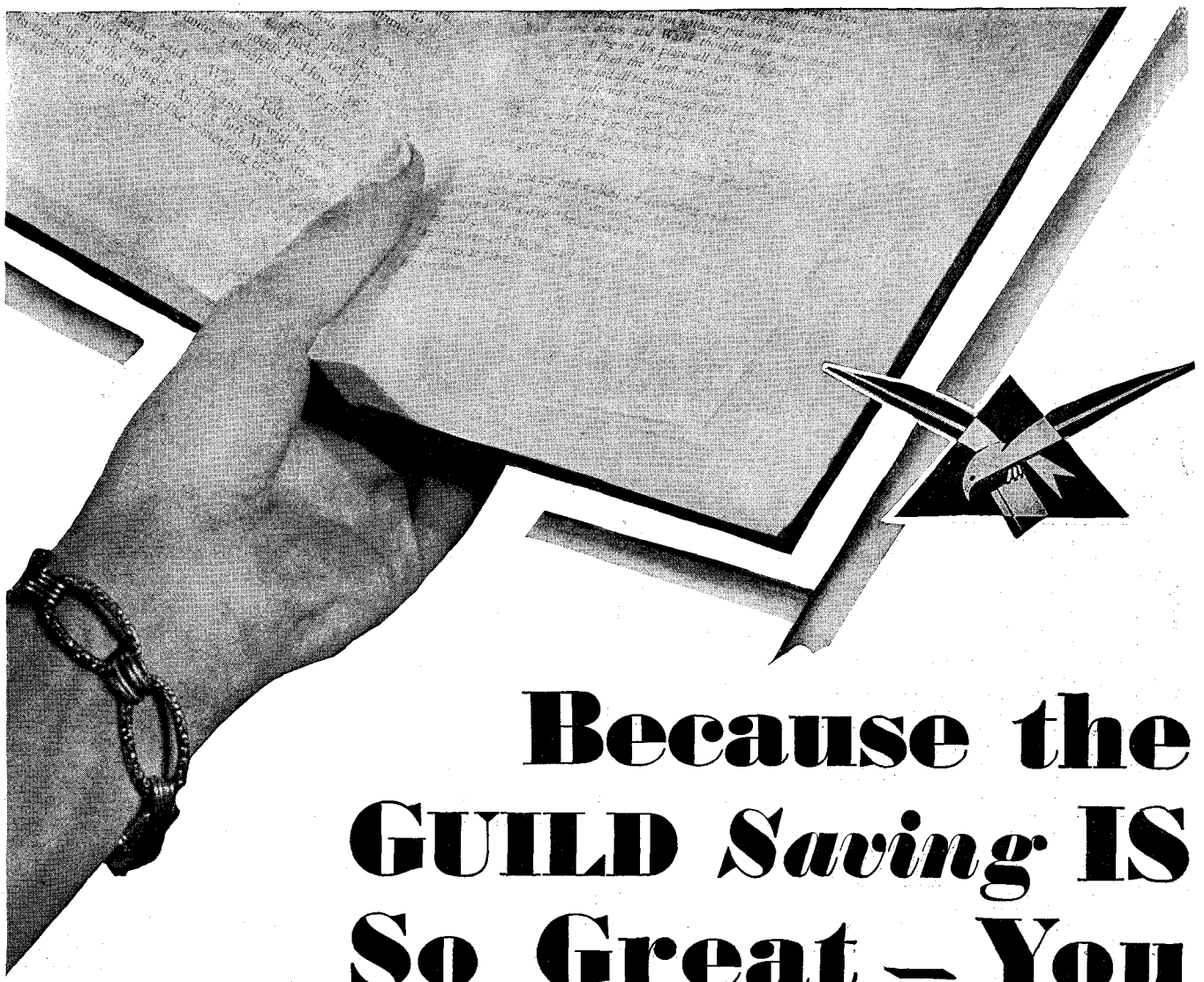

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Books

"Is Life Worth Living?" "A Letter," and "The Quest of Happiness." In the puerile logic of these chapters all philosophic vision is lost.

For one to claim insight into the intellectual and social life of our day and then to praise our colleges as "magnificent," and to state that "the more experience we have of the students there the more faith we shall feel in the future," is to convict himself of a kind of superficiality of observation and a sentimentality that are basically dangerous. And for one so to lose sight of America as a whole, as to write that we must go "slumming" today in order to find poverty, there can be nothing but condemnation. Anyone knowing the conditions in American industry at the present time is only too well aware that in such a statement Mr. Durant is guilty of a desperate untruth. Such writing is not of the essence of philosophy; it is of the nature of cheap journalism.

That a book which reasons so well about what philosophy is and should be, should provide such poor philosophy by way of application of its theory, is proof that the real philosophy can only be pursued with that discipline which correlates reality with vision.

A Panacea for Chaos

MID-CHANNEL, by Ludwig Lewisohn; Harper, $3.50.

Reviewed by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

CONSPICUOUS by its absence from Ludwig Lewisohn's repertory of virtues is the gift of impersonality. No American writer of our day can infuse into his autobiographical writings so astonishing an atmosphere of intimacy. Others than he have tried to trace their careers with the purpose of showing how they arrived at their eventual point of view. We may mention Theodore Dreiser, with *A Book About Myself*, and Sherwood Anderson with *A Storyteller's Story*. Yet even Dreiser's extremely candid record does not strike the reader as being so astoundingly intimate as this book — and the earlier one, *Upstream* — by Mr. Lewisohn. It is interesting to observe, also, that his impulse toward intimate confession is coupled with a capacity for literary discipline far beyond that of either Dreiser or Anderson. None of these writers has what can properly be called reserve, but of the three Mr. Lewisohn has the least.

Mid-Channel tells the story of Ludwig Lewisohn's life from the time he landed on the staff of *The Nation* to the present day. It aims to set forth both his personal history and, more particularly, his intellectual struggles to achieve a set of values that would give significance and purpose to his life. Plunged into a world that was chiefly concerned with the destruction of useless values, he found himself, after the first flush of success, fundamentally separated from his associates in the New York literary field. This fact gives his discussions of personalities a pungency which is exhilarating. He knew the men who are now the "vested interests" of the literary life — Mencken, Lewis, Carl Van Doren, and the rest — when they were

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

fighting for position. Unlike them, however, he saw through the necessary work they aimed to accomplish to the barren under side. While he joined them in the fight for a larger and freer world, and was just as concerned as they with Puritan-baiting and the other pleasant occupations of the dominant literary generation, he anticipated a later generation — the one now slowly coming to maturity, which is asking what is to replace the values that were destroyed. Mr. Lewisohn seems to have been astounded that his compatriots in destruction were not at all interested in the positive side of their struggle. I can't quite see why he should have been astonished. Those who fight battles are rarely concerned with the architecture of peace.

What gives *Mid-Channel* its intellectual interest (apart, that is, from its personal interest) is this struggle away from destructive criticism to positive doctrine. And it is this positive doctrine which arouses the current irritation with Mr. Lewisohn. Like so many of our present day thinkers, he is unsuccessful in convincing the reader that the doctrine he is anxious to propagate is of any value to the world at large. Persuasive as he may be in his exposition, he yet does not convert his audience. It is the flaw of most preaching. It does not seem that the Judaism-and-science combination he proposes will make a more satisfactory synthesis than Christianity and science.

A Survey of Sex

SEX IN CIVILIZATION, edited by V. F. Calverton and Samuel D. Schmalhausen; Macaulay, $5.00.

Reviewed by SOL W. GINSBURG.

THEMSELVES skilled propagandists in the field of sexology, V. F. Calverton and Samuel D. Schmalhausen have here gathered thirty distinguished consultants, headed almost inevitably by the venerable Havelock Ellis, to the

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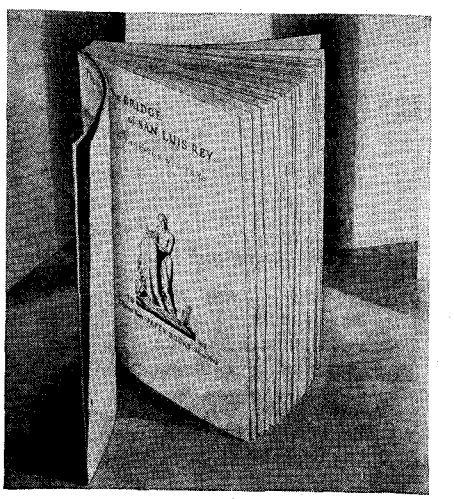

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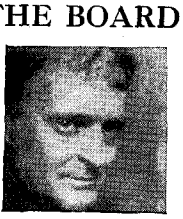

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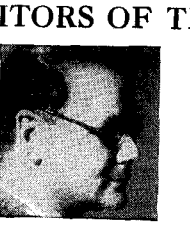

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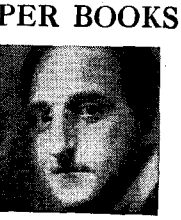

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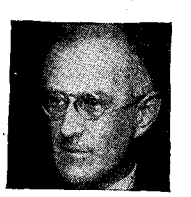

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Books

bedside of an ailing civilization. Only a very sick patient could justify so formidable an array of physicians! Nor have they exaggerated the seriousness of the situation. The book is full of startling evidence of the inadequacy of expression in our sex life and of the appalling insufficiency of the dissemination of decent knowledge about sex in any of its manifold ramifications.

The fact is that the main service of this compilation of essays, its intent aside, is just that — to indicate the need for knowledge and sane thought about sex. Unfortunately there is little of either to be found in its seven hundred pages. That was to be expected of a book assembled and offered to the public with so firm an eye on the sales values of its purely sensational appeal, and conceived under so lax an editorial scheme. One looks for freedom of expression in a collection of this sort, but one questions the good taste and sincerity of an editorial policy which invites the colloboration of a man whose work is commented upon by one of the editors in this wise: "Gilbert and Sullivan, at the heights of their humorous glory, never achieved anything as side-splittingly funny, as devastatingly silly, as this erudite *comédie humaine* of Professor McDougall. Only one element is lacking to make perfect this delightful volume — cartoons by Art Young. McDougall is one of the greatest humorists of our age."

Furthermore, in a book intended for wide dissemination among lay people, the inclusion of such material as J. Blake Eggen's paper on "Sex and Insanity" and William J. Fielding's on "The Art of Love" was more than questionable. It reveals the editors' utter disregard for the ultimate values of their book. The former is a highly inadequate estimate of the rôle of sex in insanity and patently serves as a prop for a case history which belongs, if anywhere, in a medical journal. The latter would be even more objectionable were it not so feeble.

Yet, if there is little of startling worth in this large volume, there is a fair amount of interesting and competent material. One of the best articles in the book is, by ironic justice, that on taboos, contributed by the "humorist," McDougall. Harry Elmer Barnes, in a characteristically lucid paper, reveals too well the total inadequacy of our academic scheme to cope with the problem of sex education. Phyllis Blanchard and Margaret Goldsmith present two well documented papers on sex in childhood and in adolescence. Arthur Davison Ficke has an interesting note on sex in poetry and Robert Morss Lovett a less valuable one on sex in the novel. The historical section in general is of real merit; besides William McDougall, its contributors include Rob-

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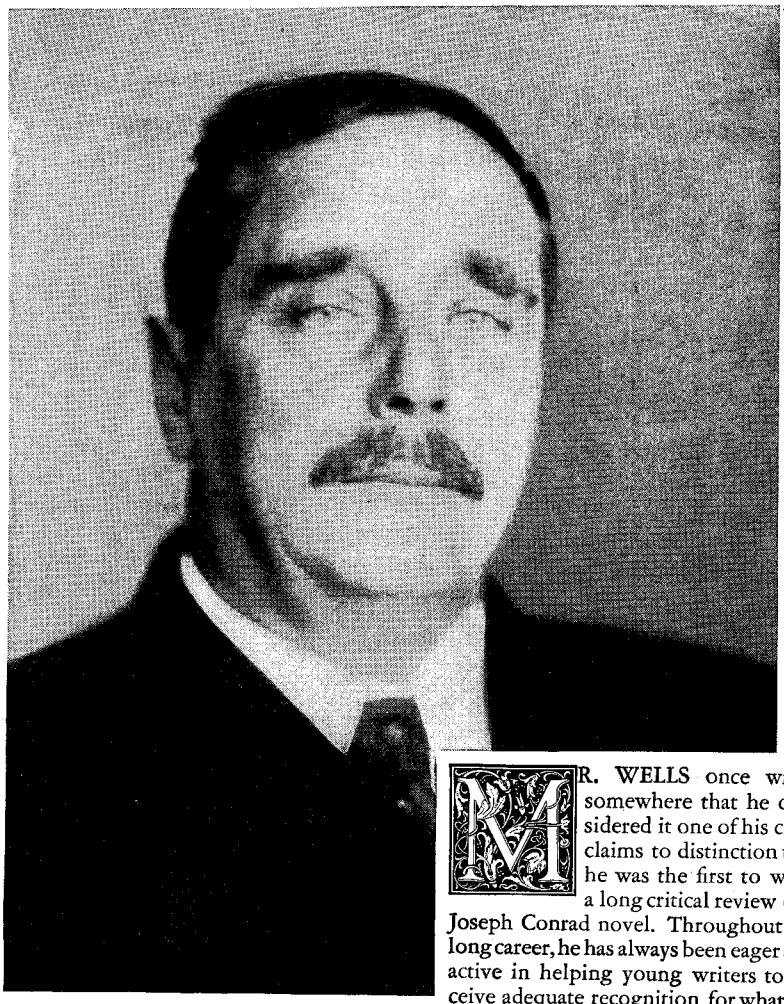

H. G. Wells

—who is one of six distinguished foreign authors acting upon an international advisory committee of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

MR. WELLS once wrote somewhere that he considered it one of his chief claims to distinction that he was the first to write a long critical review of a Joseph Conrad novel. Throughout his long career, he has always been eager and active in helping young writers to receive adequate recognition for what he thought was significant work. That is the chief reason, without doubt, he—and others—agreed to serve upon our International Advisory Committee.

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The function these individuals will perform is to keep our editorial board advised about the significant new books that appear, *each in his own country*. They will, however, have nothing to do with the actual choice of books for our subscribers. That function remains in the hands of the five American judges, Dorothy Canfield, Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, William Allen White, and Henry Seidel Canby, chairman.

Our own judges are, of course, thoroughly in touch with the books published in this country. American publishers, authors, and literary agents, keep them completely advised. Heretofore, however, this has not been so true of foreign countries. In the past, it has often happened that books of great merit have not been introduced to American readers until years after they were written. It was with this in mind that we asked these distinguished authors to cooperate in an International Advisory Committee. All at once agreed to do so.

Although no public announcement has been made of the fact, this body has actually been functioning for some time. The remarkable war-book, *All Quiet On The Western Front*,—which was our June "book-of-the-month"—was first called to the attention of our judges by Thomas Mann, even before it was published in English.

It is unnecessary, to point out to American book-readers that they can rely upon the literary judgment of the individuals on this foreign advisory group. Mr. Wells, Mr. Bennett and M. Maurois are, of course, as well known here as any American authors. So, too, perhaps is Dr. Schnitzler. Sigrid Undset, the latest winner of the Nobel Prize, is just beginning to be widely appreciated in this country; and Thomas Mann—whose work is as yet too little known here—is generally accepted, we believe, as the foremost living novelist in Germany.

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American Humanism

LE MOUVEMENT HUMANISTE AUX ÉTATS-UNIS, by Louis J. A. Mercier; Libraire Hachette, Paris; $2.00 through Brentano's, New York.
Reviewed by EDWARD C. ASWELL.

STRICTLY speaking, the title of this volume is quite misleading. Written by a professor of French literature at Harvard, and intended for the enlightenment of the French public concerning the current of critical thought in America most deserving of serious study, the book seems to assume, and will certainly leave the impression abroad, that humanism has attained the strength of a concerted movement among us. Americans who may chance to read the book will know that this is hardly so. If humanism has any national significance in America at the present moment, it is the significance of a promise and a hope. As yet there has been little movement.

What has actually taken place has been a profound and very extraordinary germination of thought: profound in scope and significance, for it is a complete philosophy of life looking toward the development of a sound individualism in a democratic society; extraordinary in being the joint creation of three independent minds — William C. Brownell, Irving Babbitt, and Paul Elmer More; and more extraordinary, perhaps, in having won for these thinkers a substantial recognition abroad even while they have remained comparatively unknown at home. M. Mercier has made it his task to interpret the thought of these three men and to coördinate their separate contributions into a single unit or system, which must certainly be recognized as the source of whatever humanistic movement America is to have.

And indeed, there are certain indications in the temper of the times to justify one in believing that a real movement of concert, a real league of forces united on humanistic grounds, may eventually make itself felt. In the last year and a half this magazine has published a series of articles dealing critically with various aspects of contemporary America from the humanistic point of view. The general response demonstrates unmistakably that there is a rather considerable leaven of intelligent people scattered throughout the country who cannot view with indifference the general decay of standards and the resultant chaos into which our intellectual and moral life has been plunged. Many, even among college sophomores, are apparently losing patience with Mr. H. L. Mencken's mode of criticism,

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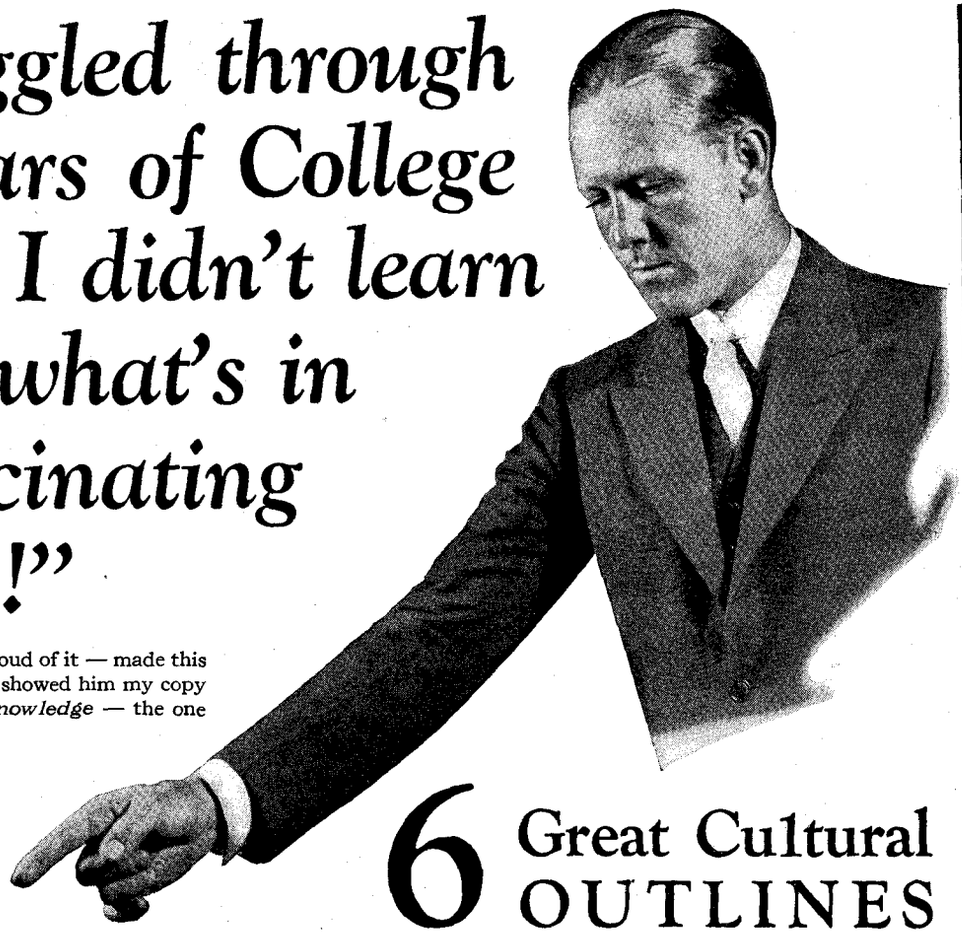

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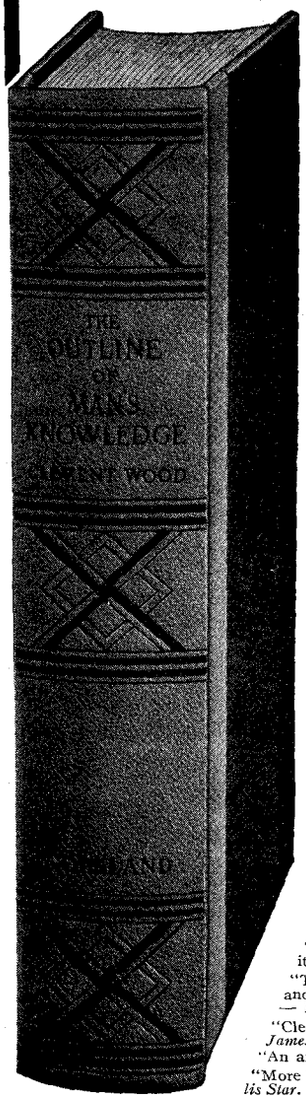

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since it becomes increasingly evident that for all our ills his only remedy is a burlesque show. And chief among causes for alarm is the decadence of American Protestantism. While it is conceivable that religion might be the most effective agent to deal with the current situation, American Protestantism is being undermined from within by the very forces it is called upon to check. The times seem ripe, therefore, for a favorable reception of the humanistic point of view, which provides a rational understanding of the "law for man" as distinct from the "law for thing."

Those who are disposed to inquire further into the answers which humanism is prepared to return to the fundamental questions of human values and verities will find in M. Mercier's book the most complete exposition yet attempted in a single volume. The section dealing with Irving Babbitt is the heart of the book, and properly so, since Mr. Babbitt's thought is not only the most clearly formulated but also the most widely applied. His relation to the present time is in many points an exact parallel to that of Socrates to his. He represents pure reason seeking, questioning, and at length re-establishing upon the indisputable facts of human nature those standards of decorum, of order, of inner control — the essence of a sound individualism — which the decline of religious faith and a new breed of Sophists have all but overthrown.

Irving Babbitt is also the key-figure in another sense; he has prepared whatever answer the future will make to the question M. Mercier raises in his title — that of humanism advancing as a movement. Mr. Babbitt has not only formulated the philosophy of humanism and developed it in all its branches — psychological, æsthetic, literary, pedagogical, sociological, and political — but the great force of his own personality must be reckoned the initial urge of whatever humanistic movement America is to have. Mr. Brownell was never an active teacher of men. Mr. More gave up teaching twenty-odd years ago. But for thirty-five years Mr. Babbitt has been shaping the minds and directing the purposes of young Americans in his classes at Harvard. Thus a full generation of men has come under his influence and hundreds have carried away the impression of his thought. Some of them are now beginning to make their own influence felt, and it is upon this group of Mr. Babbitt's disciples (I choose the word deliberately) that the ultimate reality of a humanistic movement will depend. It remains to be seen, however, whether they can surmount the very real dangers of their academic pursuits and make their philosophy vital by coming out into the dust of the market place to meet the challenge of the times with courage and new energy.

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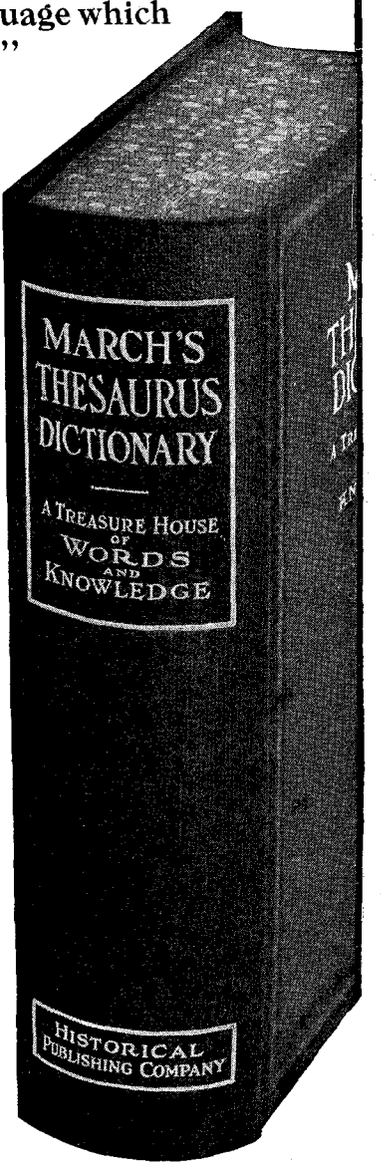

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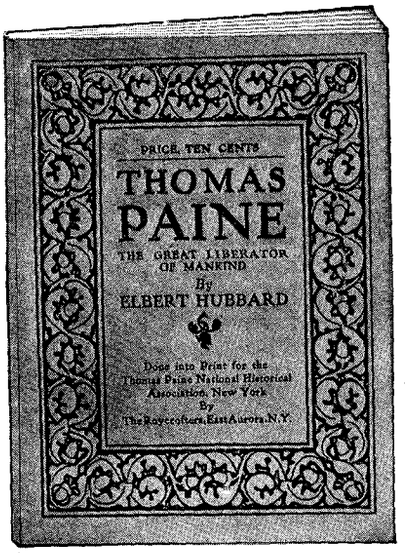

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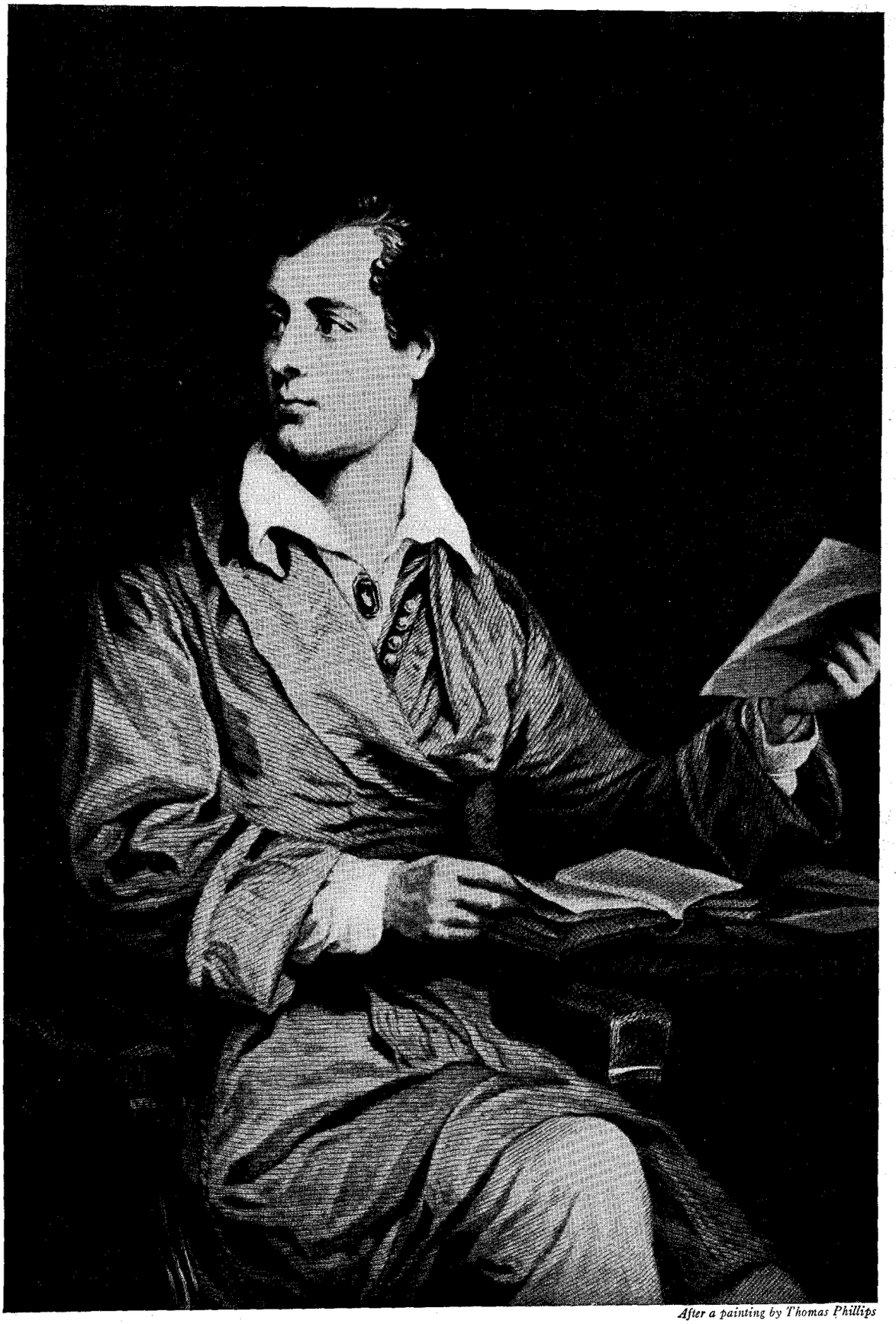

After a painting by Thomas Phillips

LORD BYRON

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F O R U M

AUGUST, 1929 VOL. 82, NO. 2

Don Juan

Or the Youth of Byron—Part I

by **ANDRÉ MAUROIS**

Translation by Hamish Miles

THE STRANDS of human history are strangely interwoven. On Christmas Day in the year 1170, King Henry the Second of England was near Bayeux in France, when word came that the Archbishop Thomas à Becket was defying him, and that monks and citizens had joined in hailing his rebellious prelate as a messenger of God. "What band of fools and dastards have I nourished in my house that no one of them will avenge me of an upstart clerk?" cried he. And four days later, in Canterbury Cathedral, the Archbishop was murdered by four knights of the royal household.

The Archbishop's tomb became a place of pilgrimage and miracles. The people sided with the martyr, and the Pope threatened to excommunicate the King. Whereupon the latter promised to send the Templars money for the Holy Sepulcher, to do penance at Canterbury, to found several monasteries; and up near Nottingham, in the English Midlands, there arrived a few black-habited monks, canons regular of the Augustinian Order, wandering amid the oaks of the mysterious Sherwood Forest. A site was chosen in a valley, close to a spring and a lake. Trees were felled, to the glory of God and for the salvation of the King's soul. A wide tract of land was cleared. Gothic windows — ogive and rose — took form in the gray stone, and a cloister, small but exquisite. A long avenue was planted, the dark shade of its yews falling over the path where the monks paced as they read their breviaries for the delivery of a guilty and penitent King from torments everlasting. Monastic severity was tempered by the charm of a landscape of streams and woods. The abbey had been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and had been given the name of Newstead — "the new place," *Sancta Maria Novi Loci.*

THE DOOM OF NEWSTEAD

FOR THREE centuries the Abbots of Newstead reigned in steady succession on the confines of the lake. Then times grew harder, the piety of the faithful more grudging. The taste for learning was spreading; the gifts of monarchs passed to colleges, to universities, to hospitals. This community born of a King's remorse was threatened by a King's caprice. "Mistress Anne Boleyn is not one of the handsomest women in the world.

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She is of middling stature, swarthy complexion, long neck, wide mouth, bosom not much raised, and in fact has nothing but the King's great appetite and her eyes which are black and beautiful." But she was the cause of a great schism. King Henry the Eighth requested the Pope to annul the bull authorizing his marriage with Catherine of Aragon. The Pope refused. The peers of the Boleyn faction assured the King that if he repudiated the pontifical authority and proclaimed himself head of the English Church, he could satisfy at the same time his love of Anne and his love of gold.

All religious houses with an income of less than two hundred pounds were declared confiscate to the Crown, and a visitation of the monasteries was begun by ecclesiastical and fiscal commissioners. The law, always venerated in England, required that a "voluntary surrender" should be obtained from the monks; and a certain Dr. John London became famous for his skill in methods of swift persuasion. With the signing of the deed, the King took possession of the monastic house, sold whatever it might contain, and gave the estates to some great landlord, of whose fidelity to the new church he thus made certain.

The Byrons of Newstead

AT NEWSTEAD, Dr. London had the deed of surrender signed by the Prior, John Blake, and seven canons, on July 21, 1539. The Prior received a pension of twenty-six pounds, and each of the others three pounds, six shillings, and eight pence. Then they departed. Henceforth there was none to pray beneath the yews of Newstead for the souls of the Kings. Already the head of Mistress Anne Boleyn, crowned with its black tresses, had been slashed off by the executioner's sword. The country folk mourned the passing of the monks, believing that they would still haunt their empty cells and that the abbey would bring ill luck to any bold enough to buy it. A year later, in 1540, King Henry sold the monastery for eight hundred pounds to his faithful subject, Sir John Byron, known by the name of "Little Sir John with the Great Beard."

The Byron who thus succeeded the canons of Newstead was the head of one of the oldest families in the county. The Byrons, or Buruns, had come over from Normandy with the Conqueror and had distinguished themselves in the Crusades, as later at the seige of Calais; they were the owners of great landed estates, not only in the neighborhood of Nottingham, but also at Rochdale and Clayton in Lancashire. Their motto was *Crede Biron*, "Trust in Biron" — for they wrote the name thus in French fashion, being kinsmen of the Marquis de Biron. "Little Sir John with the Great Beard" transformed the Gothic abbey into an embattled castle; and to this seat his descendants remained faithful. One of them, a staunch friend of King Charles the First in the Civil War of a century later, commanded a cavalry regiment with an equal measure of bravery and rashness; he charged too soon at Edgehill, and again at Marston Moor, and for this double blunder was made a peer of the realm as Baron Byron of Rochdale. For the new lord's constancy was worth more than his strategy; he never abandoned the royal cause. After the triumph of Cromwell, Lord Byron was among Charles the Second's entourage in France; nor did his loyalty waver there, for Lady Byron (Mr. Pepys informs us) was the exiled monarch's seventeenth mistress.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century, the Byrons of Newstead came upon evil days. The third Lord Byron lived to see himself almost ruined. Times had made good the prophecies foretold when the abbey was put up for sale; the phantom of a black-hooded monk wandered by night through the vaulted corridors, and the fortune of the family was ill-starred. The dark legend of the Byrons was finally and forever confirmed by the two sons of the fourth Baron; for the elder, the fifth Lord Byron, was tried by his peers for murder, and later, with a taint of madness, he did all that he could to ruin his heirs by wrecking the property, while the younger son became the most luckless admiral of the realm.

"Foulweather Jack"

HIS YOUNGER brother — John Byron, grandfather of our hero — was a sailor, gallant but unlucky, and known to his shipmates as "Foulweather Jack" because he could never set sail without a storm brewing. He had been appointed as a midshipman to the storeship *Wager*, which was to take part in an expedition

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against the Spanish colonies but foundered on a reef off the coast of Chile. It was a terrible scene: enormous waves were dashing over the wreck; one sailor went raving mad; the crew mutinied; the captain had to fire point-blank on his men. Young Byron, however, composed an account of the shipwreck, which he published later. The narrative had some success and became, in its way, a classic of the sea.

In 1764 Captain Byron was ordered to make a voyage of discovery round the globe in his ship, the *Dolphin*. He passed through the Straits of Magellan, saw once more the coast of Patagonia, and completed his trip round the world so rapidly that he discovered no land at all, except Disappointment Islands. As a matter of fact, as his biographer remarked, there were so many unknown lands to be discovered on his course that he must have had great difficulty in steering clear of them. On his return, this discreet explorer was appointed Governor of Newfoundland, and later advanced to be vice-admiral, in which capacity, during the American War, he commanded a fleet dispatched to intercept the French fleet under the Comte d'Estaing. The first time Admiral Byron put to sea, he met with a terrific storm which sank one of his vessels and disabled several others. The second time he fell in with Estaing, but, loyal to family traditions, he attacked too soon and was beaten. After this he was entrusted with no further commands, and died, still a vice-admiral, in 1786.

"Mad Jack"

Admiral Byron had two sons. The elder, John (father of our hero), was a soldier, while the second, George Anson, was in the Navy. John had been trained in a French military academy, and entered the Guards, serving in the American War while he was still hardly more than a boy. His violent character, wild behavior, and soaring debts gave him the well-earned nickname of "Mad Jack"; and on his return to London at the age of twenty he made a total conquest of the Marchioness of Carmarthen, a young woman of great beauty whose husband, Lord Carmarthen, Duke of Leeds, was the Lord Chamberlain. He was a kindly and cultivated man, but his wife doubtless preferred young Byron's wildness and splendid eyes; for no sooner did her father's death leave her with the title of Baroness Conyers and an inheritance of four thousand pounds a year, than she fled with her lover, deserting the Lord Chamberlain and three children. Lord Carmarthen petitioned for a divorce and obtained it.

For some time the young couple lived at Aston Hall, a house belonging to Lady Conyers, and then, seeking refuge from scandalmongers and creditors alike, crossed over to France. There Lady Conyers gave birth to a daughter, the Honorable Augusta Byron, and died in 1784. Her death was caused, said fashionable London, by her husband's ill treatment of her; by rashness, said the Byrons, in having gone out hunting when hardly risen from her confinement. Her income was a life interest only, and vanished with her.

The Gordons of Gight

Bath was then the fashionable spa, and thither the young widower proceeded, to air his grief as he walked its curving terraces. There he made the acquaintance of a young Scottish lady, an orphan and an heiress, Miss Catherine Gordon of Gight. Small and plump, with a long nose and too high a color, she was far from being a beauty. But her father's death had left her the mistress of her own property, and she owned some twenty-three thousand pounds; three thousand of them were in ready cash, which was useful for settling pressing debts, and the balance was represented by the Gight estates, salmon fishings, and shares in an Aberdeen bank.

Although Catherine Gordon was very far from beautiful, she was of good birth, and "proud as Lucifer" of her name, which was one of the most honorable in Scotland. The first laird of Gight, Sir William Gordon, had been the son of the Earl of Huntly and Annabella Stuart, sister of King James the Second. But although the family history opened thus royally, a more tragic sequence of events could hardly be imagined. William Gordon was drowned, Alexander Gordon murdered, John Gordon hanged for the killing of Lord Moray in 1592, another John Gordon hanged in 1634 for the assassination of Wallenstein — indeed, it seemed as if a Gordon of Gight had been strung up on every branch of their family tree.

For a whole century these lairds of Gight

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kept the north country in terror. The Scottish ballads were full of the exploits of these cruel, fascinating, cynical men. There is one that tells of a Gordon who was adored by his wife while he himself loved the lady of Bignet. He was sentenced to death for the murder of five orphans whose fortune he coveted, and on the day of his execution his wife came to beg the King's pardon:

O Geordie, Geordie, I lo'e ye weel,
Nae jealousie could move me;
The birds in air that fly in pairs
Can witness how I lo'e ye.

The King was touched and granted a pardon; but when Gordon was set free, he turned on his wife, crying fiercely:

A finger o' Bignet's lady's hand
Is worth a' your fair body!

Such were the lairds of Gight, marked with the sign of Cain; and although the Crown became stronger during the eighteenth century and was able to compel a respect for law, the string of violent deaths went on as before. Alexander Gordon was drowned; his son, George Gordon, was drowned (doubtless suicidally) in the Bath Canal. And this last-named was the father of the Catherine Gordon who, a few years later, was inflamed by the gallant eyes of Captain Byron with a love as fierce and reckless as that of her ancestress in the ballad.

She had been brought up by her grandmother, a Duff — likewise, of course, a Scotswoman — by whom she was instilled with the rigid thriftiness of their people; and Mrs. Duff had also seen to it that Catherine received a pretty fair education and was imbued with the traditional Whig politics of the Duffs. Catherine Gordon was fond of reading and wrote letters which were confused in appearance but swift and lively in style. She had all the violent temper of the Gordons and no less of their impulsiveness in action. But she also had their courage, as was made very plain when she married this most formidable of husbands on the *thirteenth* of *May*, 1784 — at Bath, the very place where her father had drowned himself.

The young couple went north to settle at Gight, which was a fine estate. But they received none too warm a welcome from the relatives and friends of the Gordons. Into these Puritan fastnesses Captain Byron had imported his habits of dissipation, and every night there was dancing and drinking at Gight. Some cousins of Mrs. Byron, who came one Saturday evening, were terror-struck as they wondered whether even the Sabbath would be respected: "The reels left off just before the clock struck midnight." The Scots looked scornfully on this stranger, this Southron, this Englishman, who was flinging a Scottish fortune to the winds; they blamed the light-headed heiress who fancied herself a beauty, decked herself with feathers and silks, hid the squatness of her neck under strings of jewelry, and had only got a husband through her money. "O whaur are ye gaen?" sang the nameless rhymesters:

O whaur are ye gaen, bonny Miss Gordon?
O whaur are ye gaen, sae bonny and braw?
Ye've married, ye've married wi' Johnny Byron,
To squander the lands of Gight awa'.

This youth is a rake, frae England he's come;
The Scots dinna ken his extraction ava;
He keeps up his misses, his landlord he duns,
That's fast drawen the lands o' Gight awa'.

Going Through a Fortune

And the rhymesters spoke truth. The young Sassenach was quickly scattering the Gordon fortune. The first thing to go was the three thousand pounds of ready money; after which the Captain made his wife sell the shares in the Aberdeen Banking Company, and then the salmon fishings. Next, the woods of the estate were stripped, and eight thousand pounds were borrowed on mortgage. On the banks of a loch near Gight there were herons which had nested there for centuries, and to which an old family saying attached a prophetic value:

When the herons leave the tree
The Laird o' Gight will landless be.

And in the year 1786 the Gight herons took flight across the water to Lord Haddo's ground. "Let the birds come," said he, "and do them no harm, for the land will soon follow." And in the following year he purchased the estate for 17,850 pounds, a sum which the Scots lawyers wisely resolved to keep in their own hands, as creditors were making trouble.

A year before this, the Byrons had left Gight; it had become too heavy for their poverty to bear. They wandered about Eng-

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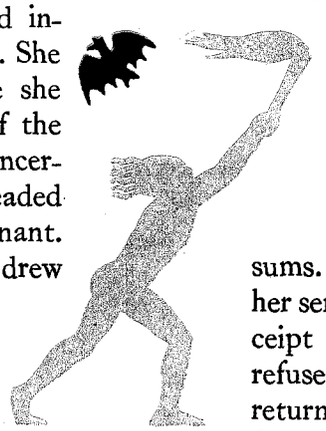
land for a while and then, when the bailiffs became too familiar, they crossed the Channel. Mrs. Byron's relatives in Scotland bewailed the lot of "the poor unhappy creature," and they were right: her life was a sorry one. In France her husband, a crony of the Marshal de Biron, who treated him as a kinsman, became the friend of several great noblemen and entered on a life of gambling and amours, extravagance and debt. Yet Catherine Gordon kept up her courage, good Scotswoman that she was; she lived economically and struggled hard to bring up little Augusta. At Chantilly, where the couple spent a long time, Augusta was very ill and was nursed by her stepmother. "I still recollect with a degree of horror the many sleepless nights and days of agony I have passed by your bedside drowned in tears, while you lay insensible and at the gates of death. Your recovery certainly was wonderful, and thank God I did my duty." And indeed she had no cause for self-reproach. She adored her "Byr-r-ron," whose name she pronounced with her native rolling of the "r"; she loved his beauty, his brutal sincerity, and his recklessness — but she dreaded the future. In 1787 she became pregnant. When the time of her confinement drew near, she longed to return to England. Augusta's maternal grandmother, Lady Holderness, thereupon offered to take over the little girl, who was henceforth reared by her mother's family.



Don Juan Is Born

In London this strange descendant of the Stuarts found herself a lodging in a moderately fashionable quarter. Her condition was that in which women feel the greatest need of protection, but she found herself forsaken; the Captain was living at Dover or in Paris, only visited her to ask for money, and in a week spent the sums which he squeezed from her indulgence. The only person in the world who concerned himself with her was a lawyer to whom she had been recommended by friends in Aberdeen, Mr. John Hanson, whose wife put Mrs. Byron in touch with a nurse and a celebrated accoucheur, Dr. John Hunter. And on January 22nd, 1788, the child was born. He was named George Gordon Byron, for there was a testamentary condition that the heir of the Gordons of Gight should bear their name. It was his sole heritage.

On her return to England, Mrs. Byron had learned that she was ruined, reduced even to penury. The sale of Gight had been in vain, for the Captain's appetite was such that he could swallow up one estate a month. No sooner had one promissory note been paid off than others kept surging up. The lawyers in Scotland wrote stern letters to their client. A bill of exchange for four hundred pounds, signed "Jack Byron," was presented by a broker in Paris; during the same week, fifty pounds had to be sent to Mrs. Byron in London, and thirty to Mr. Byron at Dover. Things could not go on like that. Already only 4222 pounds were left over from the moneys obtained for the Gight estate, and of that 1222 pounds were earmarked as burdens on the property; the remaining three thousand pounds were invested at five per cent, settled on Mrs. Byron and her son inalienably, and the Scots lawyer entrusted a colleague in London with the payment to Mrs. Byron of 150 pounds per annum in small sums. The very first Sunday she sent her servant-girl to his house with a receipt for one hundred pounds. He refused. A few hours later the girl returned with a receipt for twenty-five and a beseeching letter.

Catherine Byron herself was perfectly capable of living on 150 pounds a year, but she could not resist her husband. When she heard that in a few weeks he had piled up fresh debts to the tune of thirteen hundred pounds, the Gordon fury blazed up; she tore her cloak and caps and flung plates at the servant's head; but no sooner did she see Jack Byron's eyes again than she was left speechless. "Mrs. Byron is afraid that she has not the resolution to refuse any request Mr. Byron may make to her personally," wrote the London attorney to his Scottish colleague. "He has not a farthing left and she informs me that she is in a similar situation."

She was twenty-three. As a girl she had seen herself heiress of a great name and a great fortune; in her weakness she thought herself worthy of being loved, and had imagined that she was; she, on her side, had loved to distrac-

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tion, and was loving still. ("*Je ne change qu'en mourant*," was her pathetic motto.) She had to face the fact that she had been tricked and fleeced, that she was now in poverty, with a husband, an infant, a nurse, and a house all on her hands. Many a woman would have lost her head, and occasionally Catherine did lose hers. In her distress she felt a wild desire to bolt for Scotland, for Aberdeen. She no longer owned one square foot of land up there, but at least she would be at home again in the land of her own forbears. Here in London, with the pestering duns, her misery was more than she could bear. And off she went.

Captain Byron did not follow immediately. Life was not treating him very kindly either. He had lost the ravishing Lady Conyers and the four thousand pounds a year which enabled him to live gayly with his brilliant French friends, and now found himself tied to a ruined wife, who had never been beautiful and was now becoming ludicrously stout, and, for all the royal blood in her veins, looked rather like the wife of a village grocer. She wanted to drag him into a remote and stern countryside, with a cruel climate, where a sober and steady clan looked askance at the English prodigal. He was in no hurry.

The Lame Leg

Mrs. Byron had found furnished rooms in Aberdeen at a reasonable price; and there she settled with her two Scotch maids, Agnes and May Gray, sisters who took turn about in nursing little George — or "Geordie" as they called him in the north. The child was as handsome in face as his father, but when he was old enough to walk, his mother was alarmed to notice that he was lame. His feet were normal in shape, and the legs of equal length; but if the boy put his heel on the ground, his ankle twisted over. He could only stand erect on his toes. The doctors who were consulted advised specially constructed boots, and the blame was attributed to awkward handling at birth due to the excessive modesty of Mrs. Byron. The tendons of the ankle seemed to be paralyzed. The Aberdeen physician corresponded with the celebrated accoucheur, who had special boots made which he sent to Scotland; but the little Byron continued to limp alongside May Gray through the streets of Aberdeen.

An affectionate and very intelligent child, but with a violent temper like his mother's, he was capable of passionate sulks when he was angry. Even before he was breeched, being reprimanded one day for soiling a new dress, he snatched it with both hands and ripped it from top to bottom, glaring defiance at his nurse. A child's notions of life are shaped in its earliest years. What did this little boy see around him? His parents had tried to live together and had to give up the attempt. Embittered by adversity, Mrs. Byron had grown very irritable. "She is very amiable at a distance," wrote her husband, "but I defy you and all the Apostles to live with her two months; if anybody could live with her, it was me."

During part of the time they had occupied separate lodgings in Aberdeen, one in Queen Street, the other in Broad Street, paying calls on each other and drinking tea together. She still remained powerless to resist the melting glances of her husband, and once again Jack Byron succeeded in coaxing her to borrow three hundred pounds; she gave him this capital and paid the interest on it herself, which reduced her own income to a hundred and thirty-five pounds. On this she lived without incurring one penny of debt, still proud as Lucifer, but giving way at times to terrific bursts of temper. And then the china flew hither and thither across the rooms.

The child observed his parents with earnest curiosity. Other little boys had fathers and mothers who lived together and loved each other. But his mind was awakening to life amid a din of quarrels, reproaches, and complaints. He could see that the servants regarded his parents as creatures mad, dangerous, and on occasion comical. He was marked off from other boys by his family, but still more by his infirmity. Why should his wretched ankle give way beneath him? So ashamed was he that he never raised the question. One day in the street a woman stopped to talk to May Gray. "What a pretty boy Byron is!" she said. "But what a pity he has such a leg!" The child's eyes blazed with anger, and striking her with a toy whip, he cried: "Dinna speak of it!" Every night he had to go through a tiresome treatment, because it was hoped that he might be cured by bandaging the foot.

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A PROFLIGATE'S END

TOWARD THE END of the year 1790, John Byron obtained from his wife and his sister, Mrs. Leigh, a little money with which to flee to France. Mrs. Leigh was the owner of a house at Valenciennes; and there the derelict captain settled, involved in the French Revolution without understanding it, disporting himself with the chambermaids at the inn, and forever short of a louis. Some letters addressed to Mrs. Leigh give glimpses of the last tossings of this piece of wreckage: "Valenciennes, December 1, 1790. . . . As for me, here I am, and in love with whom? A new actress who is come from Paris, she is beautiful and played last night in *L'Epreuve Villageoise*. . . . As for Madame Schoner — she fairly told me when drunk that she liked me, and I really do not know what to do. . . . No duns appear, as Fanny bites them all, and I am never at home. We are all well here, and Joséphine in the best order — as she gets no money and plenty of abuse, it is the only way to treat her." He went to the Valenciennes theater, in the box rented by his sister.

"There is a new piece called *Raoul de Créqui* and one expression is: '*J'ai sauvé mon Roi, mais je meurs content.*' Everybody cried '*Bis*' and '*Vive le Roi!*' and '*Vive la Nation!*' For me, what with the Juice of the Grape, and remembering our Ancestors were French, I cried as much as anybody, and now they say '*que cet Anglais est aristocrate en diable.*' For my amours, these are all finished and everybody says *je suis très amoureux* but *très inconstant. Un clou chasse l'autre* and I believe I have had one third of Valenciennes, particularly a Girl at l'Aigle Rouge, an Inn here. I happened to be there one day when it rained so hard. . . . She is very handsome and very tall, and I am not yet tired."

Toward the summer of 1791 the letters became tragic: "I am really without a shirt. . . . I have not a sou. . . ." The grocer and butcher refused to go on feeding him. "I have but one coat to my back, and that in rags. . . . I would rather be a Galley Slave. . . ." And later: "I have not a shirt to my back nor a coat, as the one I had here is totally used." A few days later he died. It was said to be suicide.

His death was a sore blow to his wife, who had never lost her love for him. "My dear Madam," she wrote to her sister-in-law, "you wrong me very much when you suppose I would not lament Mr. Byron's death. It has made me very miserable, and the more so that I had not the melancholy satisfaction of seeing him before his death. If I had known of his illness, I would have come to him. . . . Notwithstanding all his foibles, for they deserve no worse name, I ever sincerely loved him. . . . You say he was sensible to the last. Did he ever mention me? Was he long ill, and where was he buried? Be so good as to write all these particulars, and also send me some of his hair."

Little George never forgot his father; he had always admired him. He was left alone now in life with a woman whose fickleness of humor brought showers of kisses straightway on a storm of blows. He knew her to be unhappy. He both feared and pitied her. And when he went into the garden of John Stuart, the professor of Greek at Aberdeen, and picked fruit, he would always ask if he might take some apples home "for poor dear Mother."

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH

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Does the Modern World Need Religion?

A Socratic Dialogue

PERSONS of the DIALOGUE

FATHER BLANK — Roman Catholic priest, who participated in the dialogue but later refused to let his real name be quoted

MRS. WALTER RUSSELL BOWIE — Episcopalian; wife of the Rector of Grace Church, New York City

CLARENCE DARROW — Atheist; distinguished criminal lawyer

MAX EASTMAN — Free thinker; poet, critic, former editor of *The Masses*

HENRY GODDARD LEACH — Episcopalian; editor of THE FORUM

LEONORA LOCKHART — Student at Cambridge University, England

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT — Editor, Professor of English at the University of Chicago

CLARENCE TRUE WILSON — Methodist clergyman; general secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals

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PLACE — The home of Henry Goddard Leach

TIME — After dinner

MR. EASTMAN. I not only don't think the modern world needs religion, but in the twentieth century I think religion is a very great hindrance to progress. Darrow's definition of progress as an increase of human sympathy, kindness, and freedom seems to me substantially right. But I don't think Darrow's notions of religion are right, because they seem to apply to a very antiquated religion.

MR. DARROW. Well, what do *you* think religion is?

MR. EASTMAN. I would describe religion as a belief that there is Something in the objective world, aside from other people, to which you can direct your emotions of love and adoration, and that you will be helped by loving this Something. If this definition is acceptable, I am prepared to defend the proposition that religion is a hindrance to progress. The idea that we are all children of God and that we must love God with all our strength uses up just that much love which we might turn to the loving of our neighbor.

MRS. BOWIE. I'm afraid I have a very different idea of love. It seems to me that the more you give of it, the more you get.

MR. EASTMAN. I have known a great many people who loved God, but the only man I ever saw in America who had a real genius for loving his neighbor in the manner we attribute to Jesus was Eugene Debs. When he walked up and shook hands with you, you felt you were in the grip of an electric engine of love — nothing else. And all of his love was poured out on his neighbor; none of it was wasted on God. If you are religious in the sense in which I have defined it, then the love you direct toward God is just so much love squandered forever.

MRS. BOWIE. I doubt if loving God makes us love our neighbors any less. We don't worship God because *He* needs it, but because *we* need it. Worship puts us in the spirit to do something for our neighbor.

FATHER BLANK. Would you say, Mrs. Bowie, that a mother with three children has less capacity for loving each one than a mother with one child?

MRS. BOWIE. No.

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FATHER BLANK. I wonder if Mr. Eastman's strong affection for Eugene Debs and the ideal of brotherly love that Debs gave to him has made him less capable of loving other human beings?

MR. EASTMAN. Eugene Debs is not a god. When Mrs. Bowie says that we love God not because He needs it but because we need it, she admits that the love of God is an egotistical thing. And it is merely a matter of mathematics that the amount of time you spend loving God decreases the time you have left for loving your fellow man. Moreover, I should say it is *safer* to concentrate your thinking upon man rather than upon God. Remember the long history of crimes that have been committed in the name of religion. It is easy to draw and quarter people in the name of God when they are heretics and don't believe in the same God you do. It is not quite so easy to draw and quarter people in the name of brotherly love.

Albrecht Dürer

Saint Jerome

MR. LEACH. History refutes you there, Mr. Eastman. Have you never read about the French Revolution? During that time the worst imaginable crimes were committed in the name of brotherly love. And while liberty, fraternity, and equality were making the gutters of Paris run with blood, the very executioner sat upon the guillotine weeping over *The Sorrows of Werther*. If a mistaken religious zeal may lead to the horrors of the Inquisition, so a mistaken fraternal zeal may lead to the French Terror. These excesses, however, do not discredit either true religion or the true love of humanity.

MR. LOVETT. I think Mr. Eastman is right, though, in saying that religion isn't necessary or essential. But I also think his definition of religion is too narrow. It excludes too much. Emotion need not necessarily come from anything outside of us. Look at the Russian Communists. We speak of them as having a religion. In the process of working out their plan, they have come to invest it with a kind of religious significance and their emotions have gone out to it.

MR. EASTMAN. Yes, the Russian Communists *are* religious — not only in the sense you say, but also according to my definition. That is the great trouble with them. They believe there is a power in the external world helping them. They call it a material power; they call it economic determinism, just as Cromwell called his great deeds the fruit of Divine Will. The Russians believe in that power, and they are a little irresponsible precisely because they do believe in it. They say: "We are merely the expression of a force which is inevitably going to produce a Communist society in the future. Everything we do, therefore, is a step toward that historically necessary goal; so it doesn't matter how many Communistic ideals we violate now; this is a part of the historical process." Of course I am only describing a tendency in the minds of the most orthodox, but it illustrates very well my thesis that religion is a hindrance to progress.

MR. LOVETT. I should grant that. My point is that religion is a sublimation of progress. Progress comes first and then people give it a religious sanction. They deify the force they think is bound up with the thing they are doing. So I should say that religion, instead of being the cause of progress, is rather the result of progress — its idealization.

DR. WILSON. But the very notion of progress rests upon an assumption, doesn't it? You have to assume that a certain end is worth achieving before you can even form an idea of progress toward it. We always have to take some things for granted and then see if they will work, and for several thousand years the world has been going on the theory that there is an Eternal Being back of matter, consciousness, and life. Religion, then, is the recognition of that Power above ourselves which works for righteousness. This definition is one of the oldest and it states exactly what the average man really believes religion to be. The question is — what is the effect of such a belief? I think the progress of the world coincides with the acceptance of that belief.

MR. LOVETT. And I think the progress of the

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world is quite independent of that belief. When we speak of progress, we have in mind the increase of values. Stop to consider these values for a moment. First come the values of knowing; second, values of behavior, by which I mean social progress — additional opportunity, equality, the chance for men to realize their own lives; and third, personal values — values that have to do with our own private satisfaction when we bring into our lives the things we think are worth while in themselves. Now certainly those religious values of knowing which we call theology are not necessary for the increase of scientific knowledge. Theology has probably hindered the advance of science. Haeckel was certainly of that opinion. Likewise, social welfare may advance quite apart from religion. For instance, Lenin's scheme for improving society was not bound up in his mind with any feeling for the good life. Building better social systems was just his fad, so to speak. As for personal values, it is clear that religion *may* be an aid here; but I can imagine people — in fact, I know people — who have made immense personal progress without any help whatever from religion. I can conceive that such a person might *become*

Dürer

The Entombment

religious as a result of his personal progress, through the education of his æsthetic sensibilities; he might pass over into a kind of ecstatic appreciation of the meaning of the universe and the value of life. In that event, however, religion comes psychologically after progress, not before it. Even so, a man may, in the course of his progress, reach the point of believing that religion will help him, only to discover later that it is a hindrance to further development.

Dr. Wilson. There has never yet been a religion, so far as I know, that did not lift people above what they were before.

Mr. Darrow. Where do you get that stuff? I can't think of one that didn't set civilization back a couple of centuries.

Dr. Wilson. Is Christianity doing that?

Mr. Darrow. It isn't helping us; it is hurting us. It is tyrannical. It is full of judgment and condemnation; there isn't any love in it. Can anybody love God? You might just as well say you love a parallelogram.

Mr. Lovett. You lack a religious sense, Darrow. I should like to ask Dr. Wilson, coming back to his definition that God is the Power, not ours, that makes for righteousness, whether it isn't probable that righteousness came first and the religious feeling we attach to God came later.

Dr. Wilson. I should say no; the idea of God in Fatherhood is the foundation of human brotherhood. I can't accept Mr. Eastman's view that loving God gives us less love for our fellow man. Love isn't a commodity that has to be weighed and measured. Children in a family will normally cause the entire family to love each other more. Likewise the people who love God supremely and derive a spiritual emotion from their relations to that Higher Power are apt to be brothers to the race. Religion makes men come together like the spokes of a wheel as they approach the center.

Mr. Darrow. Do you think Christians are more kindly than other people?

Dr. Wilson. I think so, Mr. Darrow. A person who loves as Christ taught us to love is certain to be more affectionate, more kindly, than the person who rejects those ideals.

Father Blank. If we start with the definition that religion is the recognition of some Being, some Personality outside of ourselves, and of a relationship between that Personality and ourselves, a responsibility toward It, then

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it seems to me that religion in that sense is a coördinator necessary for social progress. You may find a few exceptional individuals without religion, like Mr. Darrow and Mr. Debs and Mr. Eastman, who will sacrifice their personal interests to some extent for the interests of the whole, but you can't get the great generality of men to make such a sacrifice without religion, without some sense of responsibility to a Personality that is greater than any individual in society.

Mr. Darrow. Can you get them to do it *with* religion? Cite one instance of it.

Father Blank. I think we can do it better with religion; as a matter of fact, we have done it better with religion than we could have without religion. The trouble is not with religion but with some people's imperfect conception of religion, or their imperfect practice of it. For example, I consider monogamy essential for progress; and while I cannot claim that monogamy has been perfectly practiced by any religious group, I am sure that without religion — taking the human race by and large — monogamy would have been practiced even less perfectly than it is.

Mr. Leach. My own personal definition of progress is the multiplication of ideas. I don't accept Mr. Eastman's beautiful definition at all. I can conceive of a community of animals arriving at a stage of liberty, fraternity, and equality, but I shouldn't think that a full measure of progress. All that goes with civilization comes from the human idea. Now we can't discuss this question of religion without considering the emotions, so it seems to me that the point at issue in our dialogue might be more clearly formulated by asking whether it is possible for the human animal to continue the development of his ideas without drawing upon his emotions as a stimulant.

Miss Lockhart. Certainly not. My own development, as I see it, is a matter of increasing my capacity for experience; and that calls for emotional experience as well as intellectual. My objection to religion is that it excludes many desirable experiences by imposing rules of conduct.

Dr. Wilson. Would you admit no limitation upon an individual's right to experiences for which he has a capacity?

Miss Lockhart. Yes; the limitation imposed by a community for its own protection in the form of law. But apart from the fear of consequences, there is no reason why a man should inhibit his anti-social impulses unless by indulging them he does violence to our so-called better feelings.

Dr. Wilson. That, my dear young woman, is just muddled thinking; but at any rate you have raised an important question. You object to religion because it places limitations upon conduct; at the same time you admit that two kinds of limitations are justified — the limitations of law and of our better feelings. And how do you suppose the law originates? How are our better feelings built up? They both spring from our accepted ideas that certain kinds of conduct are right, and certain other kinds are wrong and unworthy of our better selves. These ideas in turn come from our religious training. In all our conversation no one has yet mentioned this chief function of religion — to establish principles of right living and to persuade men to perform good actions instead of bad.

Mr. Darrow. All the good people in the world are not in the churches. I know plenty of decent men who never go near a church.

Dr. Wilson. All the greater proof that reli-

Dürer

The Resurrection

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gion has done its work well. But that is no argument that the present generation no longer needs religion. This is not yet the best of all possible worlds. There are still great reforms to be made, and religion has always been responsible for reforms. You can trace a religious influence — I would even say a Christian influence — in every reform known to history.

Mr. Darrow. Were there no reforms in history before Jesus?

Dr. Wilson. Yes; but I think Jesus gave the greatest impulse to the reform spirit. The prophets were all reformers — social reformers. They rebuked kings and governments when they went wrong, overthrowing evil and establishing righteousness. You can't define progress and leave out the great movements for human reform. Let me also say that the people who aspire to know God and obey His will concerning the universe are in a better position to aid human progress than the people who ignore Him.

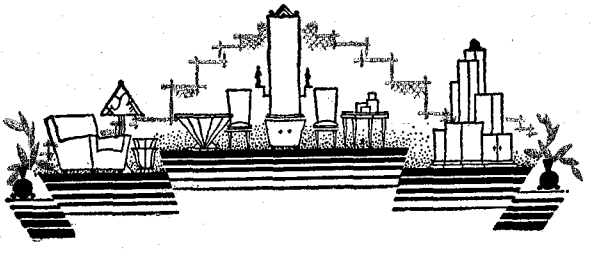
Mr. Darrow. Do you think everything the prophets taught is good?

Dr. Wilson. I don't know anything they ever taught that was bad. But you have to make a very great distinction between the history of the Bible and the philosophy of the Bible.

Mr. Leach. As for myself, I am not yet convinced that religion is no longer needed in the modern world.

Mr. Darrow. You would have to leave the Episcopal Church if you were. (*Laughter.*)

Mad HOUSES



by **THOMAS CRAVEN**

I

In the fifteenth century there was no distinction between the artist and the craftsman. Painting, sculpture, and the decorative arts were admirably regulated by guilds and practiced by men who were esteemed and rewarded for the excellence of their handiwork. If a youth aspired to painting, he must first master carpentry, cabinetmaking, wood carving, gilding, and other trades. Thus the connection between the various departments of art was preserved and the personality of the painter developed in all its fullness from a sane and realistic basis. Thus art was protected against mysteries and hypocrisy: there were no critics to mislead the layman and no dealers to rob him; and the artists discussed each other's work in the common language of the time.

One day, late in that magnificent century, Leonardo da Vinci walked through the streets of Milan wearing a rose-colored tunic and a black velvet *béret*. The crowds drew aside and marveled; women assailed him with seductive glances; children whispered, "There he goes to St. Mary of the Graces to paint the Last Supper!" On that day the honorable marriage of the arts and crafts was dissolved. Leonardo, bought and sold by kings and despots as if he were himself a work of art, was the first consciously superior artist, the first to desert the craftsmen and to affect the graces of the aristocrat.

Henceforward the history of art is a record of the ever-widening divergence between the two classes of workmen and the accompanying

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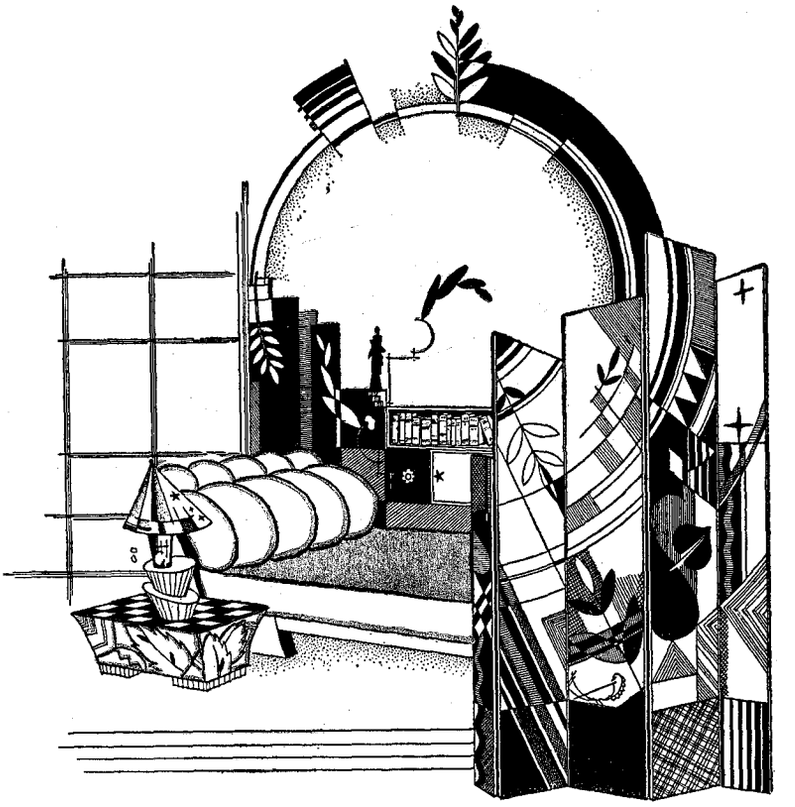
economic maladjustment of the so-called fine arts. The painter, putting on the superior airs of Leonardo da Vinci, became an insufferable æsthete and cultivated the dealer, the *salon*, and the garret, while the craftsman remained in the shop, inglorious and anonymous, and plied his trade like an honest son of toil. Some years ago, this perverted specialization was most vigorously opposed by William Morris, an artist of deep human sympathies seasoned with common sense. Morris did not enter the applied arts as a snobbish painter condescending to lend divine genius to manual processes, but as a master craftsman who made his own designs and executed them in a wide range of materials. Unfortunately he received little assistance from the spiritual voluptuaries of the Pre-Raphaelite sect, and when he died, his efforts to consolidate the several arts died with him.



Drawings by John Melching

II

It has remained for contemporary France to reëstablish the marriage of the fine and the applied arts. No, not marriage — that is hardly the word; in reality, it is an illicit covenant framed for the pecuniary advancement of both parties. Where William Morris, with warmth, personality, and rich humanity, failed, the French, with no warmth, tact instead of personality, and thin-blooded æstheticism rather than humanity, have succeeded. With France, however, the problem is not individual but national: her prestige as the custodian of culture is in need of fresh demonstration, and Paris, to survive, must continue to attract artists, designers, wastrels, and merchants from all parts of the world. She invented modernism in the plastic arts and built up international markets for its practitioners, and now that modernism has collapsed, to save the wreckage she has formed an alliance between her painters and craftsmen. In this alliance we behold a curious transposition of creative processes: cubism and the other abstract cults have ended where they should have begun — in the crafts; and the craftsman, for the first time in history, has become consciously æsthetic. The intellectual pretensions of the modern painter — his constructive absurdities and abortive imaginings — are so remote from the world of fact that they do not greatly bother us; but the affectations of the craftsman, working directly upon our domestic surroundings, are inescapable.

In 1913, the introduction into this country of modernist French painting and sculpture was greeted with unrestrained ridicule and disapprobation; recently, exhibits of French applied art displaying identical æsthetic tendencies have been received in quite the opposite spirit. Those who raised hysterical voices against cubist pictures now welcome cubist furniture with a chorus of enthusiasm. There are several reasons for this reversal of judgment. In the first place, the modernist painters have battled down critical prejudice and have succeeded in making the public familiar with their works; secondly, as I have pointed out, the new movement in art — essentially the reduction of the human elements of life to the tyranny of mechanical processes — has found its proper level in the crafts; thirdly, the very nature of modernist decoration — its glittering pretentiousness, its slick, machined artiness, its

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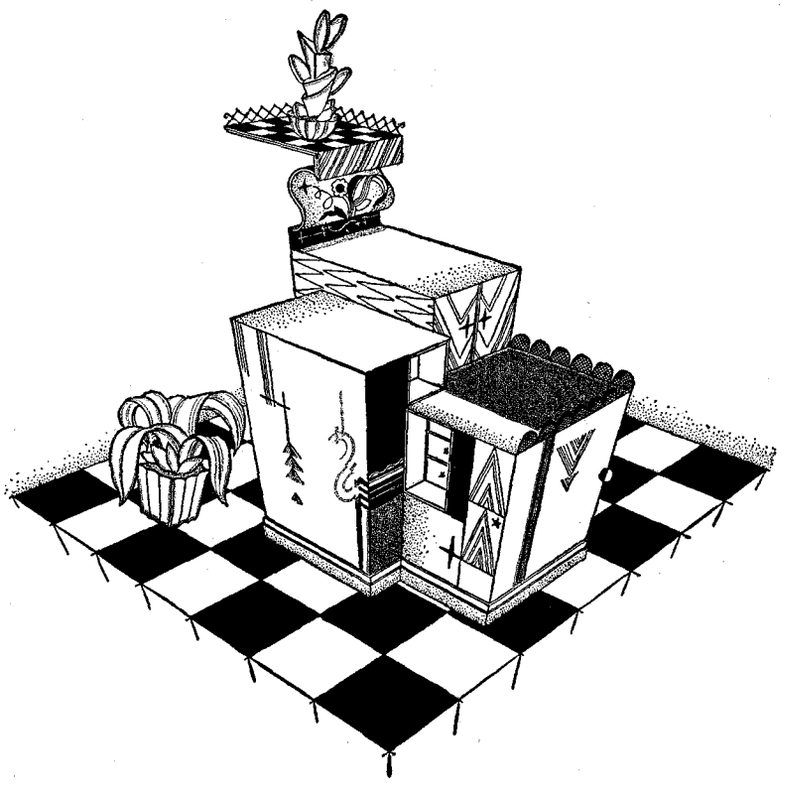

superficial ingenuity, and its inhuman rigidity — renders it extraordinarily adaptable to current American requirements. The new art of applied design has caught on and is rapidly spreading through the country. It is popular in Hollywood, the center of fashions, and is accepted in the Middle West as indispensable to spiritual enlightenment. During the last year two of the largest department stores in New York have exhibited European models, principally French, on a grand scale. The Metropolitan Museum, which has obstinately refused to buy modernist paintings, now devotes an entire gallery to "contemporary industrial art." Shops everywhere are filled with it. A new era of period furniture is beginning, and some of us, I fear, are too old to live through it.

III

THE PROPAGANDA behind this new movement is suspect and repugnant. Every exhibition, whether in shop, gallery, or museum, is opened by a fashionable crowd of patrons and patronesses — sly architects, missionaries from the various guilds, jobless composers, the ladies who sponsor Soviet films, and tea-drinking painters of the neo-modernist school. The literature circulated by the painters was bad enough, but it was neither unjustifiable nor disingenuous; the painters were suffering from acute psychic afflictions and, naturally enough, their explanatory utterances took the form of psychological maunderings. The propaganda of the decorators is worse. It is worse because it is unnecessary, because it is borrowed from obsolete sources, and because it is an obvious attempt to project spiritual values into ordinary domestic utilities. The invention of a philosophy of furniture is a piece of chicanery worthy of Edgar Allan Poe. Let me illustrate.

M. Le Corbusier, an eminent French designer, informs us that "modern decorative art has no decoration. Culture has become free, and hieratic decoration is a thing of the past. The modern phenomenon of the machine is reforming the spirit of the world. Machines cause to shine before our eyes, discs, spheres, and cylinders of polished steel, reviving in us race-memories of the discs and spheres of the gods of Egypt and the Congo. Geometry and the Gods are now seated together!"

Robert W. De Forest, President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, has this to say: "How these dormant artistic traits have been awakened and marshaled to rescue sleeping beauty from the beast of stark utility is an open question. There are some who say that the credit goes to the advertising men as the first business group to appreciate the attractive force (and hence the cash value) in the artistic appeal."

Ralph T. Walker, New York architect and creator of the "Man's Study for a Country House" in the Metropolitan Museum's gallery of contemporary American design, explains himself. "The room must not express finality in any sense, but a moment of thought in time. Its space elements should be so designed as to engender time elements, through which appreciation can be led from one thought to another, forming a stimulus toward, and an opportunity for, fresh viewpoints, and so encouraging a more continuous period of appreciation." In one corner of Mr. Walker's room, set within the walls, stood a case of shotguns. These familiar weap-

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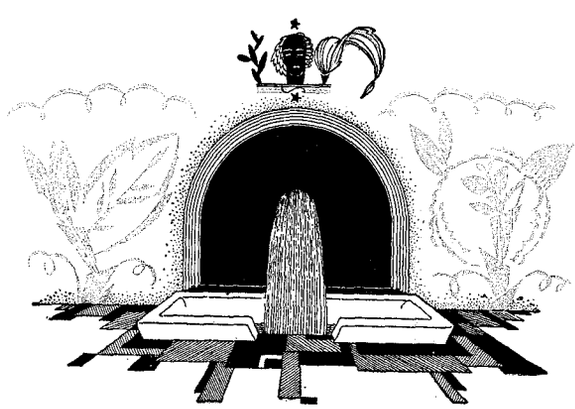
ons, with their barrels of blue steel and their hardwood stocks polished and cross-hatched like Congolese fetishes, and their perfect union of form and function, were perhaps the most purely æsthetic objects to be seen — "dynamic symbols of the forces of modern life," to use a phrase which has been applied to the productions of Picasso, Stravinsky, and Eugene O'Neill.

Otto H. Kahn and Harvey Wiley Corbett, talking for publication (as they sometimes do), have prophesied an American Renaissance; and John G. Agar, President of the Arts Council of New York, says, "I am optimistic about the modern art industry movement in America, because I know that it is an inevitable development. Nothing can stop it, but all of us can speed it up and help to guide it."

THE RIGHT of the contemporary designer to fashion new forms is of course unquestionable. No craftsman, unless he is a stupid drudge, is content to spend his life reproducing antique furniture. Furthermore, "the tempo of modern life" — to quote our æsthetic carpenters — enters his spirit, turns him to new modes and materials, and impels him to shape those materials into objects consistent with the needs of his own time. Nor have I any quarrel with the machine, as such — the great bogey which our disconsolate Utopians declare has killed man's joy in his work. The machine is only a tool, and even William Morris, an uncompromising medievalist, used steam power with distinguished results. The basic evil of the new craze in decoration lies in its futility, and its futility springs from a lack of honesty of purpose. It does not represent a rebellion against conventional cheapness, nor does it represent the considered and judicious efforts of sincere artists to administer to human needs. Conceived in a parvenu spirit, it is a shrewd and sensational scheme to impose an eccentric pictorial formula upon utilitarian objects. In its worst and most prevalent aspect it transforms a room which should be only a comfortable dwelling place into the cabinet of Dr. Caligari; at best it has produced nothing that rises above the transitory fascination of an ingenious stage setting.

That the new handicraft reflects certain phases of modern society I cheerfully concede; but this, in itself, is not an advantage. There are a great many things which might be cited as perfect reflections of contemporary life, and most of them are frankly abominable. In a general sense we may say that the modernist interiors — both the French and the servile American imitations — witness the tendency to warp life into a meaningless pattern, to manufacture hastily rather than to create leisurely and in contemplation, and to mold all things into a harsh and sterile uniformity. I will forego the temptation to elaborate this point: too much has already been written about the philosophy of decoration.

The question is: "Does this furniture fulfill the office of furniture?" My answer is that it does not. These interiors are purely arbitrary arrangements, flawlessly put together, but totally disregarding human propensities. They are perfect specimens of "pure design." Just as the cubist painters abstracted from their pictures every human quality and left nothing of man but his geometrical structure, so have the cubist craftsmen removed from their rooms everything congenial to the animal and spiritual comforts of man. Here, reduced to logical absurdity, we have a practical demonstration of the principle of complete unity of design; here we have rooms composed like pictures, indivisible units harmonious throughout, yet utterly uninhabitable. Many of the artists designing them are men of fine sensibilities, but they do not live in such places except to advertise their talents. Whistler, with his inhuman passion for consummate arrangements, might have commended the neatness and precision of the workmanship, but clever as he was at stealing from past styles, he never would have tolerated the wholesale thievery of the upstart modernists. For these new designs in furniture,



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stuffs, and ceramics have been knavishly taken from Persian, Roman, Egyptian, French period, American Indian, African Negro, and other sources; have been contorted into strange and grotesque forms to disguise their parasitic foundation, and by the use of veneers, inlays, and the rarer metals, and by the impeccable finish of surface, have been evolved into a pure and perfect art.

V

THE HUMAN organism, however, is neither pure nor perfect. It is compounded of all sorts of elements, refined and bestial, discriminating and unreasonable. Some of these instincts we endeavor to put down; others — the æsthetic, for instance — we grant should have full play. But the æsthetic part of man is not an independent activity, a special sense attuned to the harmonic relationship of lines and forms and colors. It is conditioned by all our desires and habits, good and bad; it is bound up in our special personalities and determined by our experiences. The modernist rooms, the most impersonal and dehumanized that have ever been contrived, make no concessions to our everyday needs and desires, and hence leave us cold, despite the adroitness of design and execution. They have the perfection of the crystal, the deadness of the museum. They are not comfortable, only prophylactic. When not brittle and unsubstantial, they achieve through the use of metal a certain heaviness and tubular bulk that pass for solidity. For the purposes of display, in the shop window and on the stage, they are exciting and effective; as places to live in, they are less inviting than a laboratory.

I am not advocating a return to Victorian ugliness or to any other kind of ugliness; I merely insist that anyone with blood in his veins demands in his domestic surroundings an atmosphere of pleasant intimacy and warmth. A room may be in excellent taste and yet conform to no consistent scheme of decoration; it may, in fact, contain objects which have no value whatever in the narrower æsthetic sense, but which have other meanings of far more importance. Shall we throw out of our living quarters those things which reflect and charm and relax the many-sided personality of man, and, for the sake of a shallow theory of beauty, substitute the slippery, sterilized commodities manufactured by indigent Frenchmen? No doubt this eccentric trash will appeal to the fiendish and excitable Americans who maintain homes but do not inhabit them, and who rush hither and thither, avid of vicious amusements and shocking adventures; but it will afford no comfort to men and women accustomed to decent repose and aspiring to what Bertrand Russell calls the good life.

Most of the modernist interiors, in naked organization, are as perfectly constructed as a picture by Picasso. The addition or removal of a single item would wreck the design. If books are included, they must be hidden behind steel plates, or uniformly bound in pigskin or parchment. Everything is fixed and unalterable, and everything conspires to make the presence of man incongruous and alien. The only possible way for a human being to make himself acceptable to the geometrical bareness of these rooms would be for him to remove his clothes before entering, lie down, naked, on a deformed couch, in one of those zigzag modernist attitudes, and then, with gin poured from fantastic chromium shakers, drink himself to death.

Such beauty as the utilitarian arts possess derives largely from the fact that the form facilitates the purpose. When we call an automobile or an airplane beautiful, we are simply expressing our delight in its capacity to run or fly. An artist, to be sure, might discover rhythmical combinations of lines which he would promptly term æsthetic, but these lines, let us remember, were developed slowly and cautiously as the function of the machine improved. If a cubist designer should devise a new type of automobile, an amazingly integrated assemblage of planes and parts, but incapable of movement, he would immediately and properly be called an idiot. Yet this is precisely the sort of imposture he is practicing in the field of interior decoration. In making a chair, he takes an old and valid design and reorganizes it into a bastard contraption that harmonizes with his pictures but not with the seated human figure. Some of his designs, diagrammatically resolved, are interesting examples of balanced lines and masses; but if a chair fails to perform the office of a chair, it is not only ugly but impertinent. Not even the bathroom is exempt from the æsthetic curse. For no discoverable reason, the modernist craftsman must use dark marble instead of

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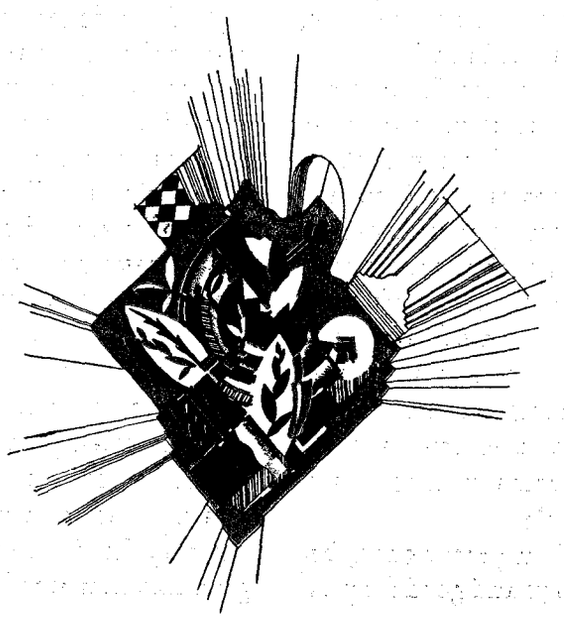
clean, white porcelain; he must besmirch the white tiles with unseemly decorations, and change the simple wash basin into a diseased kidney. In spite of its nonsensical apparatus, the bathroom is the most engaging nook in the cubist house, but nobody cares to live in a bathroom — not even an American.

It becomes plain that there is no longer any real distinction between the fine and applied arts of the modernist school. When this fact is more generally recognized, the public, I think, will cease to be hoodwinked by the preposterous spiritual valuations attached to modernist pictures. In American shops it is possible to buy, at comparatively low prices, silks, cretonnes, and rugs designed by the most distinguished French artists, such as Matisse, Dufresne, Léger, Van Dongen, Laurencin, and Dufy; in American galleries the paintings by this group are sold for thousands of dollars. The two forms of design serve exactly the same purpose — both are patterns adapted to the geometrical character of the new interiors. Why, then, the enormous difference in prices? The explanation is simple: the silks and cretonnes are sold on their merits, whereas the framed pictures are supposed to reveal the artist's soul, and one must pay dearly for a glimpse of a Frenchman's soul. In the last few years Picasso has made a million dollars by selling his soul to American collectors. This prodigiously gifted artist, instead of dealing honestly with the objective facts of life, as he has done in the past, finds it easier and more profitable to design little mixtures of planes and curved lines which, meaning nothing in particular, are amenable to impressive psychic interpretations. Such things should be stamped on silk and sold by the yard.

In America similar conditions now prevail. The majority of our painters are craftsmen, no more and no less, but few have had the courage to admit it. The same methods that have created a fashionable market for French pictures have been successfully used to exploit native talent. There is Georgia O'Keeffe, to take a conspicuous example. Miss O'Keeffe is a charming and accomplished decorator who paints leaves and flowers on a greatly enlarged scale. Her craftsmanship is so exceptional in its surface qualities that her flowers do not seem to be the work of the human hand but the efflorescence of nature herself in some extravagant mood. Her canvases, with their bright color and delicate execution, have a legitimate decorative appeal — the appeal of glazed chintzes and Venetian glass — but they are offered to the public as profound manifestations of spiritual beauty. Recently, one of her pictures — a simple pattern of yellow hickory leaves — was purchased for twelve thousand dollars!

When mere craftsmanship is appraised in such terms, we may be sure that astute propaganda is behind it. Our designers of interiors, proceeding a little timorously for modernists, are industriously revamping the French styles to suit the more conservative American tastes. The new movement in the applied arts is now upon us; it has entered the chain stores, and we must prepare ourselves for another æsthetic *Schrecklichkeit*.



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The Old Jew's Tale

Brush drawings by Richard Bennett

by **WALTER D. EDMONDS**

I

THE OLD JEW clasped and unclasped his long hands. "It was a foggy night and morning like this, Dan," he said to the driver boy, "when I first seen the Asiatic cholera on the canal. That was a bad time."

He leaned forward to close the stove draught a trifle.

"The cholera hit Albany along about the end of June, as I remember — year of thirty-two. We'd been doing short hauling up the canal. I wasn't only about eighteen then and was pulling down full driver's pay for the first time. There hadn't been no sign of cholera above Albany, though it was commencing to hit New York bad and was doing terrible things in Albany, so people had a notion it might not travel up the Mohawk. The packet lines kept running steady out of Schenectady, but they weren't being traveled much.

"The boat I worked on was the *Pretty Western* and my captain was a man about sixty year old and a pretty tough article. He'd worked on the building of the canal; they said he'd touched off danged near every blast for the Lockport double flight. He'd been right in the mess of it, and now he'd got a boat to spend his life easy, he'd say. His name was Kruscome Shanks, and he was one of the regular old-timers. He was hauling for the Dennison Freight Lines; but the amount of strap he could swaller down and yet keep afloat was an extraordinary thing to see. I said he was a tough article.

"But I got along with him pretty good, because I was strong them days and good for pulling him out of the ructions he'd stir up in pretty near every bar he got into. He was a great hand for a wrassle. 'Ben,' he'd say, 'if a man ever sasses you or me or the *Pretty Western*, spit in his eye and give him ganders.' He was like that himself.

The old Jew brooded a while, his hands on his knees.

"We got a load of nails at Schenectady for Buffalo on July ninth. Loaded in the morning and was just ready to pull out when there come a man aboard, high and dandy in his dress, shiny boots, stick with silver onto it — he was a handsome looking fugger, and I stood leaning against the back mule (we hitched tandem in the early days) just to look at him. By grab, Dan, I could smell a scent onto him.

"I don't figger he was more'n thirty-two, or maybe three; but at first sight you'd hardly say he was over twenty-five, he looked that fresh-colored and smooth, and his eyes, which were dark, had a sort of pleasant, sleepy look to them when he'd talk. But when you got closer, you seen different. His eyes was big, but they wasn't easy, and there was a little sort of dimple in his face just under the nigh corner of his nose, and he had a way, too, of rolling back his upper lip when he swallowed, and showing his teeth. It looked like a smile until you took his weak points into combination.

"Of course, I didn't figger all this out right away. I was most mortal eager just to watch the way he dandled that stick. I notioned a gent like him was just about as fine a thing as

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a man would want to be. But a little later I commenced to change my mind; and after he'd told what he wanted, he didn't cut no figger at all for a gentleman with Kruscome Shanks. It seemed he wanted passage through to Buffalo on our freighter for two people.

"Kruscome liked his comforts; so he says, 'If the price is all right, it's all right by me. You got the whole deck and the stable on rainy nights.'

"'That won't do,' says the stranger. 'I'm bringing my wife with me.'

"'Wife?' says Kruscome. 'Woman?'

"'Yeanh,' says the gent. 'That means I'll want the cabin. You two'll take the stable.' He was cold in his talk. You could see he knowed what he wanted and expected to get it, too.

"'Like hell!' says Kruscome. 'Get them mules to going, Ben!' he yells at me; but the other says, 'Whoa!' — and a mule generally always stops when you say that to him, and I stopped too. I thought Kruscome was going to lay that gent across the rail and spank his doeskins; but he didn't. The gent just whispers into his ear, and afterward Kruscome put his finger in too, like he thought something was queer; and then he says, respectful, which was extraordinary, 'Mister,' he says, 'for that much money I'd lock the devil through to heaven,' he says, grabbing hold of his beard. 'Go get your wife.'

"I thought the gent was a pretty handsome spark, but I wasn't only a lad.

"Ten minutes later the gent comes back carrying his satchel bags, and back of him was a young woman wearing a veil. I thought she had a tidy body, but she seemed a mite poor in flesh. But I didn't get a chance to see nothing of her then, because they went right aboard and Kruscome yells at me and we hauled out.

We'd got off to a late start and we didn't do better than twenty mile that day. We tied up three hours out of Canajoharie. We hadn't seen much traffic that day, but the men on the east boats we met looked kind of scared, and they all asked how things was going down the canal. There wasn't any cholera yet and Kruscome told them, 'It'll never get up above the locks. It'll stay down in the valley. It travels by water, so it can't get uphill.' But one old feller said he thought the rats brought it, and it could go anywhere. But nobody really knowed.

II

We didn't see nothing of our passengers all morning, but when they finally come out on deck, Kruscome and me noticed that the gent had put on an old coat. It was a hot day and the mist showed still against the valley, and he looked sleepy and tired. But just after he come out, a packet boat come up behind us. When we heard the horn, the gent did a queer thing. He pulled his hat down over his face and turned his back to the canal. He looked as if he wanted to get below, but as if he didn't want the packet boat to see him do it.

"The packet boat went by and nobody took no notice of us. There weren't a lot of folks on her anyway. When she got well ahead, the gent walked up and down again as free as a heron, but he kept a-looking back all the while; and even when we passed a freight boat, he'd kind of slouch down so a man couldn't see his face.

"A little while after, his wife come out too, and most of the time she stayed with him; but me, being ahead with the mules, I didn't see her face. Only now she had her cloak off she looked somehow prettier. She was always a-looking out west, and while she did, she'd sort of draw up her innards under her and fetch a breath.

"Jeepers, Dan, she was a pretty gal! I don't guess she was better than eighteen year. You could see by her eyes that she was kind. Every time I looked at her, I could feel me getting all cluttered up inside, but by dang I couldn't keep my eyes off her. Her hair was brown, kind of dark, but it looked like she'd just learned to put it up. It would keep getting unloosed all the while, and she'd pat it and try to look as if she'd had that trouble with it right along. At supper that night she'd talk to me and Kruscome, and even that old bullhead'd loosen up and grin at her and tell her about the canal — only he rose-watered heavy, even telling about church, though the nearest he'd ever come to one was jail. Her mouth had a way of jumping open when she'd draw

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a sudden breath and was surprised, and that would keep any man talking just to see her do it. It was cute. And she didn't take no notice of his teeth, which was all gone but the dog teeth, having been knocked out, and his gums yeller with snuff-taking.

"Me, I just set listening to Kruscome lie and looking at her. Her husband didn't talk none, but kept playing to himself with some cards — some kind of game, I don't know what. She'd throwed together a pretty meal, which would surprise you too, for she didn't look like anyone accustomed to cooking that I'd seen. But it tasted fine; and we ate and talked — Kruscome and me — and I bet there ain't never been such a lying pair of canawllers inside of one boat since this ditch was dug. Old Kruscome sat there at one end of the table with his handkerchief stuck into his shirt, eating beans with his knife, as if eating with a girl like her was a thing he'd been brung up special to do. And every little bit he'd lean back and wipe his beard and tell her another story. It almost made a man ashamed to listen to him.

"But by holy, Dan, it was hard to see the way she coddled onto her husband. Every time she'd say a word, she'd toss a look at him to see what he was thinking. Most of the time he kept to his plate, and he was fancy with his fork and cutlery — silver ones out of his bag; but it looked to me like he had a dog's way of biting his food. Then he sat back and sort of grinned, kind of hard, and looked from her to me and Kruscome, just like he was figgering accounts. I didn't like his look no more.

"Well, pretty soon she got talking how she and her husband — she said their name was Marrow — had decided to go west, and how they'd eloped together and this was their honeymoon; and she looking at him with her eyes as big as posies. Gol darn, Dan, she weren't only a gal!

"But right away Marrow looked hard, and broke in on the talk. He said they'd come up from New York on the *Constellation* (a fast boat for them days, Dan) and that there'd been a case of cholera on board. Well, me and Kruscome had been so taken up with her, we'd forgotten all about the cholera; and to hear the word made Kruscome jump. But Marrow said right away that him and her'd kept on deck all night, so there wasn't no danger. He said he'd heard things was bad in Albany, but it didn't seem likely that the canal would get it. That sort of soothered Kruscome, and anyway he didn't want to make a fuss before the gal. He let it drop. It wasn't every day he made that much money, anyhow.

"But we'd guess now and then why Marrow wanted to ship on a freighter. Old Kruscome said to me when we went into the stable, 'He's a-running off with her, Ben; but it's my idee he's a rotten man for a gal to run off with.' I asked him what he was going to do about it. But he grunted, kind of, saying he had his money. It seemed he'd guessed why Marrow wanted to ship on a freighter, but he'd only guessed the half."

III

OLD BENJAMIN nodded seriously. "Them nails made heavy hauling. We went slow. It was hot, and you couldn't force the mules. Now and then when there wasn't any packet boats on the line, Marrow and his wife'd get out on the towpath and walk a spell. It was pretty to see her hop off the boat, and him catching her and hugging her up a second. She'd laugh so's even the mules'd turn back an ear maybe; it was pretty to hear her laugh, Dan. I'd pretend I wasn't watching, but I was a young lad then, and I couldn't keep my eyes off her. Every time she'd get close to me, I'd commence to feel all stuffed up; and when she'd look at me, I couldn't look back. Only when she didn't, I'd watch her all the while.

"Once she made to keep on walking with me, but he called her back aboard. But when we drawed through Utica the morning of the twelfth, he commenced to take less worry. He wasn't afraid, he said, of anything's catching him now, except only the cholera. And then he laughed. He didn't pay much more attention to his wife; seemed like he got kind of cold to her; but she acted like she didn't notice it. And that day as we were passing through Utica, we heard him cuss her for the first time and send her out of the cabin. She come out on the towpath and walked with me a spell, and she talked about where she come from. Even a lad like me could see she was worried, and I guessed she would have liked to cry some.

"She come from Boston. There wasn't nobody in her family only her pa; and I guess from what she said, he was strict in his notions about the idees of other people. I guess he'd

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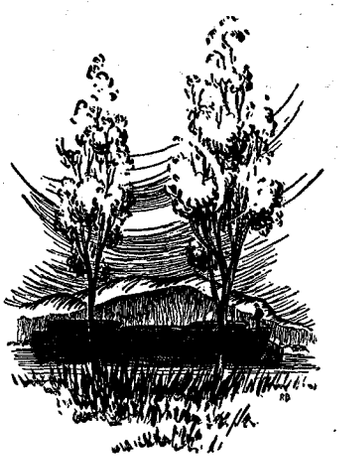
been hard on her. But he must've known a thing or two, because when this Marrow showed up, he wouldn't have nothing to do with him — turned him out. But Marrow managed to see her at some parties, and the short of it was, he got her to come away with him. They'd gone to New York, and she said he'd married her there and then come up north to Albany. He'd told her he had interests in Ohio, and that he'd bought land there where they'd settle and cut out their home together in a new country — just the talk to fetch a young gal over; and she'd bit for it and run with him. But she wasn't sorry about it. There's a lacing of ginger in New England blood, Dan, only it don't show often.

"She must have stayed out with me for three miles or more, talking of how it was back to her home, wondering if the new cook was turning out good, and who her friends'd marry, and what parties would be coming off; and me, I couldn't say nothing but 'Yeanh,' and then she went back on board. After she'd gone, I walked along wondering things to myself — mostly how long it would be afore I got a boat of my own and would be making good money like Kruscome. And then I got figgering how I'd fit it out, and what the colors would be in the cabin. But I wasn't only a lad them days, Dan.



IV

"Along in the afternoon, when we was hauling through Rome, old Kruscome says, 'There's one thing, Ben, we're past the cholera. And danged if I'll go east till it's gone.' But it was a mysterious disease, and in some places it come like a judgment.

"That night we tied up at Alverson's, beyond Rome. It was the only house for a long stretch, and Alverson kept a stock of likker and a store. It was a foggy night, and warm, and there weren't any boats when we stopped, and nobody in Alverson's only the old man and his two boys.

"Well, after supper we left the gal on the boat and we went for an evening in the store. Marrow was chippered up and wearing his dandy coat. He said now not even the cholera would catch up with them, and right from the start he started to get drunk, and he done it. He commenced talking after a while. He'd been east selling stock in a made-up transportation scheme; he'd forged letters to certain people, putting it on a personal favor idea, and collected handsome. He was a slick speaker when he set out to be, even if he said it himself. But he found it too easy and aimed higher than he could shoot, and tried a bank. Already he'd seen quite a lot of the gal, for some people he'd milked had shown him around; but the bank he picked to start on belonged to her pa, who'd spotted his tricks right off the rudder. He set out to make things hot for Marrow, so Marrow had to pull out and take the gal along with him; and when he got far enough off, he'd write and send her back if what money he'd asked for was sent to him. He figgered to make all around. The marriage wasn't by law; he'd fixed it up so's to handle her easy. He was real pleased with himself. He talked like he was letting us in on the world. Alverson and his boys didn't say nothing. They wasn't sociable, and so long as a man paid for his drinks, that was all they wanted. Kruscome just set with his mug on his knees looking at him.

"We sat around till after ten o'clock. It was pretty dark; there wasn't only one candle, and when that burnt out, we sat by the light of the stove. It had grown pretty cool after dark and Alverson'd lit a light fire. You could see just the knees of us sitting round, or our hands when they hung down. When Marrow wasn't talking, it was just like the rest of us was listening.

"And then he commenced to sing, and I got to hating him worse. And between singing he'd drink some more, and then he'd say what he'd do with the gal, and he got confidential.

"Just then the door opened. She come in, and he waved his hand kind of wide and says, 'And there she stands, gents.' I could see she'd heard, she stood that still. She must've been looking around for us, but there wasn't a face she could see. I wanted bad to tell her something, but I didn't see that there was anything I could say, rightly. Marrow laughed, kind of hoarse in his throat, and says to her, 'Come in,

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Margaret.' And then, just as though he meant to do it, he teetered over onto his knees and his face come into the light, looking right at me. If I ever see a man surprised, it was him.

"He said, 'My God!'

"The cholera had took him — just when we thought we was by it. It's a nasty thing to see. Kruscome got up; I could see his feet walking. 'Get a light, Alverson,' he said; and then he says to me, 'Take Mrs. Marrow back to the boat, Ben.' And he says to her, 'Ben's all right. You go on back. We'll look out for him.'

"But she stood there, and I thought she hadn't heard him, so I took hold of her arm, and I could feel it very stiff. She didn't make no motion to take it away, but she says, 'I married him.' And the way she said it made me forget the way she made me feel, generally.

"Then Alverson come back with a new candle, and we seen Marrow good. It was plenty. Jeepers, Dan, you ain't got any idee the way the cholera messes a man when it takes him that way. He just set there, doubled onto his knees. I seen Alverson looking down from under his candle and he looked scared. 'Take him out,' he says. 'Take him out of here, the whole bunch of you,' he says. But we just kept on looking at Marrow. 'Get out of here,' says Alverson. 'Get out. Joe, get the shotgun and send 'em out. Send 'em out quick.'

"Old Kruscome let go of his beard then. 'All right,' he says. 'Grab his legs, Ben.' We carried him onto the boat. Alverson shut the door, but we heard him sloshing the floor and washing it, and we could smell the vinegar he was using.

"There was a heavy fog come down — heaviest I ever seen. Seemed like you could have buttered bread with it. We set Marrow down in the cabin on the floor. But it sure had him sudden; he died in about an hour, saying nothing at all. So we buried him alongside of the towpath, in the fog, me and Kruscome digging and her holding a lantern. It made just light enough to show us where to dig. She didn't say nothing all the while we was working, but maybe she said a prayer. I didn't think to do it at the time; and Kruscome wasn't given to prayer, he was that tough.

"When we'd put back the sods, we got onto the boat. She slept in the bunk and said she wouldn't mind for us to sleep in the cabin, but we didn't want to after watching him there."

V

THE OLD JEW sucked his breath in through his pipe. It had gone out.

"Jeepers, Dan, but she was a pretty gal! She looked all white the next morning and her cheeks kind of flat. You could see she'd been sleeping bad. But just the same she looked pretty. She didn't have no black clothes with her but a shawl, and she had that on, drawed tight in front of her.

"But she cooked us up some eggs and tea and set there looking out of the winder, and nothing to see there but the damn fog. The cabin was small enough when you could see the country through the winder, but with that fog it made you most afraid to touch things. She must have been worried. There she was, half ways to nowheres and hid out of sight in that fog at that, and a couple of boaters which anybody could see wasn't delicate in their notions. But that didn't bother her. And because it didn't bother her, it didn't bother us.

"But I got to get along. It'll be our turn outside pretty quick. . . .

"There at breakfast old Kruscome swallers down his tea and then sets looking at her. 'Well, Mrs. Marrow,' he says. (She hadn't heard what Marrow had said about the marriage, so we guessed it wasn't rightly our business to tell her.) 'Well,' says Kruscome, 'what're you going to do?' She set still like she didn't hear good. So he says, 'We'll get to Syracuse tomorrow — we might get in to-night — and I'll put you onto a packet where I know the captain, and he'll see you safe back to Albany.' Kruscome didn't say anything about the fare paid to Buffalo. That was Marrow's business, and he was dead anyhow. I didn't see rightly why he should.

"She set there studying a while, and all the time I was hoping hard she'd decide to go on through with us. I was just a lad. She set there a while. Then she says, 'I don't want to go back.' Kruscome sort of rose halfway off his chair. 'My God, gal,' he says. 'What can you do out here?'

"'I'm tired of Boston,' she says, and she looked tired. 'It'd be black misery there,' she says, though it struck me she looked pretty miserable right where she was. 'I figger I'll keep on how I was going. I've been looking in my husband's satchel bag. There's quite a lot of money — enough to take care of me,' she

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says, 'and there's a land title for a hundred acres out in Greebe County. I'll show it to you,' she says; and danged if it didn't look actual. That was the funny part. There was his faked stock, and right in among it that title deed. 'I'll be danged,' said Kruscome, 'I wouldn't have guessed it. The thing looks actual and true.'

"She looked at him kind of stary, and then she says a funny thing. 'Why of course,' she says, 'he told me all about it. That's where we're going to build. We planned on it.' I felt my mouth come open and I set still; but Kruscome seemed to catch on. 'Why surely,' he says, 'that's so. It ought to be good land. But it's hard for a woman to start alone.' 'Well,' she says, 'there's a gal I used to know in Boston went out there to Dayton last year and got married. I can see her,' she says, 'I don't want to give up now' — and Kruscome nodding and spitting in the sand box, just like he'd got it all loaded down and covered up. She turned to me like she wanted my idees, so I nodded my head like Kruscome, but not chawing, I didn't spit; though I couldn't figger it out, because she looked like crying. So Kruscome says, 'All right, Mrs. Marrow. I'd advise for you not to go out there, but you know best; and if you've got friends out there, I guess you won't be so bad off.'

"Kruscome and me went to get the mules out, and he says to me, 'By dang, Ben, she's got a lot of stuffing into her for such a small-bellied gal!' We hauled along. The mules went slow and the fog hung onto me. Long about eight o'clock the girl got onto the towpath and walked, taking hold of my arm so it got stiff from my holding it just one way. She didn't say nothing and I didn't neither; but now and then I'd look at her and see the fog all shiny on her hair and skin. I guess we didn't pay much attention to anything — I just knowed a couple of boats passed us — until the towline jerked and danged near tossed the mules off the towpath. They went onto their knees right on the edge of the water, but I grabbed the towline and yanked their rear ends round and got 'em back. I knew what had happened. The boat had fouled the bank, and that was queer, with Kruscome such a good hand at steering. But it was queerer not to hear him swear.

"When I looked back, he wasn't on deck. I got on the boat, but there weren't a sign of him, except by the rudder post. Then I see the cholera'd taken him. When the cramps hit him, he must have fell off. The bad cases went that way — not a holler.

"I went back and unhooked the mules and told the girl what had happened, so she come back and stood on the towpath while I waded, feeling for him with the pole. He didn't come up, and when I found him thirty feet back, he was drowned. . . .

VI

THE OLD JEW glanced at the window. "We went on after a while, letting the mules take their own gait on the towpath, which was a pretty slow one once they found I wasn't there to prod 'em, and her and me stayed on deck steering. She seemed pretty turned over. She'd taken an affection to old Kruscome, and I liked him pretty good myself.

"After a ways like this she went down into the cabin. Long about noon I stopped the mules and got some food cooked. She was lying on the bunk and I fetched her a cup of tea. I was scared that the cholera would take her too. It seemed like it had marked the old *Pretty Western;* and with that fog a man could think anything that came into his head. It hung on till late into the afternoon. I don't ever remember its hanging on that way in summer.

"She come on deck when it lifted and stayed with me till supper time. And then she cooked me supper. We didn't talk much, and she went to bed early.

"It was cloudy that night and come on to blow hard, so I slept in the cabin and I liked sleeping there. I could hear her move around in the bunk. And next day it cleared up; the mist went by eight o'clock and the sun came out warm. She walked back of the mules awhile, carrying my whip, though she didn't have the heft to use it without hurting herself. She'd pinned up her skirts so they wouldn't drag and she had a handkerchief tied under her chin, and

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you'd have thought she was an emigrant girl, only she was prettier than any one you ever seen. The color come back into her face from walking and once in a while she'd wave back at me.

"It's hard for two young folks like we were to keep sad, Dan. And there was the sun after that fog, and the wind over the oats, and the cattle shiny in the meadows, black and white and red. And I'd fell in love with her, Dan, though I'd hardly dast to say it to myself. And it seemed something had come over her. I could see the change, but I didn't know then what it was. I only guessed. But I was a young lad then. I didn't know she was making herself feel happy. I didn't know folks like she was wouldn't maybe think the way I thought. But every time she waved back at me I could feel the blood coming up inside of me.

"When she got tired, I'd swing the stern in and she'd jump for the ladder and I'd grab her when she'd come on deck and haul her up. Every time I'd figger I'd kiss her the next time, but I never got around to it somehow. And she'd stand close up to me, looking out ahead westward and taking in her breath sharp, like she'd been running, and her eyes as big as if she saw things there. She was kind and gentle, and she'd talk about what kind of a house she was going to build and would ask me about the barns. She'd go so far as to write things down that I'd say to her when they took her fancy.

"And it was nice to see her setting at the cabin table, tapping her mouth with the end of the feather and then writing down in the book, putting curls onto the capitals. She wrote pretty. But I liked the traveling time better when she was getting off and on the boat, or just to watch her tromping after the mules. You see it was the first boat I'd had in charge, and I felt good — real good. It seemed the boat was next to being mine."

He was silent for a space.

"We went through Syracuse and Rochester, but we didn't lay by. She'd buy what food we needed at the shore stores and I'd get food for the mules that way too. She got me to learn her how to steer, and she was good at it and I liked teaching her. After that we made better time and took turns driving the mules. I liked it, Dan. I figgered maybe I'd get a job from Dennison to run one of their boats — maybe this same one. I figgered after a while I'd ask her if she'd marry me. It seemed she would, to me. I was a big lad, stronger than most men. My beard hadn't begun to grow, but even then I looked pretty well. I got figgering and figgering how I'd grab her and kiss her when she come aboard each time after driving the mules and then give her the proposition right there. But I didn't get around to it until we sighted Buffalo.

"Buffalo weren't no bigger than a village them days, though it had commenced to grow fast. But I seen the smoke about a mile out and I hollered to her we were coming in. She run right back and I swung the stern in and she come up and I grabbed her, and I didn't let go but just held onto her and looked down at her. She got a little red, but she looked right back at me, so's we both seemed looking right inside each other. And then she smiled that way she had, with the upper lip jumping up, and danged if I didn't kiss her. And when I'd done that, she took hold of me round the neck and kissed me back. And she said, 'You're a good boy, Ben. You've been good to me. I like you,' she said. 'I won't never forget you, Ben.' And I couldn't find what I wanted to say to her then, Dan, because she wasn't thinking about it. And she jumped away and ran down into the cabin to change her clothes. I thought them mules would never get into Buffalo."

The old Jew got to his feet and went to the window to look at the passing meadows. "By Cripus, Dan, but she was a pretty gal!"

The driver boy stared at the stove. The color had gone out of the draught. "What come of her, Ben?" he asked.

"Why," said the Jew, "she took her things ashore and I carried them down to the lake dock for her. There was a Toledo packet going out that afternoon and she got a cabin. The *Lucas Williams* it was. I seen her situated in her cabin. And then she grabbed my hand and she said, 'You're a good boy, Ben,' just like she had before, and she put some money in my hand, and I put it in my pocket and then I went on shore. I got my receipt for the nails and took it to the Dennison office and turned over the boat, telling them about Kruscome. They signed me on as driver to another boat."

He drew a deep breath.

"Gol," said the driver boy.

"Yeanh," said the Jew. "I guess we'd better get on deck."

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Will American Catholics Secede from Rome?

Woodcuts by Howard Simon

THIS EXTRAORDINARY document, which tells why American Catholics will eventually be forced to secede from Rome, comes from the pen of a former Jesuit priest who is a member, in good standing, of the Roman Catholic Church. He is also the author of two recent books — *The Jesuit Enigma* and *While Peter Sleeps* — which have occasioned wide-spread comment and no little consternation in certain Church circles. It goes without saying that THE FORUM desires to promote full and free discussion of a question so controversial as this one, and the Editor is happy to announce that an answer to Dr. E. Boyd Barrett is now being prepared by Dr. James J. Walsh of New York and will be published in the next issue.

by E. BOYD BARRETT

IT IS USUAL to take for granted the cohesion and unity of the Roman Catholic Church, and to regard as highly improbable the conjecture that a Western schism is threatening. Such is the opinion of conventional thinkers; such also is the opinion of some who belong to a different category. For instance, H. L. Mencken recently declared that papal supremacy is "the most sturdy of Catholic dogmas," and expressed the belief that "nothing is less likely than the dismemberment of the Catholic Church."

Were it true that the dogma of papal supremacy holds undisputed sway in the hearts and minds of American Catholics, a drift from Rome would be impossible. But is that dogma as "sturdy" as it seems to be? Is there not important evidence pointing to the contrary? Are there not, as Mr. Mencken confesses, "certain current notions of the Church which American Catholics, as good Americans, simply cannot accept"? From Rome come significant rumors to the effect that influential ecclesiastics "of the Western hemisphere," dismayed at the continued preponderance of Italian influence in the government of the Church, are conspiring to de-Italianize the Vatican. The race-consciousness of American Catholics is being aroused, and with its awakening one may expect emotionally charged group thinking concerning the relationship between Rome and the Catholic Church in America.

The race-consciousness of American Catholics derives from their excellence as citizens. "They are," declares Dr. John Haynes Holmes, "the most loyal, devoted, self-respecting citizens of this country." Indeed, their loyalty is such that it often finds release, as Catholics themselves blushingly admit, in "excessive flag-waving" and "hysterical jingoism." At times, in the exuberance of their patriotism, they even forget the restraints of Roman ritual. They are highly sensitive about their citizenship, and when the taunt of "divided allegiance" is hurled at them, hurt to the quick, they vehemently protest their independence of the Pope. Some Catholics, in terror of the threatened stigma, go so far as to make light of the Pope's authority. Hence that "disloyalty to the Holy See so prominently in evidence among American Catholics of late" to which the editor of the Catholic *Fortnightly Review* refers. In this same review we find a priest, Father R. E. Power, deploring that Catholics should "let the idea get about that

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the Pope is an element in the Church's life that we are anxious to forget. Some of our defenders seem to imply that we are dependable citizens because we are disposed to reject the guidance of the Holy See whenever we feel like doing so, which (in their view) is not seldom."

Forget the Pope

This "forget the Pope" attitude — so out of keeping with the dogma of papal supremacy — is no new phenomenon among American Catholics. It has a long history reaching back to the episcopate of John England, Bishop of Charleston (1820–1842). Until his thirty-fourth year, John England had worked as a priest in the south of Ireland. There his independence and strong national leanings so shocked his ecclesiastical superiors that they had him removed (canonically) out of the country. As a pioneer Bishop of Charleston he was a success. His energy and outrightness were appreciated, and before seven years had passed, he was invited to address a joint meeting of the Senate and House in the presence of President John Quincy Adams. There he struck the "forget the Pope" note which has since reverberated in Catholic propaganda in this country. "I would not," declared this prophet of American Catholicism, "allow to the Pope, or to any bishop of our Church outside this Union, the smallest interference with the humblest vote at our most insignificant balloting box."

In the bishop's mind, as he issued this daring challenge, there lingered the memory of Rome's relentless opposition, by fair means and foul, throughout six centuries, to every move of Irish nationalists. He recalled that for four hundred years the Pope had appointed none but Englishmen (consecrated "Black and Tans") to the See of Dublin, and he blamed the Popes for Ireland's failure to achieve her destiny. In his eyes, interference from Rome was unhealthy, and he dreaded the possibility of papal encroachments in the country of his adoption.

John England's spirit, his democratic Catholicism, reappeared in the American bishops who attended the Vatican Council in 1869. Many of them were opposed to the dogma of papal infallibility, and no less than seven had the remarkable courage to vote against it. Archbishop Ireland, Dr. Kane, Father Isaac Hecker, and a host of other distinguished American prelates carried on the "forget the Pope" tradition until finally it formed the background of the heresy of "Americanism." Against *it*, more than anything else, Leo XIII raised his voice in 1899, and it is against *it* that the grandiose structure of the Vatican City, recently erected by the diplomacy of Pius XI, stands in emphatic protest.

Patriotism vs. Religion

As a current expression of the John England spirit, I quote a sentence from a sermon preached in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York on March tenth, at a special service held to celebrate the Lateran Peace. The preacher, Father McClorey, S. J., speaking in the presence of His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, declared: "If the Pope should war with America, we would take up arms against him as the French and other Europeans did in past centuries."

Here, unchanged in form, undiminished in force, we have the old American Catholic challenge to Rome and to papal authority. In a single sentence the Pope is warned that there are limits to the extent of his moral sway over American Catholics. He is told to his face that he will not be obeyed as the "Vicar of God on earth" while in arms against America! Though he is the sole and final judge (according to Roman Catholic doctrine) of the justice and injustice of wars, and of the morality or immorality of participating therein, and though he should authoritatively declare — as undoubtedly in such an event he would — that justice was on his side in fighting America, American Catholics are urged to disregard his declaration. According to Father McClorey, it would be "the duty" of Catholics to cross swords with the Pope — suspensions, excommunications, and Roman doctrine notwithstanding! When such a sermon can be preached

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in St. Patrick's Cathedral, in the presence of, and without protest from, the Archbishop of New York, who can maintain that papal supremacy is a "sturdy dogma" in this country?

In contrast to this "fight the Pope" argument, I should like to quote an excerpt which Upton Sinclair culled some years ago from a sermon of a Western priest, one Father Phelan. "Tell us," said Father Phelan, "that we are Catholics first and Americans or Englishmen afterwards: of course we are! Tell us that in the conflict between the Church and the civil government we take the side of the Church: of course we do! Why, if the Government of the United States were at war with the Church, we should say to-morrow: 'To hell with the Government of the United States!' And if the Church and all the governments of the world were at war, we should say: 'To hell with the governments of the world!'"

What a difference between the two mentalities, that of Father McClorey and that of Father Phelan! No doubt the latter was impolitic and overforceful, but I submit that his remarks were more in accord with Roman tradition and the doctrine of papal supremacy than those of the Jesuit. Father McClorey, however, had the advantage of being closer to the facts; he realized clearly the extent to which the "forget the Pope" spirit has eaten into American Catholicism.

It has been the fate of most Catholic populations, at one time or another, to find themselves driven by their patriotism into conflict with the Holy See. This has happened in France, Germany, Ireland, Mexico, and — very dramatically — in Italy. "For Italians," writes Father Parsons, S. J. (*The Pope and Italy*), "the most potent force in this world (patriotism) had come between them and their duty to God." No man could be a "good Italian" and a "good Roman Catholic" at the same time. And what has happened in Italy and other countries is more or less inevitable in America, for patriotism in this country also operates against Roman doctrine and tends to undermine the orthodoxy of the American Catholic's position in regard to the Holy See. To reconcile pure, unadulterated Americanism with the Encyclicals of Pius IX and Leo XIII is impossible. As Hilaire Belloc has written, "The Catholic Church is, in its root principle, at issue with the civic definition both of freedom and of authority." In virtue of his Americanism, a Catholic citizen should and must stand for the principles of liberalism in religion and education, and the sovereign right of the state to enforce obedience to the law; but in virtue of his Romanism, he should and must oppose these principles. The Pope, he holds, is competent to override civil law, should His Holiness believe that the interests of the Church call for such action. Furthermore, as a Romanist, the Catholic citizen must keep in mind, as something to be aimed at, the political establishment of the Catholic Church in America — the ultimate union of church and state.

Governor Smith's Credo

The corporate defection from such "orthodoxy" on the part of American Catholics during the last presidential election calls for a brief allusion. Before the election Governor Alfred E. Smith, an unschooled doctor of Catholicism, issued a religious credo: "I believe in the absolute separation of church and state." Whereupon his coreligionists responded: "We too . . . Amen."

In palliation of this heresy, Catholics point out that Rome recognizes and tolerates the existing separation of church and state in this country (as satisfactory under the circumstances). Nevertheless, Rome has repudiated, as irreconcilable with her theory, "the American doctrine of separation" — namely, "that the Church ought to be separated from the State, and the State from the Church."* Was Rome pleased with Governor Smith's credo? The Editor of the *Fortnightly Review* answers the question. "Governor Smith's reply to Mr. Marshall was objectionable from the orthodox Catholic point of view, and the fact that nearly the entire Catholic press of the United States let

* Cf. Syllabus of Pius IX, Article 55.

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it go uncontradicted, nay, praised it, did cause uneasiness and anxiety at Rome." Thereupon the *Fortnightly Review* took occasion to comment upon "the terrible blight of Americanism which is slowly destroying the vitality of the Catholic faith in the midst of seeming prosperity."

This "terrible blight of Americanism" is by no means a *figmentum theologicum*. It is at once a religious and psychological phenomenon of exceeding interest. Characterizing, as it does, some twenty million citizens, it has a fair claim upon the attention of the public. It represents an effort to interpret Catholicism in terms of modern democracy and sound business. It stands in sharp contrast with Romanism, of which the fundamental principles are obedience to authority and traditionalism. While Romanism inclines toward "passive virtues" — that is, docility, resignation, retirement, and meditation — Americanism inclines toward "active virtues" — the building of schools, churches, and episcopal palaces, the boosting of Catholic activities, and competition between parishes and dioceses. This difference is recognized in certain quarters, and deplored. "We have a great amount of spread-eagleism in Catholic work in the United States," writes a contributor to the *Catholic Charities Review*. "We have been too much inclined to measure our spiritual progress on the basis of material progress."

Religion and Civics

As a matter of fact, one sees little sign of "measuring spiritual progress" (whatever that may mean) among American Catholics, but only a mania for counting attendances, contributions, bricks, candles, and publications. Americanism has resulted in an insistence on the material and outward elements of religion, which has had the effect of solidly attaching the American Catholic to his citizenship and of weakening the hold of Romanism on his heart. "Catholic action" (a term consecrated by recent Popes) is directed at making the Church socially and politically powerful, rather than at "adjusting the thought and procedure of modern life to Catholic standards of thought and action." Thus a very strong and wealthy Church is being built up in this country, but a Church that in spirit, in structure, and to some extent in its practices, is alien to Rome and oriented in another direction.

Whereas it is good Romanism to introduce the leaven of true religion into civic affairs, our American Catholic reverses the process and introduces into his religion the leaven of civics. The result is a hybrid which is neither civics nor religion. As an instance we have the broadcasting of a "Catholic Firemen's Communion Breakfast" over the municipal radio station of New York City. Mr. Franklin Ford protests against this on the ground that it is "Catholic propaganda." Mayor Walker, a Catholic, defends it on the ground that it is "good civics." Pius IX would, I believe, have disagreed with both Mr. Ford and Mayor Walker, and would have regarded it as a kind of blasphemy. Such incidents are the inevitable consequence of the trend of American Catholic thought — the attempt to identify a dogmatic creed with modern democracy, the "free love" adventure of pseudo-Romanism and Americanism. Back of it all is a philosophy that belongs more to the Hudson than to the Tiber.

That the American Catholic mind is not attuned to Romanism is evidenced by the widespread discontent among Catholics over the Church's regulations concerning mixed marriages, the Church's severe interpretation of the moral law in respect to birth control, and the Church's incomprehensible antagonism to Rotary and other non-sectarian societies. Just a year ago the Pope wrote as follows to the President of the International Union of Catholic Women's Federations: "In order that your Union may retain the truly Catholic character and preserve its sole aim and full agreement with the instructions of the Holy See, it is necessary that none of the affiliated associations become a member of neutral organizations or women's federations. . . . Therefore, it was entirely correct of you to reaffirm the principle that your Union is not permitted to admit to membership any organization affiliated with neutral associations." Such un-American exclusiveness and intolerance imposed upon Catholic women of this country at the suggestion of an Italian Curia is, to say the least, galling and provoking. If the "truly Catholic character" implies, as the Pope declares, non-association with any save Catholic groups, it is surely evident that the "truly Catholic character" does not fit the American mind — nay, more, never will fit it.

At this point I may perhaps summarize my

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argument. I have set out to prove, not that American Catholics have actually broken away from Rome, but only that they are steadily drifting in that direction. I have presented opinions which show that American Catholics are embarrassed over their subjection to the Pope and have disloyally tried to make little of his authority over them. I have adduced further evidence which proves that in spirit and in doctrine American Catholicism is in many respects un-Roman and heterodox, and I have quoted an important Catholic review as testifying to the presence of a "terrible blight of Americanism which is slowly destroying the vitality of the Catholic faith" in this country.

What is Heresy?

Some readers will regard these blemishes upon the orthodoxy of American Catholics as trifles, and will agree with Mr. Mencken that "the Church will go on winking at heresy hereafter as it has winked at heresy in the past." But such opinions have little or no foundation in history. There is nothing "trifling" in the matter of heresy. According to St. Thomas, heresy is "the greatest sin in the whole range of perversity," and it is measured "not so much by its subject matter as by its formal principle, which is the same in all heresies: revolt against a Divinely constituted authority." * It is no less serious for Catholics to belittle papal authority than to make light of the divinity of Christ, for "the same faith" † is accorded to each. Catholics who pretend that all is well so long as religion and morals flourish, are mistaken. Virtue is no palliative of heterodoxy. "The integrity of the rule of faith is more essential to the cohesion of a religious society than the strict practice of its moral precepts. . . . To undo the creed is to undo the Church. . . . Heresy, being a deadly poison generated within the organism of the Church, must be ejected if she is to live." # The Church cannot afford, therefore — and never could afford — to "wink at heresy." She has found it safer for her ultimate survival to cut off whole nations from her communion, or to suffer them to drift away as America seems to be drifting, rather than to condone the least formal heresy.

Earlier in this article I said that the Vatican City, the recent creation of Pius XI, stands in emphatic protest against our Catholic Americanism. I now add that it constitutes a deliberate challenge to it. As Rome was well aware, American Catholics had abandoned interest and belief in the papal claims to temporal power, and were wholly reconciled to the idea of the Pope as a "prisoner of the Vatican" — a noble, spiritual example of the eternal conflict between the world and religion. Suddenly, to their embarrassment, the Pope emerged as a king ruling a little state, and by his side, supporting him, stood modern Italy attired in the penitential habit of canon law. How was all this to be explained to their American fellow citizens?

At first denials were issued. "The term Temporal Power is misleading," said the editor of the *Catholic Review*, "and we are not using it. The Pope's sovereignty as recognized is only in spiritual things." Meanwhile, Bishop Schrembs pooh-poohed the canon law scare, affirming that Italy merely "recognizes the rights and liberties of the Church in the exercise of her spiritual authority." It became plain to all who studied carefully the various pronouncements of ecclesiastical authorities in this country during February and March last, that something had happened which boded ill for the Catholic Church in America. In fact, Pius XI emphatically and dramatically reaffirmed certain notions that American Catholics, as good Americans, simply cannot accept: namely, the wholesomeness of the union of church and state, and the desirability of having a temporal ruler as "the Vicar of God on earth."

In Mussolini's Shadow

It goes without saying that American Catholics view with alarm the implicit invitation to Mussolini to watch over the interests of the Church, and the fact that the Treaty affords new opportunities for Facist propaganda in this

* *Catholic Encyclopedia*, "Heresy."
† Pius XI, *Mortalium Animos*.
\# *Ibid.*

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country. As a prominent Catholic apologist — Mr. P. H. Callahan, of Louisville, Kentucky — expressed it: "Feeling as I do regarding Mussolini, I cannot help but conclude that any institution, though it may be divine, will suffer by being in league with him." Suspicions of this kind find support in Clause Twenty of the Concordat. This clause, when known and digested by American Catholics, is of itself enough to strain profoundly their allegiance to Rome. The clause in question has to do with the oath-taking of Italian bishops.

Everyone who has the slightest acquaintance with church history knows that the "bloc" which sways Ecumenical Councils and controls legislation in the Church is that comprised of the three hundred Italian bishops. They are practically the ruling body of the Roman Catholic Church — its changeless conservative element. Henceforth, each one of these Italian bishops must swear the following oath in the presence of Mussolini or his representative: "Before God, on His Holy Gospels, I swear and promise . . . not to participate in any agreement or attend any council which would be injurious to the Italian State. . . . Being mindful only of the welfare and interest of the Italian State, I will endeavor to avoid anything which might menace them." I maintain that when American Catholics realize that they are being ruled and governed in Church affairs by men sworn to be "mindful only of the welfare and interest of the Italian State," they will begin to regard as inevitable a sad leave-taking from the Eternal City.

A few days after the Lateran Peace was signed, the editor of *America* wrote: "The merest suspicion that he (the Pope) is the cat's-paw of any national government in anything he says or does would be fatal to his spiritual influence." In due time it dawned upon him — and it must be evident to everyone who studies the Treaty and Concordat — that it would be impossible for the Pope to escape being "the cat's-paw" of Mussolini, at least in some matters. And so, in later republishing his statement in book form, he cautiously amended it. Now it reads: "The merest suspicion that he (the Pope) is the cat's-paw of any national government in anything that he says or does *in his spiritual apostolate* (italics ours) would be fatal to his influence." There could be no better proof than the amending of this clause that American Jesuits, like other Americans, recognize that a door has been opened to Mussolini to enter in and influence the government of the Church.

A Prophecy

Cardinal Cerretti sees, as a result of the Lateran Peace, "a new era in the history of the Church," and Bishop Schrembs, "far-reaching results, not only for Italy, but for the world at large." Both prophecies are vague and neither will be belied if the future reveals the Lateran Peace to have been a disguised declaration of war upon Americanism and the starting point of a great schism. *The Catholic Encyclopedia* posits as "requisites" to the success of a schism, first, the presence of a strong and daring leader; second, the accommodation of the "heresy" to "contemporary mentality" and "political conditions"; and third, the support of "secular rulers" or what corresponds thereto. In America the last two requisites seem to be present. Leadership — the first requisite — is still wanting. In the ranks of liberal ecclesiastics a leader is yet to be found.

The dawning of the schism will no doubt test the independence of American Catholics regarding the terrible threat of excommunication. This threat made the insurgent Catholics of Rhode Island waver and collapse. But in their revolt the issue was one of purely local interest, and no ecclesiastical support was forthcoming. Had the whole Catholic population of America been involved, had race-consciousness been aroused, and had bishops and priests joined hands with the schismatics, the fear of excommunication would have counted for little.

As to the probable course of the impending Western schism, it is infinitely hazardous to guess. In all likelihood there will be a preliminary period during which, under the rule of a "Patriarch of the West" — a native-born bishop, resident of this country and conceded by Rome in deference to urgent demands from the American hierarchy — the American Catholic Church will become a truly national institution. Thereafter, some economic or social factor will suffice to sever the ever-weakening bond between American Catholics, imbued with the spirit of independence, and Roman Catholics, gathered in defense of the archaic battlements of the Vatican City.

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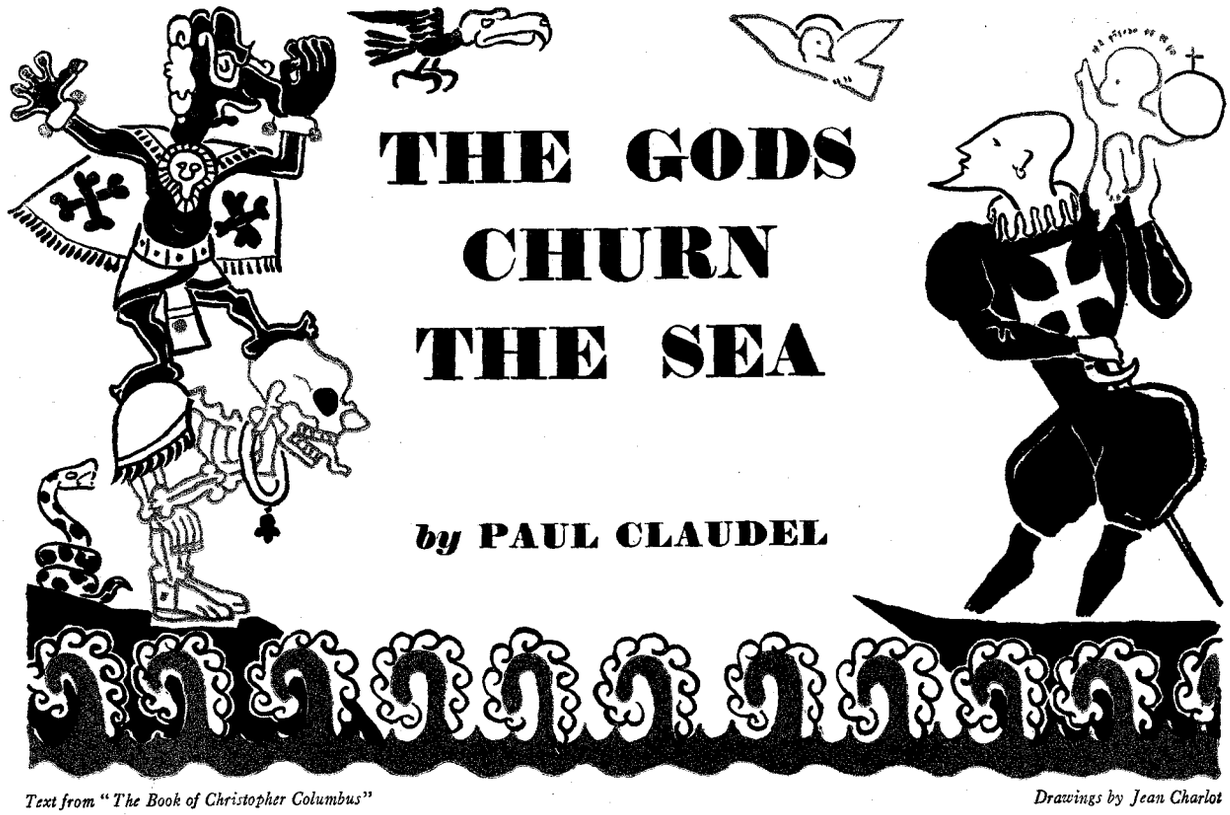

THE GODS CHURN THE SEA

by **PAUL CLAUDEL**

Text from "The Book of Christopher Columbus"

Drawings by Jean Charlot

The Reader of the Book — And now America! What is happening, I wonder, in America? Dark, unborn America through the darkness is tasting the first ray of the Sun that will give her to Life and Humanity. Hark! The underground thunder is rumbling, the mountains are shaken. Hideous temples are crumbling. Vitzliputzli falls headlong. On the seashore are gathering the foul, gory gods of darkness, the diseased, blood-thirsty monsters. They look anxiously toward the East! [*As he reads, the monsters begin to take form out of the mist. They move about the stage muttering, more and more loudly, until they are sharply brought to order by The Beadle.*]

The Beadle — Huichtlipochtli!

Huichtlipochtli — Here I am!

The Beadle — Quetzalcoatl!

Quetzalcoatl — Here!

The Beadle — Tlaloc!

Tlaloc — Here!

The Beadle — Ixtlipetzloc!

Ixtlipetzloc — Here!

The Beadle — Where is Panchacamac?

Ixtlipetzloc — He is manufacturing fog. He picks some ice mountains here and there with his fork and fries them.

The Beadle — Where is Rxtxchtl — Hrktxkchtl? — the plague take them! I wonder who makes the names for them. It makes my throat peel! [*He spits out.*]

Ixtlipetzloc — He maddens the compass — he sows bugs in the meal — he feeds maggots on salt beef — he drinks the water — he sours the wine — he inoculates the men with fever, madness, despair, and *tedium vitæ*.

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THE BEADLE — You lie! Christopher Columbus has not even now left the shores of Spain.

IXTLIPETZLOC — I humbly apologize. I have such wretched sight I can see things only a little in advance.

THE BEADLE — What a fool! Is there some clear-sighted fellow here who can see what Christopher Columbus is doing?

BLACKASDEATH — Lend me your back, Dryasdust!

DRYASDUST — Here I am, Blackasdeath! Put the Evening Star, Lucifer, in your right eye so you can see better.

BLACKASDEATH [*Climbs on Dryasdust with sickening slothfulness*] — Here I am! I see Palos. I see Chr . . . Chr . . . I cannot spit out that name! I see the three caravels all ready to sail. I see the "Pinta," the "Nina," and the "Santa Ma . . ." I cannot say that name!

THE BEADLE — What are they doing?

BLACKASDEATH — On the bridge of the "Santa Ma . . . Ma . . ." Hell! I see a priest who has just finished saying Mass. On the altar is a sheet of paper. On the sheet of paper all the officers and men put their names, signs, and crosses, all written with their blood. Cannons roar. I see His Lordship, the Royal Governor of Palos, standing at the bow of his boat. He salutes the ship with his feathered hat.

TLALOC — Hou, hou! I feel cold all over! I feel hot all over! I feel creepy all over! Hear my teeth chattering.

IXTLIPETZLOC — My stomach aches! I have a kind of wormy feeling between spleen and kidneys which is quite uncomfortable.

QUETZALCOATL — Hou, hou! America was such a pleasance for us!

ANOTHER — To think of that blockhead just knocking his nose on what we took so much trouble and tender care to hide — and he does not even know what it is.

ANOTHER — You, the Sun God — what do you say? You look sort of wet and tearful.

HUICHTLIPOCHTLI — Alas, alas! When Baal and Apollo went out of fashion in the Old World, I had found such a nice, cozy place here in Mexico. Alas, alas, for the good, tender human flesh, for the good warm blood — the splendid Aztec caldron — that throbbing heart which the High Priest drew for me, raised to me out of a mountain of warm corpses — what a fine morsel! I am through now with my diet of warm blood just gushing from the wound.

THE BEADLE — Well, before Master Chr . . . before Master Chr . . . (the plague on him!) before Master Chr . . . is through with

The Beadle

Quetzalcoatl

Blackasdeath

Ixtlipetzloc

Stillanother

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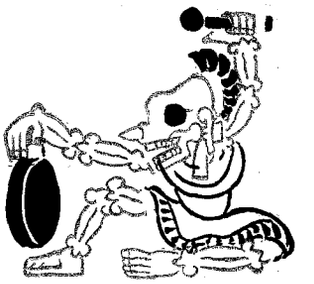
America, I'll have a nice piece of machinery ready for him. Come here! Come here, I say, you, all the gods from North and South — gods of the root and gods of the leaf, of the dust and of the mud — copper gods, boracic gods, ammoniacal gods — gods of hunger and the black vomit — you all, parrots, tapirs, toucans, trunks, and beaks — volcano workers — cordilleras shakers — you of the scorpion tail who prick to frenzy the monstrous dancer, Antarctis!



ALL GODS — Here we are! He-hhan! He-hhan!

THE BEADLE — Catch that rope, gentlemen! Our comrades in Africa hold the other end. Ready! Remember the time when with the Naga Snake we churned the primeval sea! Look out — all together! Stand by, my hearties! He-hhan! He-hhan!

[*All the gods, tied to a monstrous rope, stronger and stronger, quicker and quicker, are engaged in a tug of war, producing an awful rasping noise.*]

Huichtli-pochtli

Tlaloc

Dryasdust

Anothergod

THE BEADLE — Good. Good. Good. Good. Fine! Fine! Fine! Fine! Hell! Hell! Hell! Pull! Pull! Pull! Harder and harder — bitterer and bitterer — look you out in the sky, you heaven-damned brothers!

GODS — He-hhan! he-hhan! he-hhan! he-hhan!

[*They pull and slack the rope, all the devilish machinery working with a frightful strength. A devil before the files is marking time with a gong. Others scamper alongside the files, fanning the workers, or beating and pricking them.*]

THE BEADLE — Beat them! Prick them! Bite them to death! Hurrah! it's going strong. All the sea looks like milk and suds from the Amazon's mouth down to the Cape of Storms! Go strong, my hearties. Hell! What a salad! What a clam-chowder! We will see what Mr. Chr . . . what Mr. Chr . . . is going to do in that boiling, raging caldron with his three sticks of ships.

[*The tempest growls and grumbles in the inner depths of the orchestra and among the Chorus. Grumblings, groans, whisperings, an angry and anxious mixing of voices, words, and feelings make themselves heard.*]

THE CHORUS — The sea, the sea! Always the sea, and nothing to be seen.

THE READER — I turn another leaf.

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Repeal the Jones Act!

JACK CADE. And I will make it felony to drink small beer.
— *King Henry the Sixth,*
Part II, Act IV, Sc. II

by FREDERIC R. COUDERT, JR.

PROHIBITION is not a question of gastronomy, nor even of religion; it is a problem in government. Reluctance or inability to grasp this simple truth is at the root of the present intolerable situation. No intelligent man or woman prefers drunkenness to temperance, nor will anyone tolerate the saloon, either as the licensed institution of the past or as its unspeakable successor, the "speakeasy." The common goal of all should be temperance, but the confused thinking of many prohibitors and perhaps the reluctance of paid prohibitors to lose their sinecures have rendered intelligent treatment or even fair public discussion of this problem impossible. To characterize those who venture to recognize its existence as fools or traitors does not solve it.

A tale is told of a judge of one of our appellate courts many years ago. A member of the court, in discussing the constitutionality of a certain statute, had expressed himself in somewhat explosive language. His colleague is said to have replied, "You cannot settle constitutional questions with a 'damn it.'" Personal abuse and vilification will neither obscure the political and social aspects of constitutional Prohibition, nor will they stay the steadily rising tide of popular resentment against continued invasion of the rights of the citizen and the states.

Since the Stalker-Jones Bill was resurrected from the committee where it had long languished unsung, public attention has again been focused upon Prohibition and its far-reaching implications. The Eighteenth Amendment has been in effect for nearly a decade. It was adopted by large legislative majorities, but in great communities embracing millions of reputable and self-respecting men and women, it has been and is now more than ever hated and disobeyed. Increasingly it is being regarded not merely as an assault upon the dignity of the individual, but as a serious menace to the very framework of government and destructive of the charter of liberties embodied in our Constitution.

The history of liberty is the history of the age-old struggle of individuals and minorities against tyrannical and oppressive laws, whether imposed by tribal chieftains, emperors, kings, or legislatures. In this great struggle the modern world has contributed the cardinal political principle that the individual must be secured against governmental tyranny in certain spheres of human activity. Such spheres were only created and delimited after long conflict and bloodshed. In imperial Rome, Bourbon France, and czarist Russia, the principle of governmental authority was indeed established and secure, but the conception of

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any limitation upon it was conspicuous for its absence. Centuries of unremitting struggle in England and the bloodshed and destruction of the French Revolution were to precede the final recognition of this liberal concept.

Prohibition vs. the Constitution

The fathers of our republic, recalling their own immediate past, endeavored to assure to their posterity the great principles of civil liberty by enshrining them in what they believed to be a permanent charter of liberties. They hoped in this way to secure the individual citizen forever against the wanton depredations of uncontrolled and temporary legislative majorities. Democratic absolutism was not to supplant autocratic absolutism. Yet, within a comparatively short time after the adoption of the Constitution, we are face to face with the disconcerting fact that some three thousand citizens sitting in the legislative halls have been ready, willing, and able to destroy the framework of government and the charter of liberties so carefully constructed. No longer can we safely rely upon the guaranties of the Constitution alone. The amending power has been so construed and exercised that we find ourselves completely at the mercy of the whims and caprices of any organized group which is able to concentrate in timely fashion on Congress and the state legislatures. Thus a great national bureaucracy is built upon the ashes of local self-government and human liberty, and the machinery of a democratic state is converted to serve the ends of absolutism — an absolutism all the more dangerous for being concealed behind democratic forms.

Apparently we shall have to learn again the old lesson that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." During the past century we have been so occupied in building our nation materially that we have had little time to consider questions of government. In fact, we have all but forgotten them — perhaps because our liberties have not heretofore been seriously menaced. To accept the principle of the Eighteenth Amendment would be to repudiate the whole basis of our constitutional system. Let it stand as a precedent and the door is thrown open to more shocking invasions. There will remain no limitation, either practical or theoretical, upon the exercise of the amending power.

But, say the supporters of Prohibition, whether right or wrong, it is now law, and as such is sacred and entitled to the blind and unreasoning respect of all citizens. Sanctity of law is the superstition invoked by every despot to support his throne. In its name freedom of belief is suppressed, slavery is promoted and maintained, and, to-day, the liberty of citizens is destroyed by sumptuary legislation representing views oppressive to great communities. This superstition is the same in origin as the divine right of kings: it has merely taken the modern form of the divine right of the sanctified fifty-one per cent.

Obviously, some principle of authority is necessary to an orderly administration of society. Quite as obviously, the principle of absolutism is not admissible in a democracy. The only principle ever adhered to either in theory or practice by the American people has been that of government limited in powers and functioning with the consent of the governed, and it is this principle which is attacked by the Eighteenth Amendment. This amendment is a fair example of what temporary legislative majorities can do when they exercise plenary power and are allowed to ignore the fundamental rights of citizens. Any legislative act so wholly incompatible with the underlying spirit of our government is entitled neither to the respect nor to the acquiescence of our people.

The Fugitive Slave Law

In the days immediately before the Civil War, the Supreme Court of the United States solemnly enjoined upon citizens the duty of obeying the Fugitive Slave Law, saying: "It certainly can be no humiliation to the citizen of a republic to yield a ready obedience to the laws as administered by the constituted authorities. On the contrary, it is among his first and highest duties as a citizen, because free government cannot exist without it." At about the same time, President Lincoln, speaking of the same law, uttered what must have seemed a dreadful heresy to the Justices of the Court, when, in his first inaugural, he said: "I look upon that enactment not as law, but as a violence from the beginning. It was conceived in violence, is maintained in violence, and is being executed in violence." The Court reflected the superstition that all legislative enactments, good or bad, are sacrosanct. Abra-

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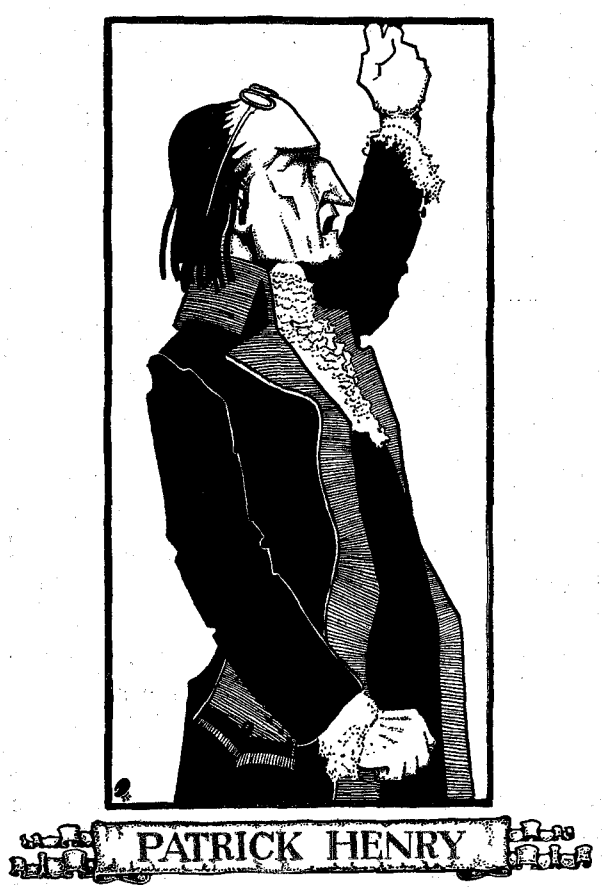
ham Lincoln, on the other hand, spoke with the voice of a great section of our people whose moral sense was outraged by the law. Whether the law or the public opinion of that great section was to prevail, we now know.

None cry so loudly for law enforcement or invoke with greater fervor the doctrine of the divine rights of the majority than do certain ministers of Christian churches, some of whom are on the pay roll of the Anti-Saloon League and kindred organizations. But the clergy has not always taken this attitude. When it has suited their purposes to proclaim disobedience of existing law, they have done so without restraint. Thus the Reverend Theodore Parker, in a sermon delivered in 1851, said that citizens "were morally bound" to violate the Fugitive Slave Law, and that it was a false idea that "the people are morally bound to obey any law until it is repealed." In reference to the same statute, the Reverend Dr. May of Syracuse declared in a sermon: "If such a law be essential to our republic, let it be broken up." At that time pulpits throughout the land were ringing with similar cries of defiance to the law.



Drawings by Robert Malone

"As for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

Which of these generations of clergymen speaks with the voice of God? They cannot both be right if all majorities are sacred and all laws are entitled to the dutiful obedience of the faithful. They can be right only if they accept the proposition that there are two classes of laws — good laws and bad laws: the former commanding respect and observance because they are predicated upon consent and merely articulate the prevailing social and moral standards; the latter challenging disobedience because they do violence to these standards. It has been the lot of the United States to have more than its fair share of bad laws. Perhaps this explains to some extent that American lawlessness which is so loudly deplored.

Fool Legislation and Lawlessness

Lawlessness, however, is not a new phenomenon. It is almost our oldest American custom. Its origin goes back to the earliest Colonial days. The King and Parliament had little conception of Colonial conditions, and the laws and royal decrees were often felt to be obstructive to Colonial development. Such laws early lost the respect of Americans and were seldom obeyed. Countless royal statutes, like those regulating the felling of trees and the navigation laws which limited the commercial freedom of the Colonists, were freely flouted. New England ships engaged openly in the forbidden trade and so developed a race of smugglers. The most reputable citizens freely took part in such illegal activities. In this way the habit of lawlessness was early engendered and flourished throughout the Colonial period. Individuals felt themselves obligated to observe only those laws which were approved by their own communities. Representatives of the King, whose duty it was to enforce the laws, became the common foe. When they attempted to enforce the King's commands or to impose punishment for their violation, the Colonists answered with riots and mob violence.

During the War of 1812, the New England states freely disregarded Federal laws; defying Congress, they engaged in trading with the enemy. The complete lawlessness of the pre-Civil War days need not be enlarged upon. Murder, burning of newspaper offices, lynching, mobbing, tarring and feathering were common

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incidents of that period. Intelligent men well realized how futile it was to enact laws which offended the feelings of great sections of the country. Speaking in the Senate of the Fugitive Slave Law, Calhoun remarked, "It is impossible to execute any law of Congress until the people of the states shall coöperate."

After the Civil War, part of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were completely nullified; and it was obvious to thinking men, free from the emotions of the moment, that this result was inevitable. Let us not, therefore, delude ourselves with such phrases as "the sanctity of the law." As the editor of a Southern newspaper has said, "The Constitution has, like the tariff, become a local issue." Certainly in the South, the Fifteenth Amendment, as much a part of the Constitution as any other, is neither respected nor obeyed; and there are still thousands of ridiculous laws on the statute books, such as the Sunday blue laws, most of which have been completely forgotten, and no sane person expects us to obey them. Why, then, should some people profess to be so horrified when they see the Eighteenth Amendment becoming practically obsolescent in many parts of the country? If government officials charged with law enforcement find it necessary to elect which amendments and which laws they will enforce, is it astonishing that citizens should likewise choose the laws they will obey?

The New Superstition

Intelligent people can no longer be persuaded to obey every piece of fool legislation by saying, "The source of the law is legitimate and therefore every good citizen must obey it passively and without question." This argument was used to uphold the Stuart tyranny and is now being used to lend false dignity to the tyranny of legislative majorities. Indeed, it is very curious to reflect upon the sense of superiority some of us feel when we look back upon certain periods of the past and call them "ages of superstition," forgetting that every age has its own peculiar superstition and that ours is the superstition that law is omnipotent and can work any miracle. Let a reform be suggested, let any large body of people believe that a certain modification of human conduct is desirable, and immediately a hue and cry is raised for legislation! Thousands of crude and irrational laws are turned out by forty-eight legislatures every year. They register the hopes and fears of some enterprising group — often merely an organized minority. Such statutes are enacted in defiance of the fundamental fact that any law which does not conform to the habits, prejudices, feelings, the general sense of right and wrong in the community must either become a dead letter or a source of perpetual disturbance and anarchy. More than any other cause, this failure of legislators to understand what the true nature of law is, or should be, has brought on the general discredit and disregard for statutory law in America. In so far as such laws stand the test of constitutionality, there is only one corrective process, aptly termed "statutory obsolescence," and without it the United States might be the scene of revolution.

The defects of human nature cannot be corrected by the strong arm of the policeman, nor can virtue and self-denial be brought about by force. All this was foreseen by Herbert Spencer as far back as the middle of the last century,

"There is no such thing as personal liberty in a republic."

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when, in speaking of the effort to reform private character and morals by legislative fiat, he said:

> Failure does not destroy faith in the agents employed, but merely suggests more stringent use of such agents or wider ramifications of them. Laws to check intemperance, beginning in early times and coming down to our own times, not having done what was expected, there grows a demand for more thoroughgoing laws, locally preventing the sale altogether; and here, as in America, these will doubtless be followed by demands that prevention shall be made universal.

Against such legislative atrocities, of whatever character, the jury system has long been the last line of defense. As Mr. Justice Holmes has remarked concerning jurors: "They will introduce into their verdict a certain amount — a very large amount, so I have observed — of popular prejudice, and thus keep the administration of the law in accord with the wishes and feelings of the community." A striking instance of this was seen in the late seventeenth century, when witch-burning was the popular pastime of church members. In Salem in 1692 some twenty persons were executed for conspiring with the devil. In the following year, however, juries — chosen for the first time from among the whole body of the people, instead of from church members only — restored sanity to the community. "Officials never relaxed their effort until the juries composed of the common people had refused repeatedly to convict."

Fanaticism in the Saddle

It is certain that the Prohibition laws will go the way of all bad laws, but the process will be more painful than usual. A powerfully organized faction bent upon permanently settling a great moral issue by constitutional and legislative action senses that its folly in seeking temperance through this channel may defeat a great cause. It seems to sense that such ill-considered and premature action can only be justified in the end by securing the general acquiescence of the public, and it is bent, therefore, upon obtaining this acquiescence to its own quasi-religious dogmas at any cost to the life, liberty, or property of citizens. That it is actually committed to this plan of action is clearly shown by the recent outrages at home and on the high seas, all committed in the sacred name of Prohibition. The issue so boldly pressed must be boldly met.

The Jones Law is interesting and important merely as a manifestation of the "do or die" spirit of prohibitors, and it must be immediately resisted by all peaceful means, if only to discourage greater legislative and administrative outrages upon the private lives of citizens. Congress, under the whip of dry organizations, has in effect provided for the disfranchisement of all citizens who do not subscribe to the social, political, and moral opinions of a faction. Every man, woman, or child who either violates the Prohibition laws or fails to report known violations to the Federal authorities is liable to conviction of a felony, with the resulting loss of all civil rights. These far-reaching consequences become actual possibilities through the conjunction of the Jones Law with Section 146 of the United States Criminal Code: the former, by increasing the maximum prison sentence to five years, makes felonies of Prohibition violations; the latter imposes upon citizens the duty of reporting known felonies immediately.

In large communities where the Prohibition laws are regarded as vicious, violations are constant and open, and they will continue so because such violations are not looked upon as morally wrong. Citizens of these communities will now be subject to disfranchisement, either for violating the law themselves or for failing to act as "informers." This will doubtless lead to more corruption and blackmail than ever before. It will not, however, induce self-respecting citizens to engage in the dirty business of spying upon their friends and neighbors, sending them to jail simply to justify the blunder of fanatical and self-appointed keepers of our private consciences. Thus vigorous enforcement under the guiding genius of the Anti-Saloon League may — theoretically, at least — transfer from polls to prisons millions of voters whose moral sense is outraged by Prohibition. If a way can be found to eliminate jury trials, this will become a very practical possibility.

So long, however, as the jury remains to perform its historic function as the bulwark of civil liberty, the fond hopes of Prohibition fanatics are doomed to be disappointed. The severity of punishment made possible under the Jones Law will defeat its own purpose. To classify Prohibition violations with manslaughter, embezzlement, white slavery, and seditious conspiracy to destroy the govern-

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ment by force is a monstrous folly; yet this is what the Jones Law effects. Seditious conspiracy entails a maximum punishment of only six years' imprisonment and a five-thousand-dollar fine. The Jones Law sets as the maximum penalty for Prohibition violation — five years in prison or a ten-thousand-dollar fine. This comparison gives a fair measure of the fanaticism that is abroad in the land. When penalties are so wholly out of proportion to the moral turpitude involved, if any, juries will generally prefer acquittal to punishment. Under the Jones Law juries have already begun to demonstrate this.

There is some reason to hope, therefore, that the severity of this new atrocity committed in the name of law may defeat its own purpose; even so, it cannot fail to serve another and better purpose by showing us to what extremes Prohibition fanatics will go in violating fundamental human rights. This can best be judged from the words which Senator Jones himself uttered in debate on the floor of the Senate in 1921:

> Another objection that is made to the Prohibition law is that it infringes the personal liberties and rights of the individual. This is a very common plea that is made. I have been surprised to hear it made upon the floor of the United States Senate. Mr. President, there is no such thing as personal liberty in a republic.

To the prohibitor, liberty has ceased to exist. He has enthusiastically sacrificed the birthright of a great people in order to impose his one law upon them. Well may we of this generation ask with Lincoln: "Are all the laws but one to go unexecuted and the government itself to go to pieces lest that one be violated?"

What is to be done? This question is heard upon all sides. There are only three possible courses of action: complete enforcement, repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, or obsolescence — sometimes called nullification. The amendment has now been in force for nearly ten years. It has never been enforced — and cannot be! Any serious attempt to enforce it would be met by mob violence, bloodshed, and ultimate failure. As for repealing the amendment, the most optimistic opponent of constitutional Prohibition admits that this is practically impossible. The prohibitionists calculated well when they imbedded their futile aspirations in our organic law. Thirteen small states, represented by a few score of legislators, could — and doubtless would — prevent repeal. This alternative may therefore be dismissed — at least for the present.

There remains, then, but one practical course. Sooner or later we shall have to recognize the fact that constitutional Prohibition is a folly and a failure; that it can neither be enforced nor repealed; and that there is nothing shocking, in the light of our own history, in allowing it to sleep peacefully beside the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments and countless other futile expressions of legislative authority. In this state of affairs the most effective soporific would be to repeal the Jones Act and its older brother, the Volstead Act, thus helping to clear the stage for an intelligent solution of the present impossible situation.

Next month the Jones Law will be defended by Mr. F. Scott McBride, General Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League.

The Boast

Mind you how you say the word
That binds the year unseen, unheard.
The hour that waits, the hidden days
Mock at man's faint vow, "Always."
Hills are wiser; rooted fast,
They have made no pledge to last.
Stars of fire, granite dumb
Say no word of what shall come.
Sand the agèd, water swift
Know the deep foundations shift.
Only man of hurrying breath,
Blood that warms his house of death,
Brain that weaves and dies in one,
Transient hands and feet that run
Through the dust, their own, and grime —
Only man hurls threats at time;
And boasting what his eyes will never
Last to see, cries out, "Forever!"

— Hortense Flexner

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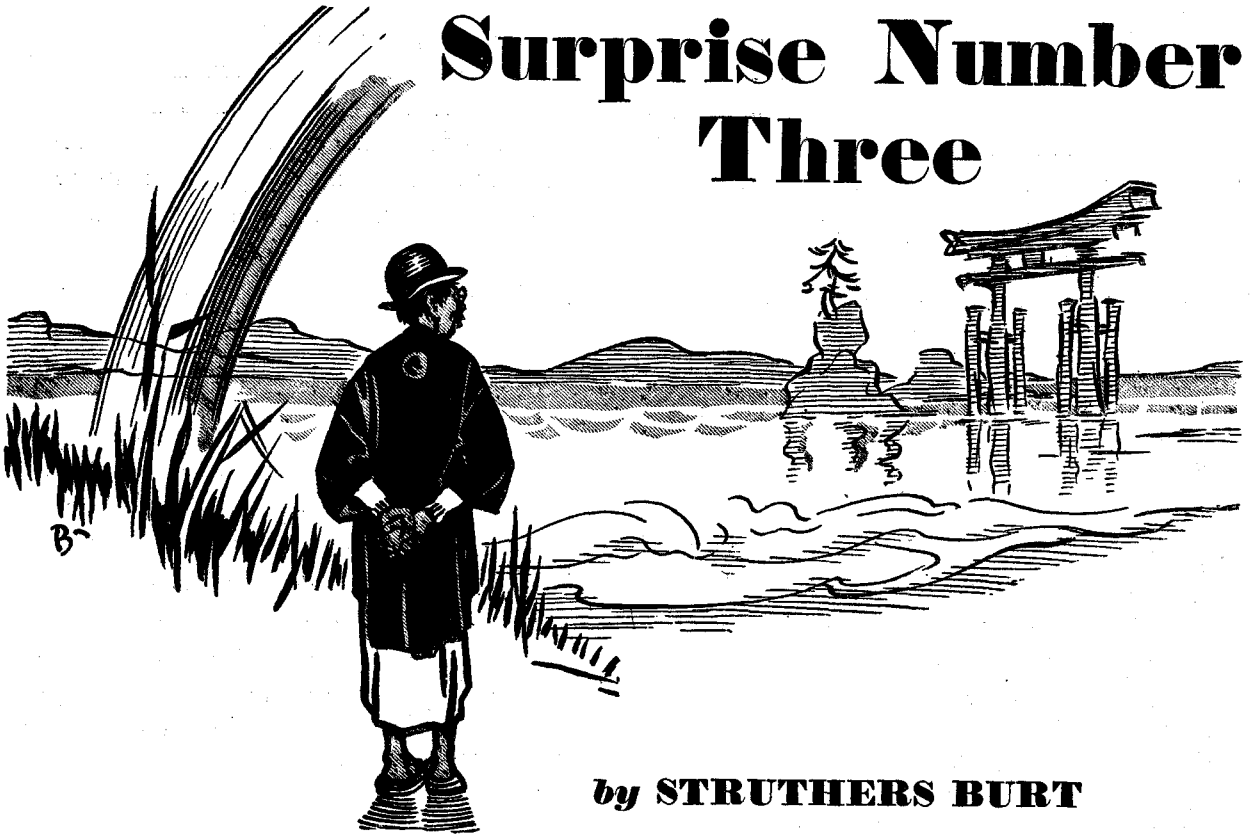
Surprise Number Three



by **STRUTHERS BURT**

I

THE JAPANESE have two very amusing sayings. The first goes something like this — "At a distance, by dusk, under a parasol." The second is its supplement, or rather complement, and is more an expression, a slang phrase, than an aphorism. It consists of the three words — "Surprise number two."

What the first means requires no explanation; we have our own "Distance lends enchantment." The second is merely what happens to you once distance becomes nearness and strangeness turns into familiarity. To take the most common experience, you see some stranger of the opposite sex — at a distance, by dusk, or under a parasol, metaphorically or actually speaking — who at once appeals to you as the most beautiful and mysterious creature you have ever laid eyes on. That is surprise number one. But suppose you scrutinize her more closely, come really to know her, even end by marrying her? Almost at once surprise number two overtakes you.

Surprise number one is the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. Surprise number two is what we choose to call "the facts," actuality — the freckles on the nose of beauty, the fly in the ointment, the distance between intention and achievement, the shadow that falls upon desire once it becomes possession. Yes, because of our traditions, because of the partial development of our minds and spirits, possession, actuality as we see it, does, except for some rare souls, turn into depression and a sense of loss. But should it? That is the question. If it should, then all truth is depressing and all attempts to pierce the veil of isolation are wrong. But even if it were not for those few candid souls who seem to seek the truth and find it heartening, there is at the back of our minds the vague, restless feeling that somehow this conception of the universe is wrong; that the fault lies with us and not with truth, not with intimacy — intimacy with people or with facts.

Throughout history, materially and spiritually, nations and individuals have been willing for the most part to admit without question the ultimate validity of surprise number two. Surprise number two is what all wise men expect, and so, even when being deceived by the equally inevitable reactions of hope, or surprise number one, they smile wistfully at their own folly, knowing what is just around the corner. The odd thing, however, is that the *very* wisest men have never done this, and that the great nations, during their periods of greatness, have

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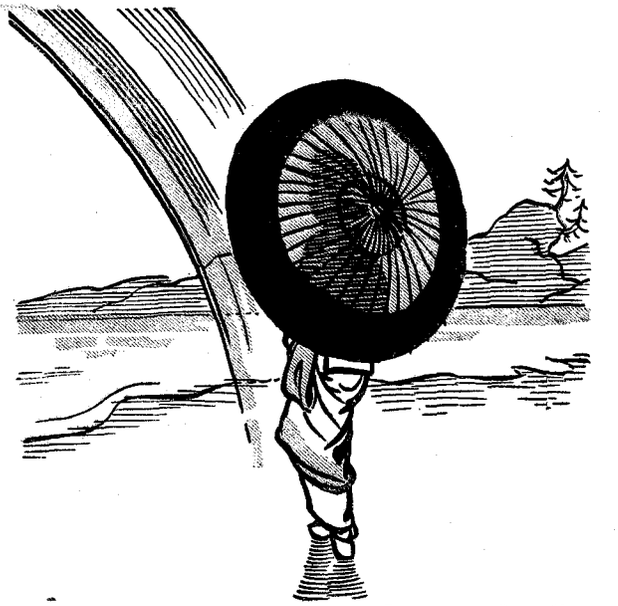
unconsciously insisted, in the muddling way characteristic of nations, that, given the energy and the good intention, there might be a method of going beyond surprise number two into a third-dimensional surprise number three — a surprise where facts are at once more comely and alluring, and life approaches to some extent what we expect of it.

So far, the record of the human race has been a tragic admission of surprise number two, coupled with irritable exhortations on the part of philosophers who tell us that surprise number two is only one step in the process; that first you must hope, then you must despair for a while, and then, building upon these two, really achieve. Most people stop at surprise number two.



Drawings by LeRoy Baldridge

II

You will have noticed, perhaps, that the majority of proverbs, of folk sayings, whether they be Oriental or Occidental, black, white, red, or yellow, are marked by two characteristics — cautiousness and a resigned sense of defeat. For each saw that indicates some happiness, such as, "Every cloud has its silver lining," there are a score pointing out that all is vanity and that man, brought into this world with no chance of asking why, and leaving it with no chance of asking whence, has, in the interim, a ludicrously short existence with precious little opportunity to do anything — save make the best of a bad bargain. Even "Every cloud has its silver lining" implies that there is considerably more bad weather than good. Were it possible to combine into a concerted action all the knocking on wood that has been going on since this means of averting misfortune was first discovered, the greatest forest would be worn to the ground in no time.

Now proverbs, like the common law, come from the heart of the people and sum up the usual histories of the race. Regard for a moment these usual histories. Merely as one instance, try to visualize the hundreds of millions of people — very ordinary folk with eyes, ears, quivering muscles, and that sort of thing — who, since the beginning of society, have been tortured and killed horribly by their fellow men. An American army division consists of thirty-two thousand troops. Imagine how long it would take this other army, this army of mutilated ghosts, to pass a given point. Until comparatively recent times only a minute portion of the human race has had any satisfaction out of existence at all, save sporadically and for brief intervals. Except for a small class, happiness, contentment, and security have been, on the whole, accidental, temporary, and usually surreptitious. Barring accidents, mankind's expectation of life has been about thirty years — much less than the elephant, not much longer than the horse. And with the majority of individuals these thirty years have been spent in filth, hardship, and, before long, disease. Men and women grew old at twenty-five and decrepit at forty. And all the while, war, starvation, and pestilence rode roughshod across the world. Even in the brief periods of plenty and peace the sleeper heard the sound of the Four Horsemen passing and, stirring uneasily, buried his head under the covers.

So, admitting all the follies, failures, brutalities, and inconsistencies of the present, especially as exhibited in nations of democratic intent, I cannot remain for any length of time unduly dejected. To be sure, we are still appallingly silly; we are still incredibly ignorant, brutal, and unjust; but we are not as silly, brutal, or ignorant as our ancestors — and this despite Gilbert Chesterton and the Platonists. We cannot be, for the simple reason, among numerous others, that we have lost for good the two essential ideas that engender darkness and injustice. We no longer believe in any inherent social inequality, and most of us no

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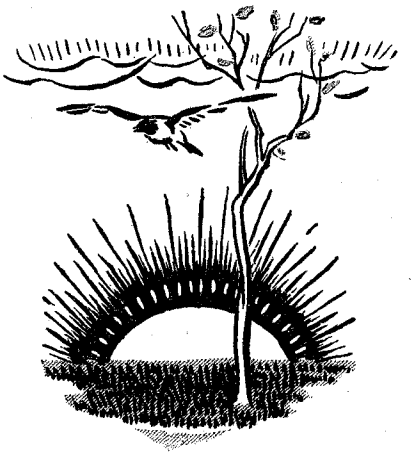
longer believe in an infallible church; therefore, for the first time in history, an increasing number of people are beginning — perhaps confusedly, awkwardly, often with stupid technique, since it is new — to believe in life.



III

I WONDER to how many people the realization of this startling fact has occurred? I wonder if those critics, both foreign and domestic, who claim that the United States has made no contribution to modern thought, take into consideration that unconsciously it has contributed the most revolutionary thought of all? For the first time since the dawn of life there is a real chance for mankind as a whole to realize and understand surprise number three. That we are not yet within a million miles of that surprise is obvious; that we may never get there is extremely possible; but, for the first time, we are on the right road.

The simple proposition that the business of life *is life* seems to many modern minds so much a matter of course as to be hardly worth discussion. They forget how recent and earth-shaking the idea is; almost as recent — if considered as a generally accepted theory — as the automobile. The germs of it on this continent were in the American Revolution and the American Constitution, and it has been in every age a favorite topic of enlightened minds; but it can be truthfully said that there was no widespread practicing belief in it until after the last war. Suddenly the churches lost their infallibility. Kings — splendid as many of them are individually — became merely men with jobs to do, who, by this accident or that, had inherited a throne. Social inequality became a matter of chance or character. If you do not believe this, recall the point of view of the world twenty years ago; recall your own point of view.

There have been other periods of history — the Golden Age of Greece and, to a lesser extent, the Golden Age of Rome — when this same belief in life *as life* was uppermost, and always the successful man has secretly inclined to this doctrine. The present trend, however, has a wideness of application, a freedom from hampering conditions, an as yet unrecognized spiritual quality, that separate it almost entirely from anything that has gone before. It is as new, as revolutionary, as anything in this world can be. It has neither the slavery mandate of the Greek civilization, which confined any great use of life to a few, nor any trace of the Roman "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." Moreover, the ancient Greeks were as little interested in spiritual matters as they were fascinated by the mind. The modern man, although of course quite unconsciously, does not use his release, his sense of life, as a pillow for either reflection or sleep; he uses it as a sword. Back of him there are now almost two thousand years of preoccupation with spiritual questions and an inclination toward altruism, however vague and mishandled both have been. He cannot escape those mental slants, but he is, as I have said, beginning to escape from those other age-long conditions which, up until the present, have almost completely frustrated both spirituality and altruism. With the going out of theocracies, entrenched classes, and the virtue of resignation, the world, for the first time in its history, has at last a chance to become really Christian.

Surprise number two — resignation — was the principal weapon of all entrenched classes, theological or political. No matter how enlightened or kindly certain individuals of these classes might be, they could not teach the doctrine of life and maintain their positions. Life was reserved for them; the hope of a future world was reserved for those not so fortunate. For the upper classes and the theocracy there was the world and all its fullness; for the rest of humanity, including the humbler clergy, the leading virtues were humility, patience, and blind obedience. These virtues are excellent when there is real need for them. There is, for example, not much sense in being impatient with a thunderstorm, or the fact that you have lost a leg. But equally, these virtues in the common people are temptations for even the best of men when they are granted unlimited power.

I am not naïve. I am well aware of the in-

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equalities, absurdities, and brutalities of the present era, of the dismaying gap between the pretensions of democracies and their performances. I am also well aware that money can set up as impregnable a tyranny as a church or a divinely appointed king. Nor do I overlook the many ugly and dangerous, perhaps fatal, accompaniments of mankind's new freedom. Freedom is always ugly and dangerous at the beginning. Slaves, when first unshackled, frequently use their freedom disastrously — at least for themselves. They are also inclined, and quite naturally, to fill their bellies before they do anything else. Crudely looked at, life divides itself into two parts — the physical part and the spiritual part. Only when both parts have been freely exercised and are to some extent understood by the individual can he properly combine them. And never, until recently, has the ordinary man been allowed real comfort or real freedom physically. It is not to be wondered at that he enjoys his liberty with a good many unpleasant gestures.

Moreover, we are not talking so much about actual accomplishment as about ideas. The idea of a thing must be in the human mind, and usually for a long while, surviving through successive failures, before it becomes an accomplished fact. There were thousands of years between Dædalus and Wilbur Wright. So long as the word "resignation" has been practically eliminated from the modern dictionary, I am content to wait, even if one of the earlier manifestations of its removal is the gunman who impatiently seizes what is not his.

IV

We tread, however, close upon the heels of real failure and futility. For the first time in history, the Western nations have got hold of the secret of surprise number three — but so far only materially. Materially they have for all time laid the ghost of surprise number two. Material disappointment is no longer the inherent lot of any man. In theory the world and its fullness lies open to everyone. And this is made practical by the Western discovery that success breeds success; that it is a communicable disease. The critics who claim that American prosperity is merely the result of chance and good luck overlook the fact that, luck apart, the American was the first man in history to announce that a prosperous neighbor helped one's own prosperity, and that enough prosperous neighbors made a prosperous community.

This, however, is only one side of the coin; if we turn it over, we see the odd and new spectacle of a nation ecstatically happy in its work, and, for the most part, exceptionally unhappy otherwise. That is a paradox. Heretofore, with the exception of a few lucky men and women, such as artists who were doing what they wanted to do, work has been regarded as Adam's curse. Now, for the first time, the Western nations have deified work. I believe they have done a great thing. It is an infinitely greater thing to attempt to march toward God than to contemplate Him perpetually at a distance. But perpetual motion cannot be an end in itself. The end to be desired is a marching army that also *thinks*, with enough superior officers on horseback so that these few may think without too many interruptions. Pure contemplation has helped the world very little; it has not even been very successful philosophically or artistically. The great Greeks were not inactive men. The great Europeans — Saint Francis, Leonardo, Shakespeare, Goethe, an interminable list, including most philosophers — were energetic. Confucius was energetic, so was Buddha, so was Christ. Only the overcrowding of the Oriental marketplace and the ghetto has ever put a premium upon that contradiction in terms — pure thought. As for myself, I despise a man who, contemplating beauty in his mind, makes not the slightest effort to decrease the horror, the filth, the ugliness, and the injustice all about him.

The object, then, of the Western nations — the pressing and paramount object, if they are to survive — is to reconcile, or translate, this

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knowledge they have acquired of the falseness of surprise number two in material affairs to an equal knowledge of its falseness in things of the mind and the spirit. In other words, they must learn to refine part of their joy in work so that they can apply it to the mind, the spirit, and to life itself. Or perhaps this is putting the cart before the horse. The joy will come later.

This has nothing whatsoever to do with the evasion of fact or the ugly optimism of the ordinary business man. All he does is to admit the joys of work and close his eyes to everything else. What is ugly he denies; what he thinks he wants to come true, he insists *is* true without further investigation. That is idiocy and leads to mental and spiritual paralysis. I am speaking of keenness in thought, keenness in spirit in pursuit of the truth, and satisfaction with the truth when approximately found. Realism in material affairs has made the American the most realistic man in the world when he contemplates anything from a horse trade to the opening up of a new continent; and in these things he is happy. Lack of realism in the affairs of the mind and spirit has made the American the least realistic man alive when he finds himself in the realm of other values where the dollar and the foot-pound of work will not pass as current coin; so he is also unhappy. Surely, then, truth, properly understood, means happiness.

There is a glory of birth, and a glory of life, and a glory of death, although to-day, for the most part, these things are still inglorious and unsatisfactory. Unless a man thinks of birth and death, he cannot think deeply; but unless he thinks still more about life, he cannot live deeply. He can think of birth and death all he wants without ever discovering what they are. The thought of them should serve merely to rectify life and keep it near to the line of its compass. But to think patiently, intelligently, and deeply about life will be some day to make it what, in reality, it has always been. Life has no inherent knowledge of surprise number two. Man invented it.

The HIGH COST of Illness

by **HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, M.D.**

It is one of the peculiar facts of our social order that the rich man and the pauper get the best of medical care; the man between — and that means most of us — cannot afford to be sick.

To the average American family, any sickness that requires hospital care almost always brings a heavy burden of new debts. For this condition I am certain that the medical profession, as a body, is not to blame. With a few exceptions, physicians are not motivated selfishly; they are on humanity's side. We may err — other great groups have erred before, and will again — but if so, it is not from dishonesty. I do not believe that the average doctor's fees are high. He charges his patients according to their lot, making the rich man pay a high fee, the middle class man only what he can afford, and the pauper nothing. This has been the adopted system under which the

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medical profession has progressed, and most of us recognize it as just.

The difficulty lies not in the doctor's charges, but in the high cost of medical accessories. One of my doctor friends tells me that he fixes his fees in hospital cases so that the patient will give up a month's income to pay the hospital, laboratory, and nursing costs, as well as his own fee. I know that the average doctor could not be satisfied with such an arrangement; but take it at that — what happens to the family budget when one-twelfth of its modest income is snatched away? The wealthy man can cheerfully pay his hospital and doctor bills from his surplus. The pauper can receive the best medical service entirely free from such charitable institutions as the university clinics and the city, county, and state hospitals. But what of the ninety million Americans who are neither wealthy nor impoverished?

A few weeks ago a young friend of mine, who earns seventy-five dollars a week, asked me to advise him in the illness of his wife. These young people have three children and live modestly in a rented suburban home. They have no automobile, but they live comfortably, enjoy good books and an occasional evening at the theater, and maintain a good appearance. One of the children has been frequently ill, and doctors' bills have kept the family exchequer low. An examination revealed that the young wife needed a major operation. I referred her to a good surgeon, and then telephoned to him, urging him to hold down his fee and explaining why. I also outlined the state of the family's finances to the superintendent of the hospital in which this surgeon practiced. So it was evident that this case was to be treated with the least possible expense, but it was also definitely understood that this young man and his wife did not want charity.

The first week the following bill was presented:

Room	$ 56
Two nurses (night and day)	112
Nurses' meals	21
Operating room	25
Anæsthetic	10
Laboratory work	14
	$238

The young man was staggered. The hospital politely informed him that they usually collected bills in advance, but in his case they would allow him to pay at the end of each week. He managed somehow to borrow the money. Then, in despair, he told the surgeon he could not keep on at that rate. So one of the nurses was dispensed with. The next week the bill was one hundred and thirty-five dollars. The young man borrowed again, and then, with the surgeon's reluctant consent, took his wife home. He had already paid out three hundred and seventy-three dollars — more than a month's salary. His wife still needed the physician's attention, and he hadn't even started paying the surgeon's bill, which, at the end of the month, proved to be one hundred and fifty dollars — considered very low for the services of such a gifted man.

Mortgaging the Future

Any reader can add other items to the expense list of this unfortunate young man; the major items, as given, amounted to five hundred and twenty-three dollars. He has arranged to pay the surgeon in small installments, and the money borrowed to take care of the hospital debt is being paid off in the same way. It will take him a year and a half to pay for the two weeks his wife spent in the hospital, and all this time he will face the danger of new sickness in his growing family and its threat of increasing the already intolerable burden of his debts.

What else could he do? How else could I advise him? I could have induced both the hospital and the surgeon to accept the wife as a charity patient; but aside from the fact that the young people rebelled against being classed as paupers, such a procedure would have been unethical. It may be argued that my friend's wife should have gone into a ward and had no private nurses. The surgeon, however, decided that her case was grave and required these facilities, and I believe he was right. It is true, of course, that there are many cases in which patients themselves are grossly extravagant, demanding expensive private rooms, unnecessary nurses, and special attention in many other ways; but such extravagance has no bearing on the financial distress of the patient whose condition imperatively requires special services.

In many modern institutions laboratory fees are based upon a sliding scale, depending upon

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the patient's ability to pay. The fees for nurses, food, and rooms, however, are fixed — and they are high. They must be high in any hospital which treats the poor without charge, for those who *can* pay *must* pay not only for themselves but also for their less fortunate brothers. You may say that there is justice in this, and I agree that the rich man should give aid; but I deny that those who have enough only for themselves should be forced, in a manner entirely beyond their control, to pay for the illnesses of others in addition to their own. For the average man, therefore, the injustice of the present system is precisely this: it levies a rather heavy "poor tax" upon the purses that are least prepared to stand the strain.

Enter the Quack

It is clear that people of moderate incomes cannot pay the present costs of medical care. But neither can they simply bear their diseases until they die. If the best treatment is too expensive, they will seek out some relief within their means. Thus people are driven, by hundreds of thousands, to try the nostrums of quacks whose lurid advertisements beckon them with golden promises of regained health at low cost. And America's diploma mills are geared to turn out these medical charlatans overnight to meet the public's demand.

The quack is a vulture who preys upon the middle classes. His existence depends upon the fact that there are thousands of people who can afford to pay something for medical attention, but not the fees demanded by reputable doctors and hospitals. The quack listens for a moment to his patient's complaint and then asks: "How much money have you?" His senses are sharpened to gauge expertly the amount of money he can extort from his victims; whether it be only one dollar or ten, trust the quack to get the maximum! Then begins a long period of abuse in which the patient is swindled as long as his money lasts. The quack distorts and magnifies simple ailments, and brutally robs people who have no physical ills at all by turning imaginary ones into supposedly dangerous maladies. On the other hand if a patient is really sick, his disease advances to a dangerously acute stage for lack of adequate treatment. I wonder how many men and women have died or become hopeless invalids through the malpractice of charlatans!

These people, now abandoned to the quacks, should be brought back under the ministrations of the medical profession, to the honorable, capable physicians who will give them adequate care. And they will be brought back as soon as they can be guaranteed of receiving a dollar's worth of care for a dollar, as soon as they are no longer forced to bear the paupers' burdens in addition to their own — in short, as soon as they are allowed to pay for only the treatment which they themselves receive. How this desirable state of affairs is to be brought about is a question that is now being studied all over the country. One of the leading agencies engaged in this study is the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care (of which I have the honor to be a member), headed by Secretary Wilbur and Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow — in my opinion one of the greatest authorities on public health in America. A committee of the American Medical Association is now trying to determine true medical costs, and other medical societies have taken an interest in solving this great problem.

Slashing Expenses

It is difficult, at the present stage of these researches, to determine with accuracy what the cost of giving the best medical treatment to the middle classes ought to be. The head of a successful low-cost clinic, who has made an exhaustive study, offers a tabulation to prove that he can operate an institution fully equipped to treat all ailments, with medical, hospital, nursing, and laboratory care all included, at a cost of three dollars a day, with an additional surgeon's fee — a moderate one — for an operation. Think of this. Only twenty-one dollars a week for all the treatment that cost my unfortunate friend two hundred and thirty-eight dollars for the same length of time! I am not so sanguine as to predict that this low scale can be adopted generally, but many experts have told me that five dollars a day is an entirely reasonable figure if medical services are properly organized; and in the light of my own experience as a public health administrator, I would accept that figure as possible.

Whatever the figure, it is generally admitted that the present costs may be radically reduced. And how is this to be done? I believe it can be done through better organization and better

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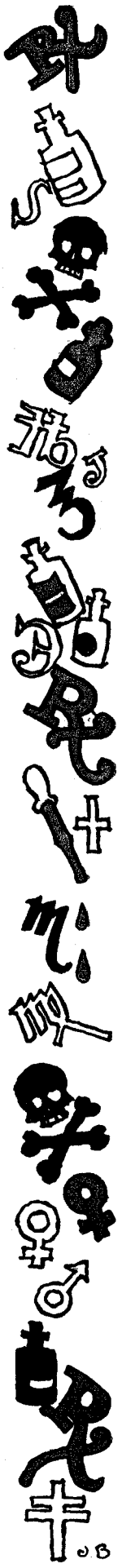
business methods in our profession. We medical men have hidden long enough behind the sophistry — "Oh, all doctors are notoriously poor business men." One reason for the exorbitantly high charges in many hospitals is the lack of centralized management. All branches of medical care — hospitalization, laboratory services, and nursing — should be grouped together under the control of the medical profession. It is a common fact that the several phases of any business can be run more cheaply under one head than under several. That is why General Motors can put better cars on the market for less money.

Then, too, there is now an overabundance of charity work. Probably more than half of the patients now treated as charity cases could afford to pay a reasonable amount. Under the present system they pay nothing, so that physicians are now losing thousands of dollars — certainly enough to make a large part of this work self-supporting. All of the indigent poor who need medical or hospital treatment can — and should — be cared for in the large cities by the university clinics, by the religious, fraternal, and public charitable agencies, and by county and municipal institutions. True, in smaller cities there are fewer clinics, but there are always county institutions; and if these are not large enough, they should be made larger.

A Medical "Balcony"

Great hospitals now in existence will continue to dispense charity. So long as they have wealthy patients who can pay for the *needy* poor, this arrangement is satisfactory; but other places should be provided where the middle classes could go and receive good medical attention for thirty or forty dollars a week. For example, when the rich man goes to the opera, he buys a box and attends in evening dress, while the middle class man sits in the balcony in his business suit; but they both see the same opera. When they are sick, however, the rich man goes to the hospital in style and pays for it — and the middle class man is now compelled to go in almost the same style whether he can afford to pay for it or not. We ought to provide a medical "balcony" for the middle classes where they can get well as quickly and as surely as the rich man does.



Many suggestions have been offered with this end in view, but they are met by opposition. Certain medical societies believe that if the costs of treating the sick are horizontally reduced all along the line, the income of many doctors will be materially decreased. These societies fear that the great value of the individual physician to his patients will be lost if great middle class clinics are established where medicine will be practiced on what they term a "mass basis." Nevertheless, many outstanding leaders in the medical profession hold another view, and with them I agree. Dr. W. S. Rankin of North Carolina, the brilliant former president of the American Public Health Association, has said that if competent medical service were provided at a reasonable rate to every one who needed it, three or four times more medical service would be performed than there is to-day. If there is three or four times as much medical service to be performed (and I do not think he has understated it), there will not be many capable doctors who fail to make a comfortable living. And who wants to help an incompetent, bungling doctor?

Statisticians for the medical societies have declared that the average annual income of a doctor to-day is less than two thousand dollars. I know it is shockingly low. But intelligent, properly educated, and experienced physicians are for the most part doing well. They would be even more prosperous if the profession were organized systematically and if their combined talents were put within the reach of every income. At present their ledgers are crowded with unpaid bills. Isn't it logical to assume that if paying were made easier, more patients would pay? At least all the money would go to genuine doctors and the millions of dollars now going to quacks and vendors of patent medicines would flow back into the profession.

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I believe, therefore, that the establishment of great clinics for the benefit of the middle classes would not endanger doctors' incomes, but would rather tend to improve them. But how are these clinics to be built? Fortunately America is rich in philanthropists. The Rockefeller Foundation has already undertaken to ease the health burdens of the middle and lower classes. In Chicago the Rosenwald Foundation, with assets of more than twenty million dollars, has publicly announced its intention to finance hospitals and clinics where the middle classes may receive treatment at fees approximating cost.

Edward N. Hurley, former president of the United States Shipping Board, has offered to endow Northwestern University with funds to provide medical services to the masses. Other public-spirited philanthropists have come forward, and some of them have urged the medical profession, not only to support their projects, but even to control them.

Organized Opposition

Just now, however, the delicate question of advertising has become a stumbling block. The laymen backers of these proposed clinics believe that they must advertise their existence if the middle class public is to be attracted away from the quacks and the hokum of patent medicines. Now our professional codes hold that any advertising which proposes impossible cures, or results in unfair competition, is unethical. But clinical advertisements need not fall under this category. As for myself, I am satisfied that a community whose public health problems are not advertised in some way is a backward community. During the six years that I was Commissioner of the Chicago Health Department, I strove with all my staff to carry the lessons of health to all the citizens of my city. We received constructive and ethical newspaper publicity, and without it we could have accomplished little. We prepared booklets on the care of babies and distributed them free to the mother of every newborn child — and the infant mortality rate dropped from 89.3 per thousand births in 1921 to 62.7 in 1927.

On this question of advertising the Chicago Medical Society has demonstrated its position by ousting one of its most distinguished members and one of America's greatest physicians — Dr. Louis E. Schmidt. Dr. Schmidt is president of the Illinois Social Hygiene League, a philanthropic institution treating social diseases and doing a most worthy work. In a reorganization of its charitable work, the League entered into a contract with the Public Health Institute under which the League agreed to accept all patients with venereal diseases who applied to the Institute for treatment and were unable to pay a fee. The Institute has advertised extensively in the daily newspapers and in many public places, and because of this, the physicians employed by the Institute have all been banned from membership in the Chicago Medical Society.

Free Clinics

Some members of the Chicago Medical Society assert that the venereal disease business of general practitioners has dropped to almost nothing as a result of advertising free treatment at the clinic. The backers of the Institute have replied that "ninety per cent of its patients have never been to a physician with their ailment and would not have gone, due to the high cost of treatment." Whatever the merit of this controversy, it is certain that the case of Dr. Schmidt has served as a boomerang against the Medical Society. Some of its members have been heralded to the nation by the press as enemies of society, putting their own fees above the call to aid others; as grasping men who seek to obstruct low-priced clinics which will aid the masses. Because I disagreed with the action of the Medical Society, because Dr. Schmidt has been my loyal friend and adviser for many years, and because I humbly hoped I might help in bringing about a better understanding among my fellow physicians, I have resigned from the Chicago Medical Society.

It seems to me that we doctors are on the threshold of a great opportunity, not only for ourselves, but for the public, to whom, according to our oaths, we have dedicated our services. I cannot feel discouraged, therefore, at the present tenor of medical opinion. Physicians have always been cautious in accepting new departures. If doctors are not accepting the new scheme of things as quickly as some of us would desire, it is certain that they will come to it in the end as inevitably as they are earnest men devoted to a high calling.

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Bitter Siege

Woodcuts by J. J. Lankes

by **JANE CASSIDY**

I

SALT PORK and fried cornmeal cakes were what they lived on mostly. Elizabeth cooked at the fireplace, and was thankful to have that, although they had used stoves at home. Elizabeth was thankful for everything since Mahlon had come back from fighting the Rebels.

But there wasn't any room for Mahlon at home. Store-clerking is not for a boy who has killed his men; besides, times were hard, and there was an older brother who had left an arm at Chattanooga, and two youngsters coming along.

He didn't go west with the others. He remembered some property that an outlying uncle had held up in the backwoods of Connecticut. New England was prosperous, comparatively speaking. At least it had not been directly touched by the war. So Mahlon headed northeast. He took two bony horses and a wagon filled with iron and steel weapons against raw earth. There was a roll of bedding. Under the seat were the cooking utensils. Elizabeth rode with him.

I do not know how it was decided that Elizabeth should go too. I have an idea that it was she who raised the question and answered it; for Elizabeth's romance was of the sturdy variety which rates the conventions at their true worth. My grandmother (who told me these things) could not tell me this one. Most of the story she knew as if from her own memory. Herself, she was the ghastly memento, the final proof of it.

At all events, Elizabeth and Mahlon went up together into the Connecticut wilderness.

There is a Connecticut wilderness even now. It lies north of the pleasant coast lands and south of humdrum Massachusetts — a little country of crowding hills and steep woods, where an automobile is as alien as an elephant. The roads pitch steep and stony toward heaven, and you can see deer in the rough little patches of cleared land.

It was spring when they started. It was midsummer when they arrived at their abiding-place — a clearing at the head of a murderous mountain trail. Six hours and more it took to climb the mile and a quarter from the road that first day. But at the clearing they found a piece of luck. Mahlon's uncle had built a hut, and it still stood — one small room with a big clay and stone fireplace. They slept that night between sheltering walls, while gray sky looked in at the doorless entrance and the small window.

The very day they got there Mahlon hitched the horses to the plow and broke the earth for the garden which it was too late to begin; while Elizabeth hacked valiantly at stubborn brush and saplings. They did not know how soon frost would be upon them. They were going to have a home, there in the wilderness. They had been prepared to build its skeleton, but since that was already done, they determined upon a mansion. They built an addition to the hut.

The addition was useful. More than half of it was a shed with room for the horses and wagon and a foot or two to spare; the rest was an entry into the house and a place to keep tools and wood. This was a clever arrangement, for in winter it would mean that the cold air which came in when the door was opened would not strike directly into the room. Mahlon was al-

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ways thinking of Elizabeth's comfort. He was sturdy, not given to talk, but gentle of soul. He hated to see suffering — in animals or men; perhaps that is why he was always rather silent. Elizabeth was no chatterer either. She used to sing to herself, and he loved to hear her.

They were very much alone. Frowning hemlocks marched to within fifty feet of it on one side. On the other, the hill fell away toward a grassy, wet little meadow honeycombed with tiny springs. Mahlon enlarged and cleared the most promising to a fair well ten feet or so in depth. Elizabeth could lower a bucket and pull it up, half full, with no pulley, no lever but her own strong back. Elizabeth was hardy, but there were times at night when she would creep closer to Mahlon, and kiss him softly, and shiver a little. In the daytime she sang.

II

AFTER A FEW weeks Mahlon hitched the horses and drove off down the slope through the hemlocks. They were almost out of supplies. They had not come through the town on their way up, for that would have consumed another day, and Elizabeth had been weary for the end of the journey. Now she watched the wagon as it lurched and slid on the slippery needles. Mahlon's bowed, tense back could not relax in any gesture of farewell. The wagon went out of sight, and Elizabeth returned to her hoeing.

Three days later Mahlon came back. My great-grandfather was never garrulous, so it is doubtful whether Elizabeth's famished ears ever heard much about his trip. Certain it is that he would not torment her with accounts of his reception in the town, of the strange barrier of taciturn enmity he had encountered. "From Pennsylvania, eh? You'd be in the war? Union? Oh, eh. Sartinly. As many Rebs as good men from Pennsylvania, I've heard tell." But that was no reason for asking so high a price for the bony-rumped, thin-necked, Roman-nosed cow that Mahlon led home. He could not know in what wise his departed uncle lived in the tenacious memories of these folk; all he knew was that they looked at him strangely and did not speak all their thoughts, any more than he did.

But after a fashion he had got into communication with this world. The road into which his own ledgy trail dropped, ran between two towns some seventeen long country miles apart. Over its rough track a self-appointed stage-driver made irregular trips, carrying passengers, hauling light freight, and performing unimportant business commissions. He averaged a trip in both directions each week; but the time of his passing was always uncertain. Mahlon had seen this man, Silas Whitaker, and had arranged that the stage-driver should stop and look for messages in a box which Mahlon would fix to a tree by the roadside. Although Whitaker's reputation for reliability was none of the best, since he occasionally went on a protracted spree, his was the only service that offered; and many families along the road had similar agreements with him.

In other ways Mahlon's expedition had been successful. He brought feed for the stock, meal and pork, and for extravagance a loaf of white, raised bread. He brought molasses and coffee, dried vegetables, beans and peas. He brought as a precious venture six varicolored hens and a rooster; and, most foolhardy of all, glass for the window.

Elizabeth remonstrated at that.

"You'll need comfort in the winter," he said.

"I could hang a blanket."

"And have it dark as a pocket? Remember, we'll be living inside here. Anyway, the glass is bought." He added darkly: "I'll be buying other things, too."

But he didn't make another trip until early November, when winter's approach began to show plainly in pale sky and bare woodland. The garden had died too soon in the cold for any appreciable good to come of it, and a stock of winter supplies must be laid in.

On his return he had to leave half the load at the foot of the hill in a little oak grove near the road. It was as much as the straining horses could do to pull the other half up through the trees, stopping with shaking knees wherever they could. They had been eating grass all summer, and the trail was steep. It was rough too; there were places where he could push, but most of the way the animals needed a firm hand on the reins. When at last they rounded into the clearing, Elizabeth came quickly to meet him. "Hurry!" she called. "I've got something to show you."

On the hard-packed shed floor, with the Roman-nosed cow swaying ominously above it, was a new-born calf. "'Bout an hour ago,"

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said Elizabeth. "And I had the worst time with Bossy! She went way down in the thicket and I had to push her up through the swamp. And then she tried to horn the shed down."

"Poor Liz," he said. "You shouldn't have to do such things. But I've got to hustle. There's another load to bring up."

"To-day?" she asked. "Can't you wait for to-morrow?"

"You wouldn't want to wait if you knew what was down there." He began to unload briskly. But when the wagon was emptied, she ran to him. "It's been four days, Mahlon," she said. "I know I'm a coward, but the sky is so gray!"

"Only a couple of hours," he urged.

"Yes," she said miserably. "Very well. Go." She shook. It was the first time in all their partings and agonized meetings and weary battling for life that he had seen her cry.

"Have to humor a woman," he said resignedly.

"Oh, Mahlon!" she said, and then she cried for fair.

III

NEXT MORNING at the foot of the hill he found the grain bags split by sharp hoofs and the grain scattered. He shot one of the thieving deer and set off up the hill again with his lighter load. Elizabeth was not in sight when he arrived; but after a while she appeared, with a worried face. "I can't find but six chickens," she said. "One of the hens has gone."

"Hens!" cried Mahlon contemptuously. "Don't bother about the hens. Come and see what's in the house."

They had been sleeping on a bedstead that Mahlon had made, a folded blanket between themselves and the strung cords which served for springs. On this bed now reposed a striped ticking filled with cornhusks.

"A mattress!" Elizabeth was delighted. "Oh, Mahlon, what bliss! And all stuffed with husks — no lumpy hay!" She felt of it, pinched it, poked it, turned it over, sat upon it. "Divine!" she pronounced. "But you are so extravagant, dear heart. With all those hemlock trees —"

"Not for you," he said. "All right for me to sleep on twigs."

And then she caught sight of his crowning extravagance. Under the table across the room stood a rough wooden cradle.

Elizabeth never noticed that the second half-load of grain had been lost, and Mahlon did not tell her. He had not realized, coming from the starkness of war, how sheltered was the life which Elizabeth left for him, nor, until yesterday, how frail was Elizabeth alone on this hillside. He did not wish to trouble her unduly.

Even to himself he did not admit how much he dreaded another trip to town. He would have to buy on credit — on the promises of the little income that would accrue to him during the winter. He had spoken of this in the store. "I see," the storekeeper had said. "Your folks send you money 'slong as you stay away from home, eh, Johnny?" He could not face that. He was only twenty-two. Fists he could have met, but not this dry, malevolent wit. On the hillside he was king, warring with foes of his own choosing — tree and stump, rock and hard earth, wind and sun and frost.

And snow. The snow came suddenly and heavily, to lie all winter in the woods. Then Mahlon repented greatly. There were three animals to feed, and five fowls — another had disappeared — and the winter would be long. They could kill the calf.

"Oh, no!" said Elizabeth. "It's a fine heifer. We'll have two cows."

"In two years," countered Mahlon.

"We don't need it. Veal when we have venison?" She waved at the strips of dried deer's flesh in the storeroom.

"That's not it," he explained patiently. "We can't keep it. We haven't enough fodder, and it drinks half the milk."

"But we didn't have any milk before," persisted Elizabeth, "so we're really better off. Besides, it's such a baby!"

"You're such a baby," said Mahlon rudely. He didn't want to kill the calf either. The calf was their chief source of amusement. It was a most engaging creature — affectionate, playful, and apparently set on springs. They felt toward it as one does toward a puppy.

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One December evening it bounded out of the shed door as Mahlon entered. "Go it," he said, and the calf scampered away into the snow, tail high, legs stiff. A minute later it screamed, a terrible agonized bawl that ended in a cough. They went out with a light and a gun and found veal aplenty — and strange tracks in the bloody snow. Next day Mahlon followed the cold trail into the woods; but of course he never even caught sight of the marauder.

Two days later the rooster disappeared. Fresh tracks were underneath the tree where the bird had perched when twilight came on. Evidently the animal could climb. Elizabeth, alarmed, let her chickens out only during the bright noon hours; and Mahlon left a note for Silas Whitaker requesting information and a trap. He could scarcely get down to the road through the snow that had drifted on his open track. Under the big trees the going was better, though treacherous.

More snow came, and drifts covered half of the little window. One of the top panes, set in awkwardly, broke in the cold. They stuffed it with sacking, but the piercing cold sifted through. Mahlon kept the fire going and Elizabeth sang contentedly to her waiting cradle. He had chinked in all the crevices of the house, and had built a front wall to the shed, converting it into a very dark, small barn. Now he was furnishing the house. He had built a stool and a table, and was starting another stool. He had put up a shelf and pegs for clothes. He did not like to leave the crowded, warm little room, and kept putting the need for supplies from him.

Then, at dark midnight, came an outbreak in the shed. The horses, terrified out of their usual passivity, were throwing themselves about; Bossy was bawling and kicking. Mahlon ran out and saw on the roof a huge creature with pointed ears, which growled and spat at him before it sprang away lightly on short, powerful legs. He was trying to quiet the trembling horses when he heard Elizabeth's first scream, and ran to help her in her ordeal.

Hours later he left her sleeping and went back to the shed. One of the horses had sprained a tendon. Worse, two bags of grain had been kicked open, and the chickens and cow had done their worst. Bossy was bloated, breathed with difficulty, and refused him her milk.

In the pale daylight he looked at the snow on the roof. They were the same tracks. "Painter?" he thought. No, it had not been a panther, which is long and graceful. But it had been a cat of some kind. "Bobcat," he thought. He had heard talk of them at the store. Surely the name fitted this round-headed, stubby creature. Bobcats were timid, but they might be dangerous in the hungry winter. He went soberly back into the house.

Elizabeth looked at him drowsily. "Mahlon," she said weakly.

His arms went around her, very gently.

"I'm tired," she said, "Did it come?"

He rose and went to the cradle, "May I present your daughter?" he asked.

She smiled faintly. "The darling," she said, and turned her head away. "So tired," she murmured, and slept.

He slept too, sitting on the stool, bowed forward onto the table, until my little grandmother wakened him with her crying.

Elizabeth was tired for a long time. She got up before she stopped being tired because it fretted her to see Mahlon cooking and washing. He didn't complain; he had nothing else to do, he said — which was in a measure true.

Elizabeth said she got up because she wanted to cook some edible food, but her own cooking disagreed with her more than did Mahlon's. They fed the baby cow's milk, letting her suck it through a rag that was dipped into a bowl. Miraculously, she prospered, but Elizabeth was not satisfied. "I will not be helped by a cow," she said, and got weaker and weaker.

Mahlon left her early one morning to go down to Silas Whitaker's box, where he expected to find the supplies he had asked for. He told Elizabeth not to worry, that he would be back in full daylight, that the trip would mean

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fresh food and medicine for her. He dragged himself home, empty-handed, two hours after dusk, with a wrenched ankle, to find Elizabeth peering out the door at him.

"Was it the cat?" she asked, when she saw his plight.

While he had been gone, the lynx had come and taken a hen. It had climbed on the roof, sniffing and clawing as little Betty whimpered. Elizabeth had run out with a burning brand and scared the creature off; now she was trembling.

"Only two hens left. An egg a week if we're lucky. We'd better eat the creatures ourselves — then you'll feel better," said Mahlon. Never mind discussing the situation!

IV

ELIZABETH did not grow stronger. A week later Mahlon was doing the cooking and cleaning again, hobbling on an ankle that remained weak and painful. He fed the horses decreased rations in order that the cow might sustain her flow. During the day he was busy; but in the long nights, lying beside a girl who tossed and sighed and recognized him only by a moan, he could not drive away his thoughts. It was less than a year since they had left home.

He made another trip to the box. This time, on account of his ankle, he rode on the bare back of one of the bony horses, slipping and stumbling down the trail. The note which he had left ten days ago was gone, but there was no reply to it — none of the medicine and food for which he had asked, no word of explanation. Nor had there been any answer to his message about a trap for the lynx. Yet in both notes Mahlon had stressed his immediate need. He could see wheel tracks in the snow. Whitaker must have found the notes.

The gray cold seemed to deepen, and the cracking of trees in the forest held a note of doom. Surely these dour New Englanders wouldn't starve a man because they pleased to suspect him a Rebel! Surely there had been no real malevolence behind their ill-natured jokes! Or did they cherish some long, vindictive enmity for that uncle of his — a man of whom Mahlon had scarcely heard? Whatever the cause, here stood the fact: his pleas were being neglected. He could have snarled in his desperation.

But Elizabeth! They did not know Elizabeth, her slim courage, her friendly smile. If they had known her — but, except for the cradle he had bought, Mahlon had given no sign that he had a wife. He would never talk of his affairs with strangers, especially with these sour-smiling hill folk. It was when he thought of Elizabeth that he really began to fear. Elizabeth sick; Elizabeth alone, frightened, beset by cold and fierce, mysterious animals; Elizabeth in hunger. Even now these conditions existed. Let them become intensified, let him be incapacitated, and Elizabeth would perish.

They could not leave the hut; Elizabeth was too weak to walk and could not endure prolonged exposure. And there was no refuge for them. These hard people who never spoke kindly would not consent to receive a sick woman, a lame man, a baby.

The horse stumbled upward, following his own tracks to their source. Trees towered huge above them. Afar off would be a soft crackling, a whisper in the snow; then dense, ominous silence until a bough snapped in the cold. Mahlon yearned for the fire, for the baby's waving hands, Elizabeth's pale, welcoming face. Perhaps he should not be going to them. Perhaps he should have kept on down the road to find help. But if he had been delayed — and Elizabeth so weak!

The horse plunged snorting backward, fell, rolled over, and went floundering downward through the snowdrifts. At the same time the pain from Mahlon's crumpled leg mingled in his consciousness with the screech of the lynx. Hideous and triumphant, it cried the ascendancy of the forest, of the cold, of all the evils Mahlon had encountered. He answered with a hysterical, involuntary yell, and heard the creature crashing off through the brush. Then the vast silence settled down, the implacable cold fell upon him.

No use trying to catch the horse. There was only one thing to do, and that was to get home as best he could — if he could.

He crawled. At first he prayed as he crawled and tried to choose his road. Then he made a rosary of the horse's tracks, praying from hoofprint to hoofprint on flat windswept places, beating his way, neck and shoulders, through blinding drifts. One leg was numb, the other flowed with fire. There was an icy weight across his shoulders. His fingers bled; his eyes streamed. The world was a vast, frozen doom,

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and in the midst of it he, a tiny, ridiculous bit of suffering, struggled, the only living thing in all creation. He forgot to watch the footprints, dim in the twilight. He forgot the cat. He forgot Elizabeth. He forgot his burning leg. He crawled.

He saw a bare white space. It would be colder out there, yet he turned into it. Why? Why did he leave the still, sheltered death in the woods for the living vindictive lash of the wind? His was no reason; he was beyond thought. He turned into the bare white space, facing into the wind's cruelty. He was crawling very slowly now. He wanted to stop. He went on. There was a red sky, the coldest thing in a cold world; and against it a gray mound. He was crawling toward it. The mound. The gray mound with snow on it. A hut. A little hut in this emptiness.

Elizabeth and home! There was a fire, warmth, and huddled quiet. He remembered. He remembered the pain. He sobbed, and crawled. A little farther — a little farther. Inch after inch. Miles. Miles. Centuries. He was at the door, trembling and sobbing. He pulled himself upward toward the latch. As he fell into the house, he heard the lynx screech long from the dark woods.

There was no hiding it this time. Elizabeth's weary eyes looked into his, read everything he would have kept from her. In her gaze was not fear, but a bottomless endurance.

"To-morrow," he told her, "I'll fix everything, leave fodder for the animals, and go until I find someone. I can do it. You'll be all right for a couple of days."

"Yes, Mahlon," said Elizabeth. She smiled faintly and lay back between the pitiful burlap curtains Mahlon had made from feed sacks to fend off the draughts. Soon she slept, fitfully, lacking strength for deep slumber.

V

MAHLON stirred the fire and did what he could for his injured leg. It throbbed an accompaniment to his thoughts; he doubted whether he could make the trip he had resolved upon. Better to risk death together, perhaps, than this more certain danger with its faint hope. They would eat the lame horse, and after that the cow. He looked into the dying fire; he would scarcely be able to attend to it. My little grandmother stirred and began to cry, beating tiny hands in the air. Another duty.

As he gathered his trembling muscles for the effort he must make, he gave thanks for the first time for the cramped dimensions of the room. From his stool before the fireplace he could touch Elizabeth upon her bed; a stride beyond the bed's support was the shed and woodpile. Only two steps the other way was little Betty's cradle, pushed partly under the narrow plank table for shelter from the window directly above.

If he had a cane to walk with —. He lunged, reached for his ax where it rested against the wall, and, leaning upon it, swayed toward an upright position. He was still standing like that, swaying upon the ax-haft, when he saw the broad paw push the sacking from the window frame, saw the powerful, lean shoulder and the round, fanged face that grinned down at the wailing baby. Under the lynx's weight the slender window frame buckled and cracked.

Clinging to the handle of the ax, Mahlon lunged with it toward the great, red-glaring eyes. He heard the beast snarl in his very ears. There was a thump, and the ax leaped in his hand. Then he fell on his crumpled leg and lay there on the floor.

Then he heard a screaming, a horrid screaming, red with pain. No lynx, that. A thin stream of pain pouring into his thoughts. He bowed his back, raised himself on straining arms. Black cold streamed in at the shattered window; but the lynx was gone. The ax was fixed into the side of the table just over the cradle. Then he looked at my little grandmother.

"God in Heaven," said Mahlon. "Almighty God in Heaven!"

"Mahlon," said a voice from very far away. "What was it?"

"The cat came, but it's gone," he said.

"Gone?" asked the voice.

"All gone," he answered. "Don't you fret."

"No," said the voice, yet more faintly. "Baby — I hear her crying."

"I'll take care of her," he said. "Good-night. Go to sleep."

"Go to sleep," echoed the voice, very faint indeed, very weary.

"Hear her crying!" he murmured. "God in Heaven!" Somehow he carried the screaming child to the fire, hiding her from the figure on

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the bed, with finger and thumb restraining the endless seesawing of that frantic maimed arm. The fire had died down to a fine bed of embers, glowing steadily red, suited to his purpose. Mahlon set his teeth in his lip as he reached toward it; the child in his arms shrieked once more loudly and then moaned. The air was heavy with an unholy odor.

Before daylight came, he had covered the window and brought in a load of wood for the fire. Carefully he fixed the baby's pap-dish, and then, gently kissing Elizabeth upon the forehead, he murmured, "Good-bye. May God watch over you!" Hiding something small and pallid in the breast of his coat, he dragged himself out into the icy dawn.

VI

THIS TIME he had to crawl both ways. He went down in cold torture and dark agony, and came up again through a glittering hell of glaring snow and fearful hope. He was done for. If they did not come after this last wordless appeal, it was death. He never remembered reaching the hut again. He never remembered throwing wood on the fire, yet he must have done so; for when he awoke, the dark room was warm and the sun outside was falling swiftly toward a new night.

Elizabeth spoke. "What happened?" she asked. "In the night, Mahlon?"

"The cat came and I drove it away," he answered. "Through the window."

There was a silence.

"The baby. She's crying, Mahlon."

Faint, faint, whimpering and gasping breaths.

"I'll tend to her," he said. Crawling was all he could manage.

"Mahlon!" she said.

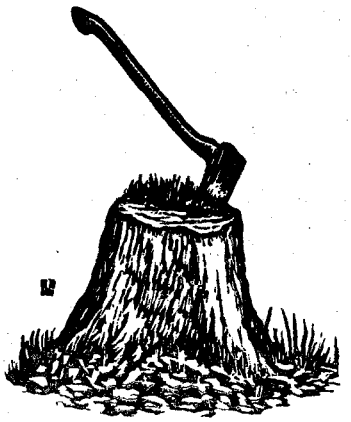
"Hurt my leg again last night. It's all right. I bandaged it all right."

"Oh," she said. "You mustn't go down again. Wouldn't they bring it up here?"

"They may," he told her. "They will if they get my message."

"You left a message before," she said drowsily.

"Yes. But this — this was another kind of message."



Silence. Then: "Do you know, I think I'm getting better? I'm hungry, really."

"Go to sleep now," he said, "Dinner will come later."

"But I'm really hungry," she urged, sinking into slumber. And, pleading, before she fell asleep — "Mahlon!"

He felt the knife turning. To die quickly now! He had seen men frantic with hunger. Elizabeth. And oh, the white spacious house, the orderly comfort, the deep, rich pantries she had left for him! Better if he had stayed on the hillside, for the snow to cover him. Better to have died, to have rotted in the Rebel prison at Andersonville, before he had uprooted her. He was suspended in agony intensified by the regular, agonized sounds of the baby — sounds which measured out his life and sustained him, even while they urged toward the end.

The child would not eat. Her lids dropped over ashen eyes. Her mouth was half-opened, and moaning gasps issued from it. He had covered her securely now and only her pallid face showed. Once in a while she moved her left hand slightly beneath the covers. She had screamed so forcefully last night.

His leg did not throb now. It crawled with pain like a heavy, slow sea, full of foulness, crawling up and back over a beach. That made another rhythm by which to watch the hours. He could hardly move. His muscles had failed him long since, and now his nerves. He counted the sinister wave-beats; he counted the small, painful noises of the child. It was night. They would not come before morning; and by morning, if he let the fire die —. But he made no motion, and the cold began to creep round and about, touching him to deeper stillness.

There was a new sound. Not Elizabeth's breathing — fainter than that. Not a marauder on the roof. A human sound, far away. Men were coming — he must go and meet them.

He had managed to drag himself as far as the shed-room when they came — five men and a twelve-year-old boy, a sturdy, curious, honest little New Englander. "Where's the baby?" he asked, but Mahlon could not tell him. There was a warm light of lanterns in the dark room, and cold, gray eyes look-

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ing out of lean faces. There was a gleam from wary gun-barrels.

"Godfrey! Give him the bottle, Stark!"

Guns were put aside, and fiery life scorched into Mahlon's inmost places. There was talk — talk in rough, loud voices, blessed, soothing. "Have to be packed — he can't walk." "Good thing you fetched us, Si." "Bide here until morning." "Give him some more to warm his guts." "No, had enough." "Can he eat?" And the boy's high voice, "Where's the baby?"

Mahlon spoke. "Elizabeth," he said. "She's hungry."

Someone was talking, a hysterical monologue: "My God, my God, I'll never go off again. Swear it. But how was I to know? Damn fool Gleason got all mixed up. Everything wrong. If I hadn't gone myself to-day and found this."

Looking at what lay pale and small in Whitaker's rough, shaking hand, the men swayed as if a dark wind had blown upon them.

"'Murder,' says I when I see it. And then I saw where you'd wallowed in the snow, and I set out to round up the boys. Lucky —"

"Damn you, Whitaker, shut your trap," said someone.

Mahlon said, "Elizabeth's hungry. And the lynx came," and he broke into sobbing, while the boy asked again, "Where's the baby? Is it — is it dead?"

"The ax!" cried Mahlon. "You know."

They didn't know; and in that moment of silent puzzlement they heard Elizabeth in the inner room, moving — actually moving about — and talking. Her voice was weak, but clear; it silvered their ears with a sort of horror. "Betty-baby!" she said gaily. "Smile at your mother, darling. Was she hung'y? Was a baby hung'y? We'll get something to eat soon, sweet. Eat *you*, I will. M-m-m-m, little fingers taste good. M-m-m-m, little darling hand! Other hand now. Other little hand for mother! Why, what — Oh, Heaven! Oh, Mahlon!"

They saw her as she swayed forward, her face stamped with a terror that always afterwards faintly shadowed it; but the young boy darted forward, and even as the mother fell, he caught to safety in his arms the child who was destined to become his wife.

Our Muddling World

Gambling for Souls

by SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

It was a great Catholic thinker, mathematician, and philosopher who made famous the gambling argument in defense of faith. For Pascal, faith was good business, to say the least, because, if you win, the prize is eternal bliss, while if you lose, you are no worse off than if you had not "gambled" (that is, believed) at all. Three centuries after Pascal's birth, a great Italian statesman again links up gambling and faith by deciding to authorize a rival gambling establishment to French Monte Carlo in Italian San Remo at the very moment when he succeeds in making peace with the Vatican.

For a mind sensitive to the beauties of symmetry — and all Western minds in good health are — there is a fascinating correspondence between the Vatican and Monte Carlo. Both are states without nationhood — tiny as territories, immense as powers. Neither has any nationals to speak of, but both possess *subjects* the world over — willing, faithful, loyal subjects whose ambition is to visit that speck of land on which their highest hopes are incarnated; sub-

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jects whose money flows freely and generously to the service of their particular worship. Here, of course, on the point of worship, the difference is of the widest between the two spiritual states. But no difference, however wide, need of itself destroy a well-grounded symmetry. Nothing is farther removed from the North Pole than the South Pole and yet the one is the only symmetrical point of the other on the whole face of the earth. Despite Pascal, gambling and the Catholic worship are poles asunder and therefore Monte Carlo is truly symmetrical to the Vatican in that, while the little state in Rome is devoted to the worship of Order, the little state on the Riviera worships the wayward God of Fluke.

You may wish me to go further. You may suggest that while the faithful who go to Rome are pilgrims on a spiritual quest, the faithless who go to Monte Carlo are led by the lure of material possessions. To which my answer will be that I am too fond of symmetries to have them tampered with; that the worshipers of Monte Carlo are not faithless — to *their* faith; and that the lure of material possessions is not more selfish — is, in fact, more modestly selfish — than the lure of eternal bliss. As Pascal's argument shrewdly implies, there is a curious brotherhood between the two characters — between the worshiper of the Roman God and the worshiper of the God of Monaco. Salvation lures them both.

You are free to argue that material wealth — particularly if badly acquired — will never save anybody. But you will not be on very safe ground. For I shall quote another great French Catholic authority, no less a person than Lamennais, to the effect that "a minimum of well-being is indispensable for virtue" — a proposition surely orthodox, since even the most cursory visit to Rome will suffice to show that it is taken in dead earnest in the Vatican, and even with a most liberal view as to the minimum which is indispensable for the virtue of Popes and Cardinals. But then, why go to Rome? Have we not seen wherever we reside how rowdy radicals are turned into sedate conservatives at one single stroke on the Stock Exchange? For sudden conversions give me the Stock Exchange any day. We may dream as much distance as we like between the God of Order and the God of Fluke, but the two deities surely manage to hold confabulations while we sleep, for we find God Fluke coöperating in the work of Order in most unexpected ways.

Nor is this observation confined to individuals. Nations also, which began by advocating dangerous ideas of indiscriminate freedom, usually grow cautious as they grow prosperous and see their political wisdom and their virtue grow apace with their wealth. Virtue is thereby put under an obligation toward wealth — an obligation which it must virtuously fulfill; and thus it is that virtuous nations concentrate on wealth with as much zeal as wealthy nations concentrate on virtue — till one hardly knows which is which and where the thing began.

THAT IS WHAT makes the case of Italy so fascinating. For just when the Vatican was at last being recognized as a state and the great spiritual power of Order was at last allowed a footing on Italian soil, the Italian Government — I mean, Signor Mussolini — decided that some Italian soil should be spared in order to give a footing also to the great spiritual power of Fluke. So San Remo, nicely placed on the Riviera within a bomb-throw of Monte Carlo, was permitted not only to open all kinds of fashionable games, but to authorize the highest maximum stakes known till then in Europe — fifty thousand lire. This was, of course, a first move in what news correspondents aptly described as a gambling war. Monte Carlo countered it by immediately raising its own maximum stakes from twelve thousand to sixty thousand francs, which made San Remo rise to seventy-five thousand lire.

How noble a sight! Men of the highly civilized twentieth century, we must perforce admire this emulation between two great nations outbidding each other for the sake of the highest post in the gambling world. Lest some of us might be tempted to dismiss the subject as frivolous, figures are at hand which show that in 1928 the one hundred and sixteen legal gambling establishments of France yielded the sum of sixteen and a half million dollars, more than half of which, plus a whole million from taxation, was cashed by the state. But that is not the point. The point is not mere money. The human being is more complicated than that.

After all, what is the ultimate use to which the eight odd (very odd) million dollars will be

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put by the French? Directly or indirectly, they will contribute to the enhancement of civilization, to the *rayonnement de la France*. Just as the food absorbed by a genius, be it bread or nuts, is transformed into immortal works, thus the money consumed by a great civilized state, be it customs dues or gambling duties, is transmuted into civilization. Nor should we visualize a gambling casino as a mere machine for relieving wealthy foreigners of their surplus money — much as the debates in the Italian Senate on the subject of San Remo might tempt us to do. A place like Deauville or Nice, Le Touquet or Monte Carlo, is a center of elegance and refinement. The art of the cook and that of the dressmaker reach in them those giddy heights which only the French language can competently describe as *La Haute Cuisine* and *La Haute Couture*, and wit, as we all know from French novels, is the very stuff of conversation. We are already far from the miserable calculations of the merchant whose pounds and dollars have been transmuted beyond recognition by the subtle air of the refined environment which has absorbed them.

But what about Signor Mussolini and his competitive efforts? Well — what about them? It is evident that a nation in whose soil the greatest spiritual power was taking root and becoming a tangible state was bound to seek development in this new line by housing the God of Fluke as well as the God of Order. No miserable money bags were here at stake. The matter was merely one of prestige.

LET US be clear about it. A big nation is a big nation and must prove it in every walk of life. It is not a mere matter of showing an honorable figure in area and population, or in imports and exports. Every item in its life must be proportionate to its bigness — the number of telephones per thousand inhabitants, for instance; or the number of motor cars and the density and speed of their circulation (which can best be measured by the number of motor accidents); or again, the number of unemployed, the number of suicides, or of prostitutes. That is what statistics are for.

There is no question, therefore, that if two nations equally great and ancient occupy the same shore of the same old sea, they have an equal right to compete for the first place in gambling statistics by offering the highest maximum stakes in Europe. For if one of them proved unable to stand the strain, would not that show her to be the inferior of her rival just as much as if she allowed herself to be surpassed in armored cars, battle cruisers, or poison gas?

The gambling war is therefore a mere episode in the chronic war which goes on between nations in times of so-called peace. It must be ranked with commercial war, in which armies of chambers of commerce, government departments, and economists are permanently engaged; or with that curious intellectual war, the most recent and the most pestilential of all, which enlists the services of authors, scientists, artists, and professors, on behalf of a particular "culture." It must be put alongside these wars which have no respect for the quality of life, which are based wholly on a quantitative ideal that is satisfied by a mere statistical "how much," without regard for the why, the how, and the wherefore. And it must also be catalogued with those wars which, though in appearance fought by men against men, are in reality various forms of the one terrible war raging in the world between men and the machine.

For the machine is the body in which the spirit of quantity is incarnated, while the individual is the temple in which the spirit of quality worships in incommunicable language. So that the nations of the world, by putting their pride and prestige in quantities, by staking their honor in the race up the columns of statistics, are in fact sacrificing their distinctive nationhood for a mere notch in the huge world machinery of production. What is nationhood but the capacity for creating and developing distinctive, characteristic, "racy" individuals?

The highest values which a nation can produce cannot be measured in figures; they occupy no place in her commercial balance. What was the trade balance of the English nation when Shakespeare created *Hamlet?* How can we estimate the value of Goethe, Goya, Ibsen, Dostoevski? Not her hold over Java and Sumatra, but Rembrandt is the true basis of Holland's prestige, and the Empire of Cervantes is the true Spanish Empire on which the sun never sets. Yet — mark the point — these highest values, for which there is no place in our statistics, these values which are the true greatness of our nations, are not competitive but

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coöperative. Rubens helped Velasquez; Goya inspired French impressionism; Shakespeare moved Goethe; and Mussorgsky taught Debussy. The values of science are universal and pooled as soon as discovered. No one dreams in America that a rival establishment to Einstein should be financed by the Rockefeller Foundation.

Thus while nations seek true culture, which is to be found in the creation and development of choice individuals, there can be no competitive wars between them. War begins when, oblivious of their true destinies, nations yield to the lure of statistical tables; when from the creation of men they turn to the production of things; when they sacrifice souls to goods and put their pride in numbers instead of values.

Choice individuals? Is a nation to waste her time and money in raising fastidious men of the world, uninspired poets, picturesque canvas-daubers? No. Such people will flourish by the grace of God in the fringe of idleness which surrounds the belt of wealth round every spot of activity. Choice individuals need not be — they hardly ever are — æsthetes. One of the choicest individuals in my memory was an illiterate charwoman who had been taught to read in her native England but had given it up — in fact, forgotten all about it — for she found it too boring, having too much mother wit and imagination to put up with the canned stuff she found in books. Choice individuals can be found in all ranks, occupations (or unoccupations), and degrees of literacy. They flourish wherever the proper conditions obtain: that is, wherever there is plenty of leisure, plenty of space, and a full recognition of the individual as an end in himself.

The pride of a nation should be in the number and quality of the choice individuals she produces; in her capacity for evolving such an environment that human beings should blossom out in her midst as flowers in a well-kept garden. Since every nation has her own distinctive natural conditions of race and soil, this ideal is bound to lead to the clearest development of nationhood and to the truest enrichment of world life.

Such an ideal implies a scale of values wholly at variance with that which a purely statistical or economic conception of life implies. When we have proved that a particular course of action is economically "sound," we have not established that it is desirable. What is our ultimate aim? If our standards are statistical, if our ambition for our nation is that it should produce more goods for more people, there is nothing more to be said. But if our standard consists in seeing that the measure concerned does not interfere with the amenities of the garden in which our human beings are flourishing, in guaranteeing that our economic growth is not going to cripple men and women spiritually, then we must submit the proposal to a more thorough scrutiny than that of our economists.

Economic facts weigh on nations with an overwhelming pressure because of the competitive character of our international life. A nation that would not defend herself against the tremendous onslaught of her economic rivals would go to the wall — would, in fact, be incapacitated for either a machine life or a life of individual creation. As it is, many of the familiar features of our world could be explained by the varying degree with which the two ideals are felt in this or that nation. The more ruthlessly mechanistic a nation is willing to become, the more efficient the pressure she will be able to exert on her rivals. If, as we think, our world must mend its ways and become more humanistic or else perish and sink in a machine-made barbarity, a conversion must take place — but a conversion all round, by universal conviction

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and common consent. No one nation can take refuge in pure culture without being crushed by her unconverted rivals.

If proof were needed that, even on the level of mere world prestige, it is not figures and matter but the spirit that counts, let us look back on the significant incident which provokes these remarks. While Italy, in her struggle for prestige and power, seeks to erect on her shores a rival to Monte Carlo, and, led by the keen sense of power of her leading statesman, makes peace with the Vatican, these two little states, the Vatican and Monaco, stand out in the limelight together. What are their trade balances? What their imports and exports? What their gold reserves? What their manufactures? And yet, each in its way, are they not states with an immense, universal prestige? This thought should give us hope that some day a wealthy and independent nation, tired of material success, may see the light and devote her energies to building up a happy and harmonious world peopled with choice individuals.

Self-Conscious Business

America, England, and Germany Take Stock of Themselves

by **EDWARD EYRE HUNT**

THERE IS an apocryphal story that the editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* once offered a large prize for the best essay on the elephant. Three competitors appeared — an Englishman, a German, and an American. The Englishman went to Africa, stalked elephants for six months, and returned home to write a brochure of fifty printed pages, profusely illustrated, entitled "Hunting the Elephant." The German went out and spent a year in Africa and another in Asia, and published four volumes which he called "An Introduction to a Brief Study of the Mammal, Elephant." The American submitted a volume of mediocre text, with charts and graphs and admirable statistics on the international trade in elephants, ivory and its uses, how to train elephants, and the zoo in all its financial aspects, calling it "Bigger and Better Elephants."

A certain parallel can be noted between these three prize essays and three great national surveys of postwar economic conditions in Great Britain, Germany, and the United States. With the World War ten years behind them, a British committee, under the chairmanship of Sir Arthur Balfour, completed in March a five-year survey of their industry and trade, publishing six volumes of findings. The Germans, who have been at work since 1926, are about half done with their formidable task of studying production and distribution in the Reich, and have published eleven volumes so far. The American Committee on Recent Economic Changes, headed by President Herbert Hoover, began its work in January, 1928, and completed its report a little more than a year later, content to publish its findings in two volumes in May, 1929.

Fact-finding seems to be in fashion the world over. The method of making large coöperative investigations is now thoroughly established and trusted. The day seems past when a single great economist could write an authoritative and satisfactory review of world economy, such

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as David A. Wells did in 1889 in his *Recent Economic Changes*.

The British survey portrays a far from tight little isle, deeply concerned with unemployment and industrial depression, and blaming it for the most part on the decline in foreign trade. The Germans picture an extraordinary national economy, evolving out of the wreck of war and weighted down with reparations, but struggling with its cartels for a place in the sun of international trade. The American survey describes a charmed circle, about one-twentieth part of the habitable earth, where everyone lives by taking in the washing of everyone else — and prospers amazingly at it!

Enter the Fact-Finders

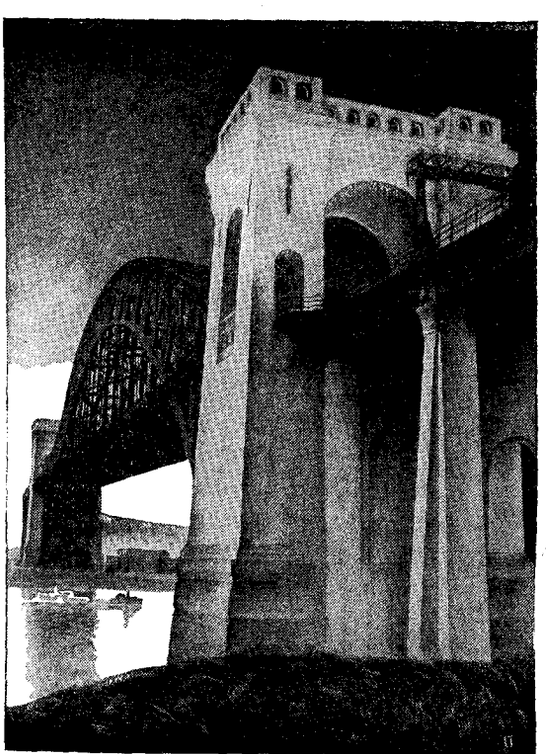
The first thing to be noted is that the three greatest industrial nations have simultaneously subjected themselves to the scalpel and the microscope of the fact-finders — England and Germany to find out what is wrong, our own country to find out what is right, and why. The purpose of the American study was to make an appraisal of factors of stability and instability in our postwar economic system; in other words, to analyze the reasons for the marked and continuous business activity from 1922 to 1929. The Balfour study was intended to stimulate a revival of Great Britain's foreign trade. The German study was planned to throw light upon the development of cartels. The American study was intended to stimulate private initiative rather than government action; the British and German surveys looked toward legislative remedies.

An examination of these three studies reveals more contrasts than parallels. The British survey is colored by pessimism; the German is rather colorless; the American is characteristically optimistic. Yet these prevailing tones are not all-pervasive.

In the final chapter of the American survey, Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell raises a fundamental question when he suggests that recent developments "may appear less satisfactory in retrospect than they appear at present." And the committee itself concludes: "Our situation is fortunate, our momentum is remarkable. Yet the organic balance of our economic structure can be maintained only by hard, persistent, intelligent effort; by consideration and sympathy . . . and by a disposition in the several human parts to work in harmony together."

A significant fact about the American survey is its arrangement. It begins with a study of consumption and the standard of living, thus recognizing at the start that here is to be found the "source and mechanism of still further improvement." The changes in our demands for food, clothing, and shelter — important as they are — prove to be only a part of the story. As late as a quarter of a century ago, American economy was still preoccupied with the problems of food, clothing, and shelter, as British and German economy is to-day. Great Britain's food must come from overseas; Germany's is grown at home, but looms very large in the economic foreground. America, on the other hand, has lost all fears for her food supply, and, as the Hoover committee finds, "we no longer look on food as a luxury or as a primary source of pleasure." In the German study an entire volume is devoted to the homely potato, in addition to the space which it receives, along with the sugar beet, in the report on the agricultural situation in general. Consumption in the United States deals with education, recreation, electrical appliances, and automobiles quite as much if not more than with the primary needs

HELL GATE BRIDGE



Lithographs by Louis Lozowick
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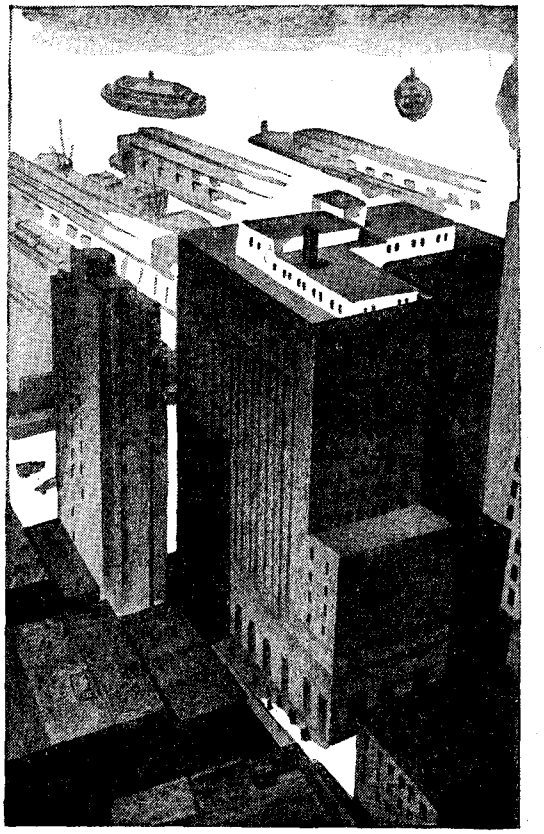
of three square meals a day, something to wear, and a place to hang one's hat.

The British and German reports lay great emphasis on the workers' psychology. In both countries political strikes of great violence occurred while the investigators were at work and it is natural that this element should stand out prominently in their thought. Workers' psychology appears to be the limiting factor in the German study of the effect of time and wages on productivity, and the study is as deeply concerned with this as a political and sociological phenomenon as it is with more obviously economic facts. To the American committee the general social and economic solidarity in this country looms large. Labor is not treated as a social class, but as an economic factor. Labor is the most important element in the body of American consumers, an indispensable element in production; but the report signed by William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, as well as by farmer representatives, bankers, and manufacturers, discusses our economy as a whole, not as a series of disjointed fragments.

This lack of emphasis on labor psychology will be regarded in many quarters as a weakness of the American study, although by the very title of the survey it seems properly excluded. In the chapter on management, Henry S. Dennison calls attention to this defect in our thinking about industrial problems. He flatly states that American industrial management has a decided sense of responsibility toward business, business investors, and customers; but "there is less feeling of responsibility, yet there is some," toward employees. In the contrasts as to labor troubles lies one of the huge differences between the European experience and our own. With us the years since 1922 have been notably free from strikes and lockouts. In Great Britain and Germany, on the other hand, there have been strikes of such formidable proportions as to shake the very structure of these nations.

New Importance of Leisure

ANOTHER DIFFERENCE lies in the field of wages and the cost of living. Here the American report is almost lyrical in pointing out the decline in wholesale prices, the stationary cost of living, and the rise in the purchasing power of wages from the plateau erected by wartime wage rates. The American report also lays proper stress on the importance of leisure in the national economy. "It was during the period covered by the survey," says the Hoover committee, "that the conception of leisure as 'consumable' began to be realized upon in business in a practical way and on a broad scale. It began to be recognized, not only that leisure is 'consumable,' but that people cannot 'consume' leisure without consuming goods and services, and that leisure which results from an increasing man-hour productivity helps to create new needs and new and broader markets. . . . Few of the current economic developments have made such widespread changes in our national life or promise so much for the future as the utilization of our increasing leisure."



BACKYARDS OF BROADWAY

To the British and German committees such statements must seem fantastic, if not ridiculous; indeed, they are the principal reason for Europe's amazement at conditions in the United States, and give rise to such characterizations as Ramsey Muir's "America the Golden," and Julius Hirsch's "*Das Amerikanische Wirtschaftswunder.*"

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In productivity per man-hour, of course, the American record surpasses anything that we have known before, and goes far beyond anything which Europe can show. In this increased productivity and increased consuming power the Hoover committee finds the most important explanation of postwar progress in the United States. Our total prime mover capacity, for example, is four times as great as that of Great Britain and Germany, and ten times as great as that of France. The per capita wealth in the United States bears the same ratio to the per capita wealth of Great Britain that the per capita horse power here does to the per capita horse power there.

The Balfour committee was preoccupied with industrial mobility. Evidently the British are seriously contemplating the task of changing age-old habits of labor. Of course we in America take this mobility for granted. Indeed, the mobility of our labor is one of the remarkable characteristics of the American economic system, and it may prove highly significant for the future that the British have recognized this fundamental factor.

An interesting section of all three reports relates to industrial mergers. The American study covers trends in the scale of production, size and business volume, and size and stability. A similar and more extensive portion of the German report relates to their experience with cartels. The British lay stress on the growing size of industrial units, but are somewhat apprehensive about this trend. In all three nations, integration is proceeding, and all three are being affected by international combinations. The German testimony on cartels bears a curious resemblance to the report of the American Industrial Commission of thirty years ago, when John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, Judge Gary, and others were quizzed about the trusts. Indeed, from many points of view the development of German cartels seems to be going over the same ground as that traversed by American pools and trusts at the end of the nineteenth century.

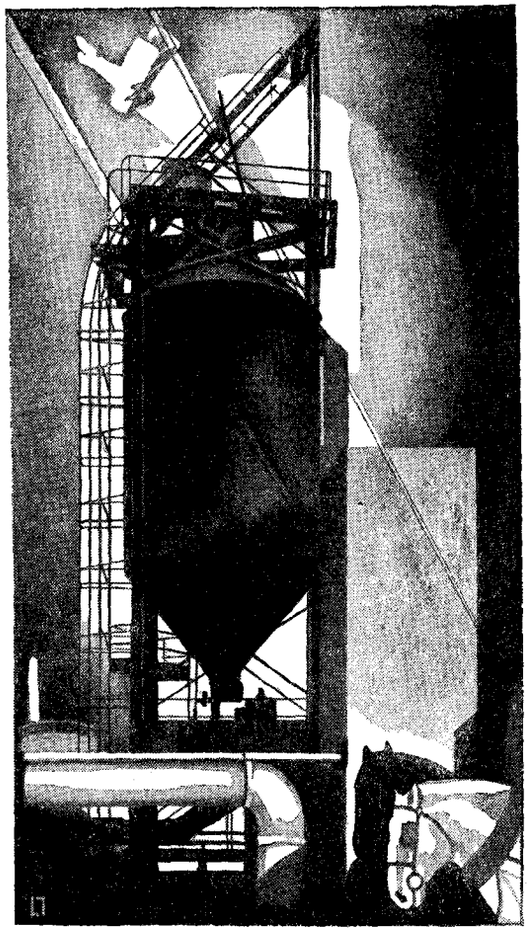
In all three nations, industrial mechanization is proceeding rapidly, apparently faster in the United States and Germany than in England. On this subject, as on others, the tone of the British report is defensive and apologetic. In still another respect the contrasts are striking. America has made notable achievements in simplification. There has been progress in the same direction in Germany, but less in England. In standardization American progress has also been fair; in Germany it has been remarkable; and in England it appears to have lagged. All three countries have made progress in research. One of the American experts suggests that our advance in this direction has not been so great as that abroad.

The Search for Markets

The American study notes that "until comparatively recent times, the problem of industry was to produce in sufficient quantity to supply the demand. To-day the problem of industry is largely that of disposing of its products." This preoccupation with markets is general, although in the United States the central factor is the domestic market, while Germany and Great Britain are primarily concerned with their foreign markets.

The vast importance of new industries and callings, particularly the service industries, or

TANKS



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"mass services" as they have been christened, is underscored in the American report. "We now apply to many kinds of services the philosophy of large-scale production. We have integrated these services and organized them. . . . They have helped to create a new standard of comfortable living in the United States, and have afforded employment for millions of workers crowded out of agriculture and the extractive and fabricating industries." This seems to be a peculiar feature of American conditions, though in the field of new manufacturing enterprises, the activity of the chemical industries and the art silk industries in Great Britain and Germany measure up to the record here.

The British and German studies both place emphasis on conditions in the coal mining industry. Here we confront a world problem, where American experience is no more flattering than that overseas. In Germany, particularly, the progress in the introduction of mining machinery is much like our own, but political problems cut across economic issues — notably the problem of reparations. As with us, German industry has made great technical advances in recent years, with resultant increases both in output and in wages.

Unemployment is a problem common to all three countries, although different in degree and in general character. One of the avowed purposes of the American study was to continue the reduction of unemployment. In contrast to this, the British and German surveys were made in the shadow of a great and almost crushing burden of permanent unemployment. This difference is partly attributable to one extraordinary fact which the American study reveals. In a period of great technological change, and consequently of "technological" unemployment on a scale which we have not known before, "the timely development of 'mass services' . . . saved our country from a critical unemployment problem." That wages have not declined, that they have indeed been maintained or advanced during the years under review, is striking evidence of this. Nevertheless the committee holds that "the time has come to devote continuing attention not only to the problems of cyclical unemployment, but also to this newer problem of 'technological' unemployment if we are to forestall hardship and uncertainty in the lives of the workers." The contribution of American "mass services" in taking up the slack of unemployment in other callings has no parallel abroad.

All the studies show the need of better basic statistics. One of the German experts says "there is nothing so rare in Germany as adequate general business statistics." The Balfour committee proposes to compile and publish regularly various index numbers of production, wages, and profits, and suggests that they should be brought together and analyzed at stated intervals of not more than five years. The Hoover committee adds to its report a special memorandum on ways to strengthen our basic statistics, and is impressed "with the need of continuing, impartial fact-finding . . . and with the desirability of periodic interpretation (of the facts) for public use."

During recent years American prosperity has resulted from a very marked balance between consumption and production, and the Hoover committee concludes that the principle aim of private and public policy should be directed toward preserving this economic balance through further research and study and through the orderly classification of knowledge. "To maintain this balance, and to extend it into fields which are not now in balance with the more prosperous elements of the nation, is clearly an important problem of leadership," states the report. "With certain natural resources still wastefully exploited, with great industries such as agriculture and coal mining still below the general level of prosperity, with certain regions retarded, there is still much to do. To bring these more fully into the stream of successful economic forces is a problem of the first order."

These three great surveys stand as monuments to the candor and business realism of the three greatest industrial nations, for they are united in recognizing the seriousness of current economic problems. They show that from an economic point of view this is not yet the best of all possible worlds. But if these reports may be taken as the voices of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States, they also show that their problems are not to be regarded as insoluble, but rather as challenges to courage and intelligence.

To come, "WHITHER AMERICA?" by Walter B. Pitkin

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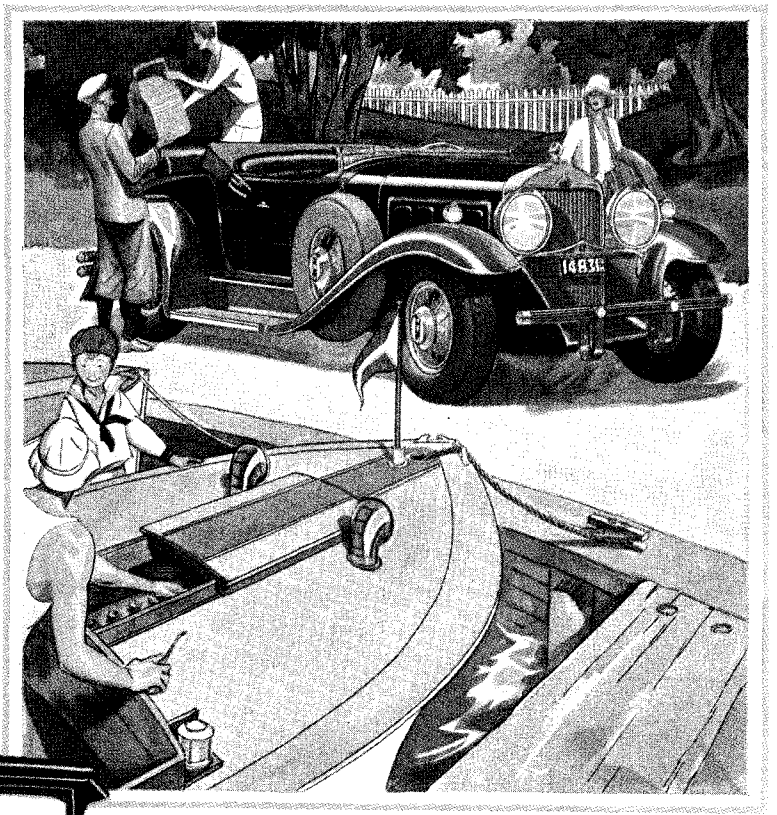
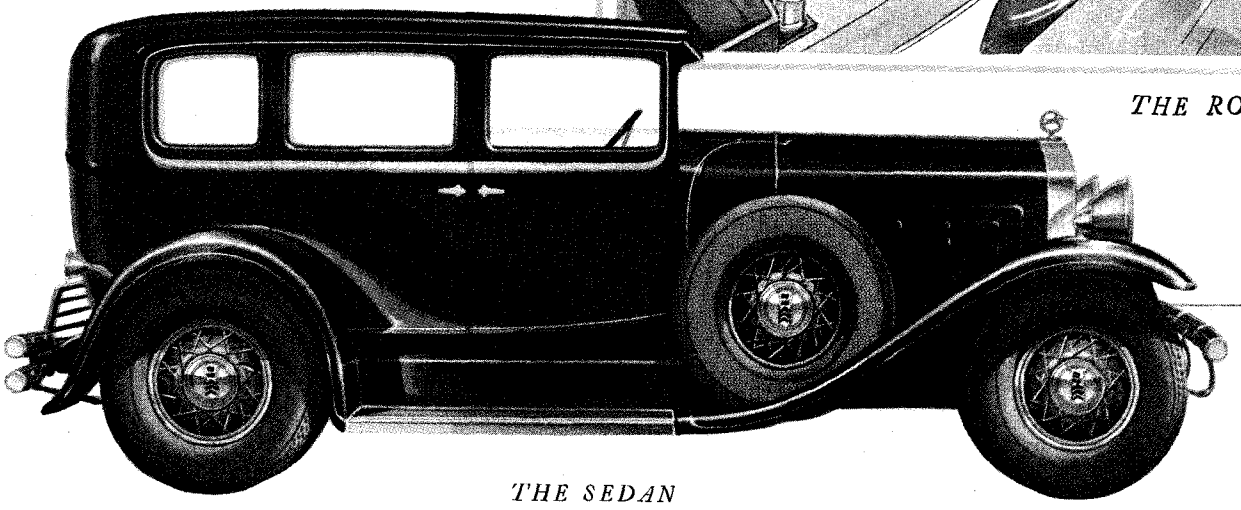


THE ROADSTER



THE SEDAN

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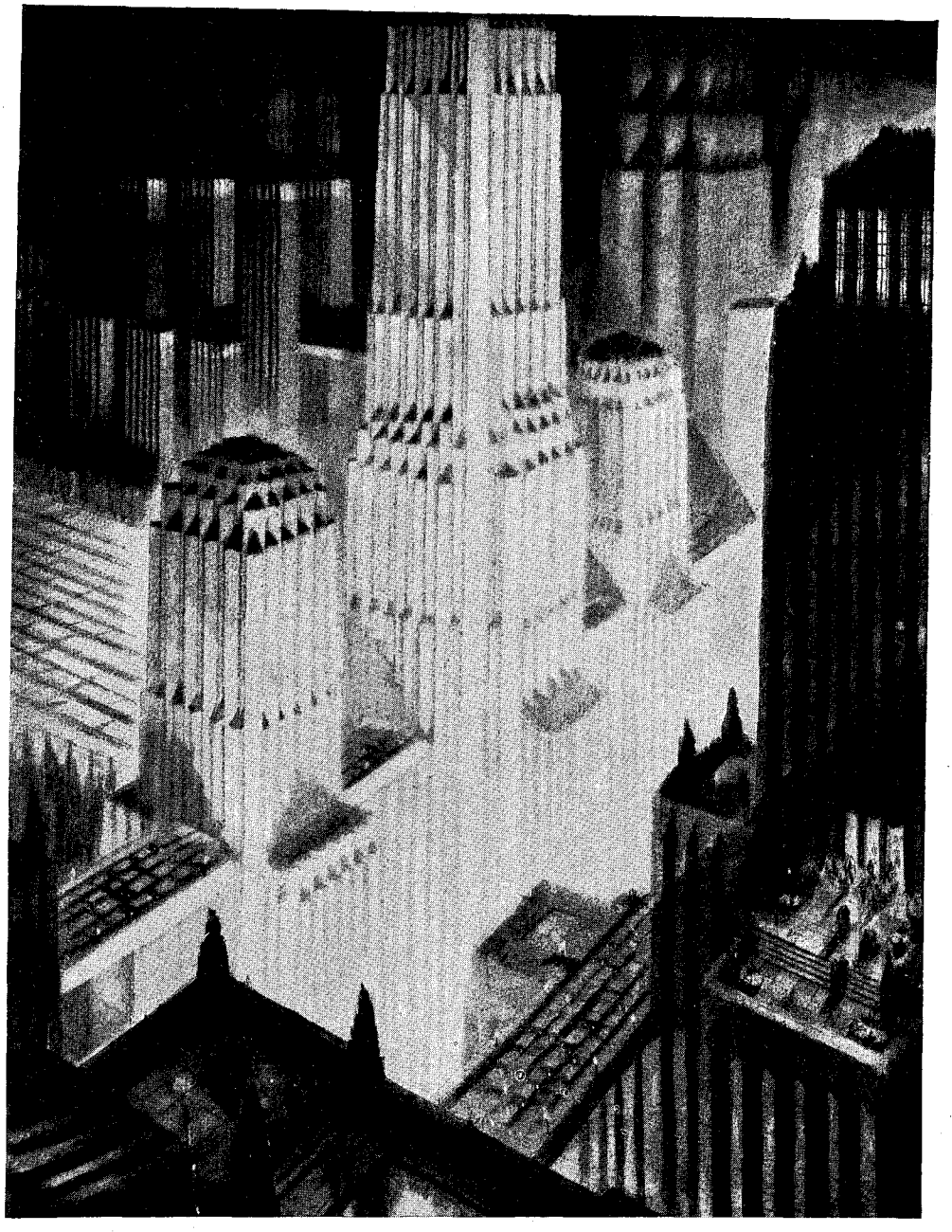

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THE MODERN MIRACLE

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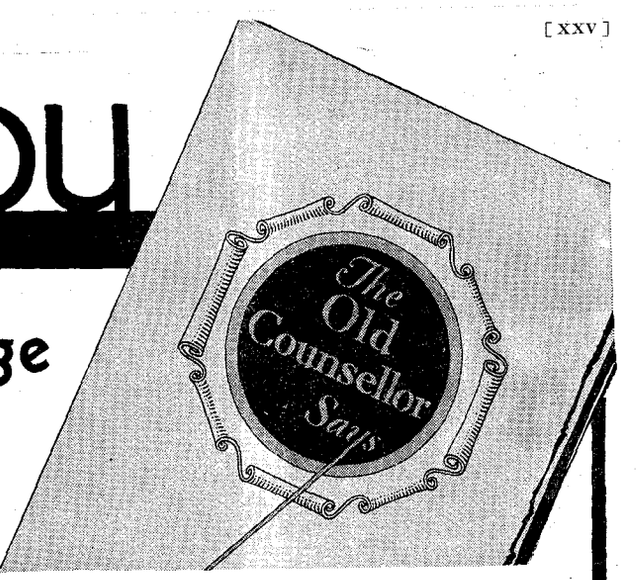

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Assuring the "Small Investor" the Safeguards Enjoyed by the Larger Buyer.
How to Plan the Family's Financial Program.
The Salability of Real Estate Bonds.
Should a Bond be Sold When it Shows a Profit?
How Should the Average Investor Regard Foreign Bonds?
How Can Bond Investors Get More Than "Average" Yield With Safety?
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TRAVEL

The Patient DUTCH

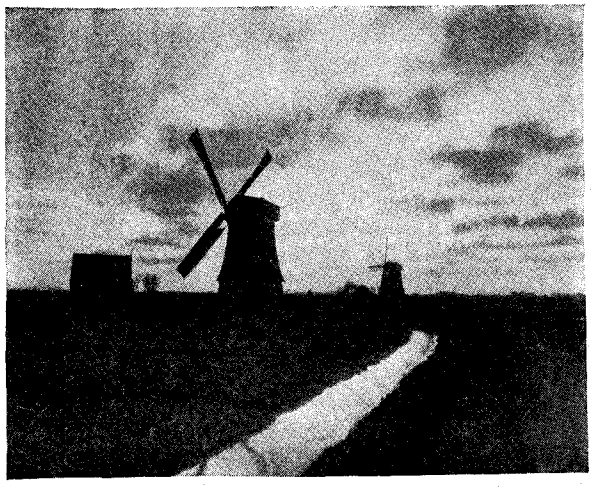
by **ESTELLE H. RIES**

When I think of Holland I am reminded of the old fable of the hare and the tortoise. While her neighbors progress erratically, rising and falling in the scale of international importance, Holland plods slowly and methodically ahead. Never flustered, she assumes, little as she is, enormous burdens and somehow carries them forward successfully. Seeking aid from no one, she minds her business, coöperates agreeably with all nations, gives help where help is wanted, and prospers in spite of her size and the greatest physical difficulties.

The Dutch are highly scientific, as their feats of engineering prove. It is only by sheer determination and enormous skill and labor that they have reclaimed from the sea two-thirds of their land. From Scandinavia stone has been brought and erected into dikes. Windmills have put the air to work. Canals have regulated the inland flow of water. The canals are higher than the lowlands which they drain and are right angles, and all the lines, straight lines. There are miles and miles of flat green fields, with grazing cows of black and white. Low white farm houses are frequent and small canals may be seen everywhere. The trees are rather scant and stiff. But the very flatness of the land gives at every glance an enormous stretch of sky. One can understand why clouds so dominate the work of the Dutch landscape artists.

A real estate development in Holland is a difficult undertaking. The owner must first pump out the site, then keep on having it pumped. When each building is finished, a permanent pump is placed in the cellar and operated periodically to remove the water forever filtering in.

The Dutch have disregarded the Biblical injunction and built their houses upon sand. In the absence of native wood, whole forests have been imported from other lands and buried as pile foundations. The piles are mortised with mud, but after a while the mud seems to lose its sticking qualities and the buildings settle unevenly, tilting forward or sideways with the air of great age.



Zaandam

are banked in by low, grassy mounds which do not at first suggest the tremendous power that is necessary to keep out the sea. But in the north, bulwarks such as the enormous dike of West Kapelle bear witness to the engineering skill and patience that such work involves.

The Hollander, having made his land himself, made it with none of the irregularity or informality of nature. He divided the land into even sections; all the angles

Holland's old churches have these crumbling foundations, but instead of repairing them, new houses are built close up against them to keep them standing. The result is often unintentionally humorous. The costliness of foundations is the reason, too, why Dutch houses are so

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narrow and so tall. Their stairways must of necessity be steep and cramped, and since it is impossible to carry anything bulky up them, each house has a crane projecting from the topmost gable, by which heavy things are hoisted into the windows.

EACH Dutch town or city has its own distinctive allurements. There are picturesque villages near inland lakes for those who love to sketch. There are sailing vessels in which to visit the delightful Frisian Meres, the dead cities of the Zuyder Zee, or the comparatively unknown province of Zeeland, with its wide waterways, its old-fashioned costumes and quaint buildings. In a little place called Aalsmeer, famous for its topiary work, where the box trees assume every imaginable shape, one may see a real water village — a narrow main street, a canal edging up to either side, and small swing-bridges connecting the houses with the little path. Some of the homes are islands of made land, and a moat surrounds their tiny gardens.

One of the most delightful of the Dutch cities is Delft, with its high-pitched red roofs mirrored in canals. The town is historically significant as well as picturesque. The famous Delft ware of the sixteen and seventeen hundreds may still be had there, though it is a modern type that is now being made. Delft was the birthplace of Hugo Grotius, the founder of international law, and a monument there ascribes to him about every virtue and genius that one can imagine.

Literary pilgrims always visit Gouda, where they see the stately *Groote Kerk* of St. John, for here it was that Gerard and Margaret, the hero and heroine of Charles Reade's romance, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, worshiped, and near here that Gerard, the father of Eramus, was born. Another famous goal, but for lovers of flowers rather than books, is Haarlem, which is in its glory toward the end of April. Then the tulips, crocuses, lilies, and hyacinths cover the farms for miles around with their sweet scent and color.

Amsterdam is an extremely livable place, wonderfully clean, busy, and up-to-date, and not without picturesqueness. Its main street, Kalverstraat, a narrow, winding avenue bordered by fine shops, is given over in the evenings to gossip, public love-making, leisurely strolling, and window shopping. Dutchmen enter the cafés about seven o'clock, order a glass of beer, and camp themselves at a window. Every hour or so they take a sip and between whiles smoke with that meditative solemnity which is characteristically Dutch. Traffic is suspended in Kalverstraat in the evenings, so that pedestrians overflow into the middle of the street. At the end of the street a canal is seen, and on Saturday nights a number of canal boats laden with fresh flowers make ready for a flower market the next morning.

Almost within the shadow of La Giralda, a whole glamorous world spreads out in Seville, the brilliant daughter of Spain. Twenty-two Spanish-American countries—along with Portugal, Brazil, and the United States—are showing their treasures of art, industry, and commerce in beautiful buildings, whose architecture is a happy harmonizing of practical today and romantic yesterday. ✣ Palm-shaded walks invite pleasant tarrying. You are at a loss whether to go to the gardens of Las Delicias, to a romping carnival in the

Casino, a historical display, or perhaps to surrender to relaxation in the typical Spanish manner by a tinkling, silver fountain. ✣ On beyond, the Plaza de las Americas, the Royal Pavilion, Mudéjar Palace, and the United States buildings, and a score of others, make up the great Ibero-American Exposition. And old Seville! You wonder at the peace among the ancient walls of the Barrio de Santa Cruz, the Moorish district which seems to have been lifted bodily from Mecca itself and the Alcazar, the winding streets, and the pretty women. And the night-time... a tower light cuts a wide arc in the violet mystery of the sky; the stars seem so close that you want to reach out and pluck one; and the moon rises, a great bronze gong hung low over the far horizon. ✣ You've seen other people go and you've dreamed about a trip probably. ✣ Now, don't you owe it to yourself to pack your luggage and toss the humdrum of life astern? Full information from any tourist agency.

SEVILLE
SPAIN

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Travel News

AROUND THE PACIFIC

A NINETY-DAY cruise around the Pacific has been arranged, sailing from San Francisco on September twenty-first and returning December twentieth, on which the traveler may visit Japan, various ports in China, the Philippines, the East Indies, Australia, certain of the South Sea Islands, including Samoa, and Hawaii. The tour, which is sponsored by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, will be made on the *Malolo*, known as the queen ship of the Pacific. Although the passengers will undoubtedly derive great enjoyment from the cruise, the Chamber has announced that it wishes to avoid "a mere pleasure junket of the tourist type," and that "a serious purpose" is at the bottom of the undertaking.

THE NANCY PASSION PLAY

VISITORS to the continent this summer will not have an opportunity of seeing the famous Passion Play at Oberammergau, but, if they wish, they may attend a similar representation, in French, at Nancy. *La Passion á Nancy* was founded in 1904 and has been given each succeeding summer to audiences composed of townspeople and tourists. Performances are scheduled all during the season, the final date being September twenty-ninth.

SAN DIEGO'S AIR CIRCUS

SAN DIEGO will have another of its remarkable aëronautical displays on August nineteenth, when three hundred planes of all types will fly over the city in mass formation. A feature of the program, which is being arranged in honor of the convention of the California members of the American Legion, will be a triple echelon in which the three squadrons of fighting craft will fly to a height of six thousand feet, with the lower planes about fifteen hundred feet above the ground. It is hoped that the Graf Zeppelin will arrive at San Diego in time to give a demonstration either before or after the mass flight.

VENETIAN FESTIVALS

MIDSUMMER sees Venice and the Lido at their gayest. Several dates have been set aside for special fêtes and Americans will form no small percentage of the attendants at each of them. On August eleventh, the Great Night Fête will be held on the Grand Canal and prizes will be awarded for the best decorated palaces and gondolas. A little later — September second — the Canal will be the scene of the historic Regatta. Sometime during August, the "Queen of the Shawl" will be elected at the Venetian Shawl Fête. This occasion will be marked by a gala water procession from the Lido to Venice.

SPAIN'S EXPOSITIONS

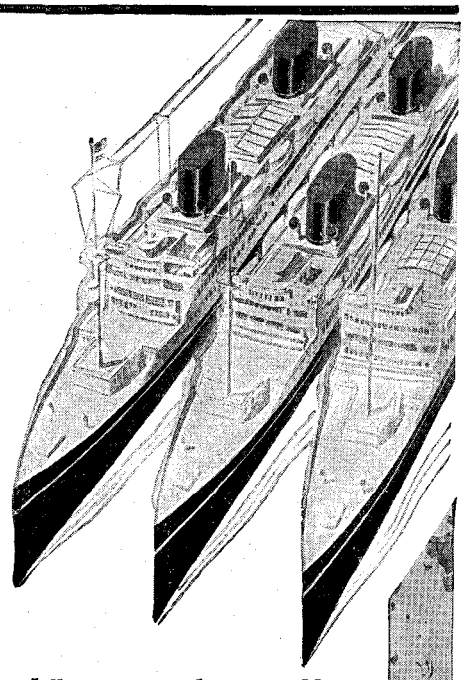
SPAIN is always worthy of more attention than it usually receives from the feverish American abroad, who tries to cram all Europe into six weeks in July and August. This year the two great expositions — the International Exposition at Barcelona, and the Ibero-American Exposition at Seville — will probably give this country something like its due. The Ibero-American Exposition is housed in a group of magnificent permanent buildings which will later become the home of Seville's university.

THE NEW TIOGA TRAIL

THE Tioga Pass Highway, which runs between Lake Tahoe and the Yosemite Valley and thus connects two of western America's famous beauty spots, was re-opened for the season in mid-June, with motor stage service starting in early July. The two hundred and fifty miles separating the lake from the valley vary in elevation from 6226 feet at Tahoe, up to 9941 feet, and then, with a headlong drop, to 3890 feet at Yosemite Park. Part of this highway is built along the historic Tioga road, over which, half a century ago, rumbled the wagon trains bearing ore out of the Tioga mines.

TOWARD ENCHANTING ISLANDS

THREE NEW LINERS TAKE THEIR WAY



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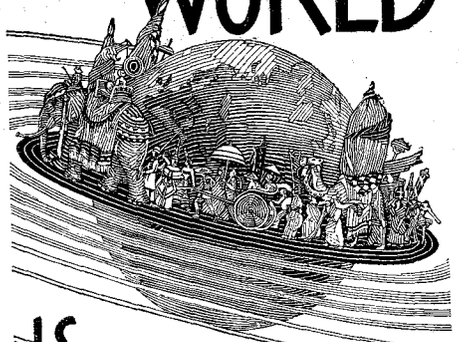
THE WORLD



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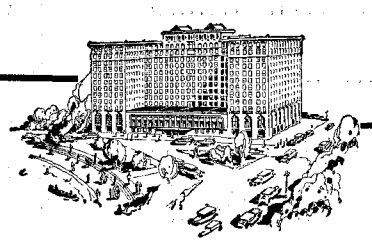
will supply upon request booklets regarding investments, insurance, etc. There is a list of Investment Literature available in the current issue.



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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

What It Means to Marry a Catholic

A flood of letters have been received condemning and supporting the opinions expressed on this subject by "One Who Did" in the June Forum. We give here excerpts from a few of them.

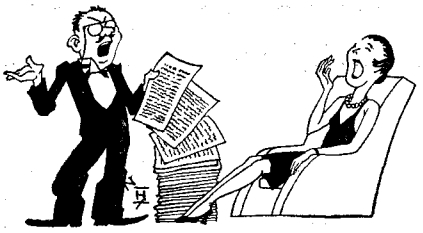
Having had some little experience in dealing with the Catholic Church, I am in a position to appreciate exactly how much nerve it took to go through with the publication of that article on marrying a Catholic. I think that this article is the most powerful blow at obscurantism ever struck in the history of American journalism. I hope that it will set a precedent which will help in the gradual escape from the present terror in the face of the Catholic hierarchy. (*Harry Elmer Barnes, Northampton, Mass.*)

It is to be hoped that you will look further into the matter, as unquestionably this article consists in part of a tissue of lies cleverly disguised as the truth. When you take the trouble to investigate, you will find that the most expected of any Catholic family in any Catholic parish for the school collection is $1.00 per month. Not one cent is extracted from anyone; the contribution is entirely voluntary. The false information you have circulated already of my personal knowledge has done harm in families where mixed marriages exist. What you have started cannot possibly do any good and is bound, in my opinion, to do a great deal of harm. (*Walter Hallahan, Bryn Mawr, Pa.*)

I think articles of this kind are necessary for the good of the country and those who have the courage to print them are doing a patriotic service. (*Edward J. Eisele, Chicago, Ill.*)

A Pagan Point of View

The writer of "What It Means to Marry a Catholic" may have belonged to a Protestant organization, but evidently she has never been a Protestant, for her viewpoint is entirely pagan. Her criticism of the Catholic Church falls upon the very things which Protestants believe and teach and commend in the Catholic Church — the sacred nature of marriage as the basis of the family; the immense importance of religious education; and the fact that the noblest use of any life is to dedicate it to God and the Church. As a Protestant minister of years' standing, liberal in thought and widely traveled and acquainted with the world, I wish to thank the writer for paying such high tribute to the Catholic Church by her very criticisms. (*Frederick Vining Fisher, Chicago, Ill.*)



All good Catholics will admit that the author is right. I married one, and if it were not for family, social, and business connections I would apply for a divorce at once. Just why a Protestant has to give way on everything when the Church is concerned, I do not see. I hope you will soon have something to say on why the Church frowns on a Federal Department of Education and yet wants to educate Catholic children in church schools. (*W. A., Boston, Mass.*)

Parochial Schools

Catholics of course feel that they are unjustly treated by being compelled by law to pay heavy taxes for the erection of palatial public schools and their maintenance for the education of Protestants. These schools are public in theory only; in practice they are Protestant. The King James version of the Bible is read, preachers enter the schools and conduct devotional exercises, and in the majority of places no Catholic need apply for a teacher's job. (*Anonymous*)

I wish to state that the article in your magazine about the trials of a Protestant who married a Catholic are in no way exaggerated. I come from 100% Catholic ancestry and have been educated in Catholic and non-sectarian schools. Age has taught me that religious schools, in a country of many creeds, are a mistake. (This goes for Protestant ones as well as Catholic.) These schools breed bigotry; not intentionally, but through over-insistence on the superior brand of religion that controls each particular institution. (*Anonymous*)

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A Catholic Priest Replies

Your writer is correct in saying that a woman should not be burdened with more children than her physical and financial circumstances will warrant. In such conditions, self-control on the part of the husband becomes a duty, and any priest or theologian who says that the husband has a right to sex gratification in these cases is wrong.

It is true that the Church insists on Catholics making great sacrifices to send their children to Catholic schools. But there are two reasons for this. In the first place, the Catholic Church takes a spiritual view of human life and temporal existence; it regards eternal salvation and the life to come as the first and all-important purpose of our present life, and hence it teaches that great sacrifices must be made here and now, when necessary, for future and enduring blessedness. In the second place, if the Church insists on sending children to Catholic schools in preference to public schools, it is because these latter give no attention to religion, and often are hostile to it in their teaching. (*A Catholic Priest*)

I know from inside knowledge that the writer of "What It Means to Marry a Catholic" has the facts and puts them mildly. Since slipping the Roman leash some years ago and trying to unlearn the cut-and-dried dogmas that I was obliged to memorize but forbidden to question, I have often wondered why there is not some law to prevent the exploitation of the minds of little children. This stunting process that puts the growing minds of millions of future American citizens into plaster casts, is devilish. (*Margaret A. Sweeney, Roxbury, Mass.*)

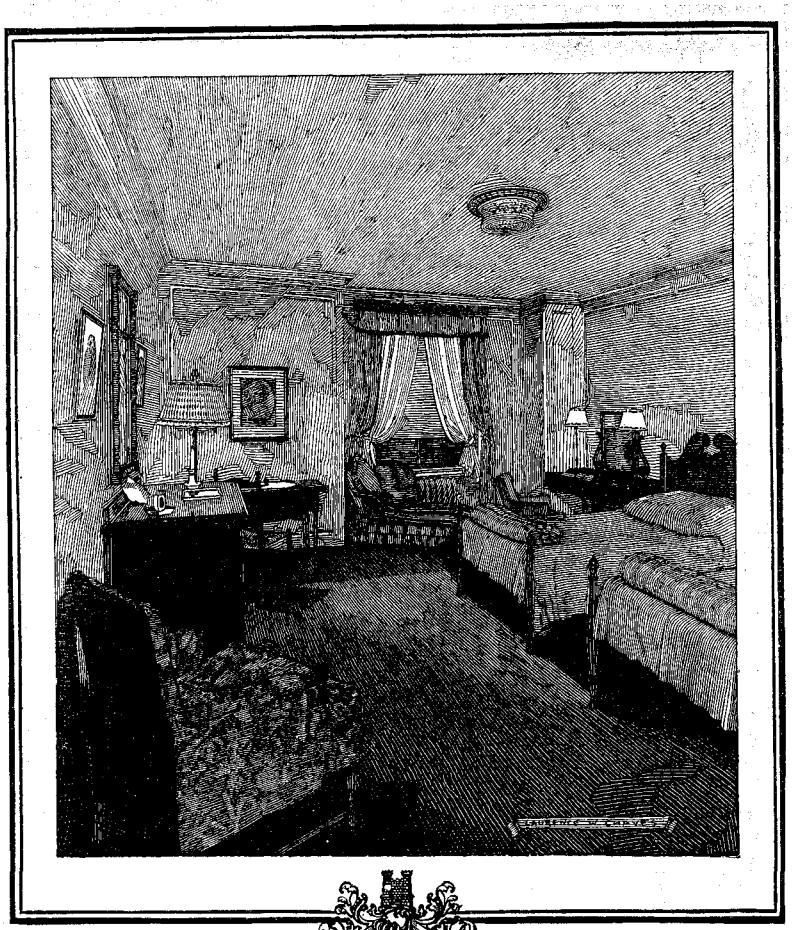
I do not think that the writer of the article has a grievance equal to that of the husband who married her assuming that she was turning Catholic. Her disappointments after all are largely worldly ones. Her complaints are material disillusions. Her Catholic husband's viewpoint, however, is spiritual; the salvation of his soul and those of his children are paramount, and a soulless wife is a great barrier to this necessity. (*A. J. Reynolds, Peterboro, Ontario*)

That's His Story

To the Editor:

Even a book reviewer, it seems to me, has no right to take liberties with the facts concerning a writer's life or experiences. I cannot allow to pass unchallenged certain statements concerning my book *You Can't Print That*, made by Norah Meade Corcoran in the April Forum.

Your reviewer says: "In the interest of his circulation department, he got himself expelled from Russia by Lenin, from Italy by Mussolini," etc. This is not



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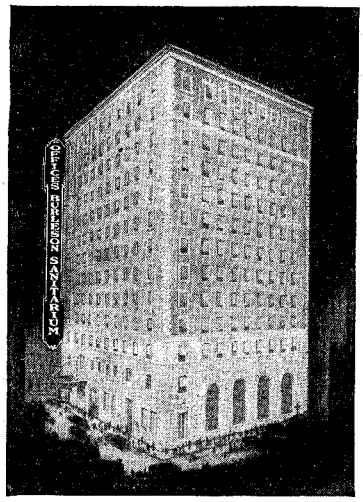

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Our Rostrum

true. In Russia Colonel McCormick attempted to organize the American newspapers to make a united protest for a free press. As the majority of newspapers and agencies failed to agree, half the press corps was deported. The circulation department had nothing to do with the case.

Your reviewer further states that I write in the interest of American investors in foreign countries. My book is written in the interest of a free press, and the American investors in bonds of terrorized countries are merely mentioned as blinded by censorship and propaganda.

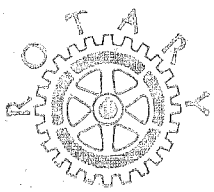
Finally, for some supercilious reasons, your reviewer, after mentioning my cable "ultimatum" to Chicherin in which Russia is threatened with a news blockade unless censorship relief is given, states that by May first I had not presented my cable. How can your reviewer know what I did or did not do in Moscow? The fact is that I went to the Foreign Office with my cable and presented it. The Soviet censors had, however, intercepted and copied it before delivering it to me. The reply was to get out of the country: "If you can't make Wednesday's train you can wait until Saturday."

Your reviewer concludes: "Through Kagan (the censor) the Soviets called the *Chicago Tribune's* bluff. Mr. Seldes left Russia. The other correspondents stayed." The fact is Francis McCullagh (*New York Herald*), Percy Noel (*Philadelphia Ledger*), Samuel Spewack (*New York World*), and myself — or half the American corps — left Russia. McCullagh was arrested before his deportation.

I am afraid your reviewer has been repeating things the Soviet censorship-propaganda bureau has been saying for years.

GEORGE SELDES

Paris



What Is a Babbitt?

Forum Definitions

The following definitions have been awarded prizes as the best of those submitted in this contest.

1. A Babbitt is a personality vitiated by contact with modern civilization, which decrees that self-development, aspirations, and ideals shall be made subservient to the attainment of material success. To a Babbitt, conventions serve for convictions, expediency for ethics, and formalism for religion. (*Peryl Wade Parsons, Burlington, Colo.*)

2. A low intelligence trying to compensate for mental and cultural shortcomings by emphasizing material possessions — such is a Babbitt. (*Rachel Wilson, Minneapolis, Minn.*)

3. A Babbitt is a person who, consciously or unconsciously, considers an affluent mediocrity to be the greatest of blessings. (*Jessie C. MacCurdy Burnet, Madison, N. J.*)

4. A Babbitt is one in whom there is an eternal struggle between standardization and individualism; whose urge to assert his individuality may occasionally cause him to depart from his natural inclination toward easy-going security, but who lacks the courage to defend the results of his actions. A man who above all else covets the good opinion of society, without which he would find it almost impossible to live. (*Emabelle Stein, Minneapolis, Minn.*)

Next: — *What is* CONSCIENCE? *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by August 24. Prizes of $5.00, or any book mentioned or advertised in The Forum (value not exceeding $5.00), for each winning definition.*

Does Wall Street Rule Us?

A symposium of readers' opinions on the question debated by Norman Thomas and William B. Munro in the last issue.

FORUM readers are no more able to agree on this subject than were Mr. Thomas and Professor Munro. At one extreme there are those who believe that our government is completely dominated by the lobbies of big business, and at the other, those who maintain that our business leaders take so little interest in the affairs of government that they may reasonably be charged with neglecting their duty as citizens.

The President of the Westinghouse Electric Company is of this opinion. "The responsible heads of large business enterprises," he says, "have been devoting their entire time to developing the business for which they are responsible, and in coping with the problems arising from keen competition. So engrossed are they in their own problems that they give entirely too little time and thought to the problems of government, and may be fairly criticized for exerting too little influence and putting forth too little effort in governmental affairs, rather than too much."

GREED ENDANGERS GOVERNMENT

The new tariff bill is adduced as evidence of the overpowering influence of big business, by Archibald Henderson of the University of North Carolina. In his opinion, "The revolt of Canada against the elevation of the tariff is significant. The rapacity of big business is a growing menace to good relations between the

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United States and other countries. With Wall Street money-mad and speculation continuing to run amuck, the situation is beginning to develop alarming aspects. It is imperative for this country to realize that our unexampled prosperity is a great responsibility to act wisely and generously, and not a great opportunity for the exploitation of other countries because we have the wealth and power."

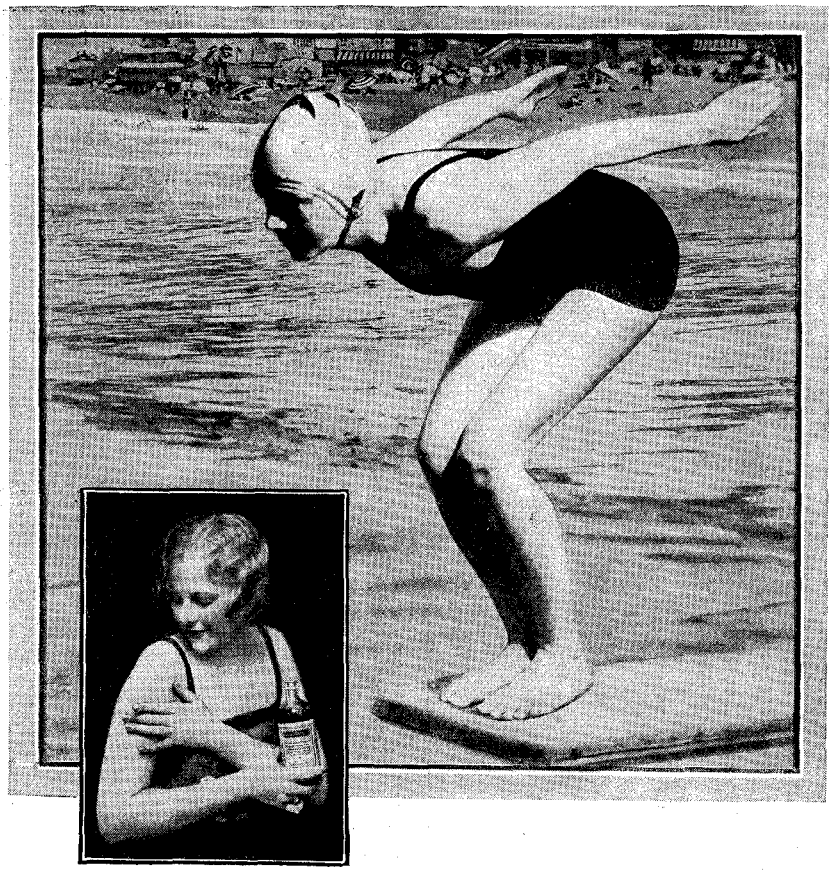
If matters continue in the direction they are heading, another trust exposure similar to that conducted by President Roosevelt will be necessary, in the opinion of Andrew Wright Crawford, a Philadelphia lawyer. He feels that there is a constant need "both to watch big business and to educate the leaders of big business into a complete realization of the fact that public service means service to the public. There are undoubtedly signs that the younger generation of executives, the men under forty-five who are coming into power, have not learned that lesson with the same realizing thoroughness that their fore-runners learned it."

No Cause for Alarm

The following indicated that they saw no evidence of undue influence by big business upon the affairs of government: Charles Denby, Washington, D. C.; Alfred H. Cowles, Sewaren, N. J.; Dr. Dan Freeman Bradley, Cleveland, Ohio; Clifton Wood Bransford, Owensboro, Ky.; Walter H. Crockett, Burlington, Vt.; Dr. Arthur M. Baker, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Lucretia L. Blankenburg, Philadelphia, Pa.; Gordon Dorrance, Philadelphia, Pa.; William E. Haskell, Jr., New York City; Oscar Johnston, Scott, Miss.; Albert Levitt, Redding, Conn.; Dr. S. S. Baker, President of Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.; Dr. Edwin A. McAlpin, Madison, N. J.; Dr. Weldon T. Myers, Spartanburg, S. C.; Rev. William B. Rogers, St. Louis, Mo; Professor Thad W. Riker, University of Texas; Rear Admiral William Ledyard Rogers, Washington, D. C.; C. L. Sherman, Hartford, Conn.; Major-General William L. Sibert, Bowling Green, Ky.

Business Needs Curbing

Those who felt that there was cause for alarm in the relations between business and government were: Dr. Walter A. Edwards, Pasadena, Calif.; Frank Exline, Buffalo Creek, Col.; Arthur McKeogh, New York City; T. A. McNeal, Topeka, Kan.; Dr. Charles H. Lerrigo, Topeka, Kan.; George B. Nevin, Easton, Pa.; Watson Nicholson, South Haven, Mich.; Dr. Stephen Rushmore, Boston, Mass.; Dr. Tertius Van Dyke, Washington, Conn.



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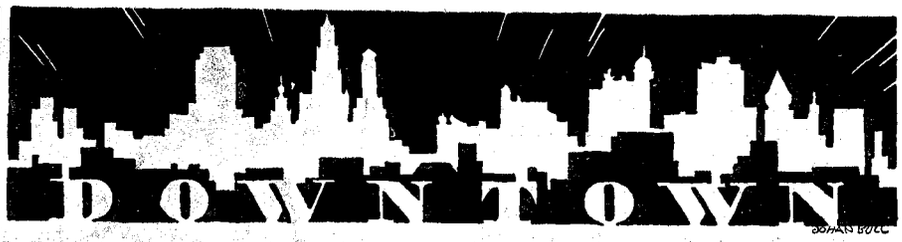

FEAR in Wall Street

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

FEAR has been abroad in Wall Street during the better part of the past year. Not the sudden terror that stampedes the audience of a theater when the cry of "Fire!" is heard; not the panic that starts margin speculators unloading *en masse* in the securities market when some adverse development appears in the news; but a more subtle sort of fear which undermines the confidence of business men, saps their courage and initiative, retards any progressive steps which they had planned, and tends to slow down business generally. Yet most of the fears which have crept in this year have either been altogether unjustified, or grossly exaggerated in their effect upon markets and industrial activity.

Most of this subtle fear which has influenced business calculations during 1929 has been the result of an inability to grasp the significance of new and unprecedented developments. In the past four years, old, tested methods of doing business have been scrapped for new with a speed that was breath-taking. Invention has crowded on the heels of the old industries and stimulated markets beyond all dreams. Never before has industrial activity in peace time reached its present proportions; nor has speculation ever been so intense as in the last few months.

To those who believe that every unusual spurt in the market must be followed by a reaction, these events are a signal for caution. To a certain degree wariness is justified, but it is also worth while to examine individually some of the situations which have developed in an effort to discover whether the probability of a general reaction has not been overestimated.

THE CREDIT SITUATION

THE CENTER of interest in the securities market this year has been the controversy over the credit situation. Following a tremendous expansion in brokers' loans during 1928 and the early months of this year, the Federal Reserve Board issued a warning to the effect that Federal Reserve credit should not be employed by member banks in the stock market. Wall Street jumped to the conclusion that the Federal Reserve banks were about to apply the time-honored method of advancing the rediscount rate in order to check the expansion in credit. But having delivered this ultimatum, the Federal Reserve fell back upon the policy of *laissez faire* and no positive action was taken.

Nevertheless, this simple warning was the most effective measure that could have been employed under the circumstances. Banks forthwith reduced their advances to brokers, and there is little question that the liquidation of credit was expedited quite as well by this warning as it would have been by such punitive methods as advancing the rediscount rate. As a matter of fact, an advance in the rediscount rate of the eastern Federal Reserve banks to 6 per cent would in all probability have been forgotten in the stock market within two weeks of the time the advance was posted, just as it was in July, 1928. As for speeding up the liquidation of brokers' loans, it is doubtful that a 6 per cent rediscount rate would have been particularly awe-inspiring in a call money market that ranged between 6 and 20 per cent, or in a commercial paper market that was above 6 per cent most of the year.

By early summer the proportion of brokers' loans made by banks — both those in New York City and those outside — had diminished to practically the lowest point since brokers' loan reports were first made public, early in 1926. The total of brokers' loans had not shrunk materially, however, for the reason that the withdrawal of $800,000,000 of bank funds from the collateral loan market was promptly offset by increased advances of $800,000,000 by non-banking lenders, chiefly corporations, individuals, and foreign lenders in the American market. In the meantime the position of the Federal Reserve banks grew steadily stronger, the reserve ratio rising from 62 per cent in January to 76 per cent in June.

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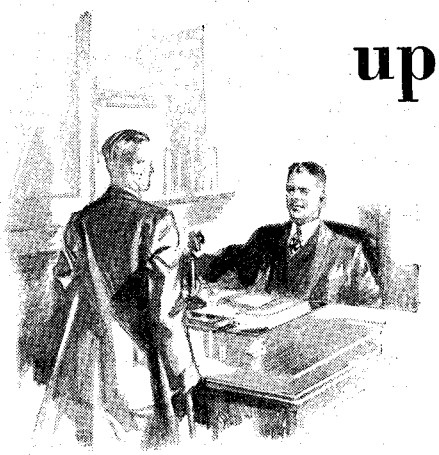
"Now He Swings His Crutch . . . up the road to independence"



"He came to my office in considerable excitement"

Clifford S. Burdge, president of the North Side Bank and Trust Co., Bristol, Conn., tells the story of his advice to a cripple . . . and what happened

"SEVERAL years ago I was a bank officer in another city," said Mr. Burdge. "I used to buy my paper, every evening, from a newsboy whose stand was just outside the bank door. Angelo, we'll call him.

"Angelo is a cripple—the result of injuries received when just a child. One day, Angelo came into the bank, and to my desk, in considerable perplexity.

"He wanted to know what to do. He had saved up a thousand dollars, and he was being 'pestered to death' to put all the money he had into a 'marvelous opportunity' that would 'double his money' in a few months.

"I knew how Angelo must have worked to save that thousand. I told him why he simply could not expect safety if he put his money into anything so highly speculative. I showed him why, in his circumstances, he ought to put safety before every other consideration.

"Finally, Angelo decided to safeguard his $1000 by putting it into a thoroughly high grade security. Since that time, Angelo has saved and invested steadily; not only has he still got his thousand, but he has already saved two or three more, and is safely launched on an investing career. Angelo now swings his crutch up the road to independence."

* * *

In an era of skyrocketing prices and widespread speculation, the mature and sober judgment of the banker can exert a tremendous influence on the safeguarding of the investment of literally millions of investors. Safety as the cardinal principle of investment was never so important. An average investor can do nothing wiser than go to his banker, or a high grade investment banker, before he decides what to buy.

Good yield, of course, is a highly important consideration, although a high per cent should never be permitted to outweigh the most rigid safeguarding of principal. For any investor who has several thousands to invest, the question of diversification enters—how to spread his investment over different types of securities.

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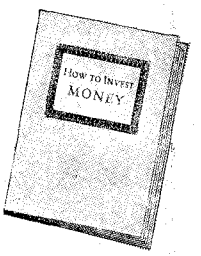
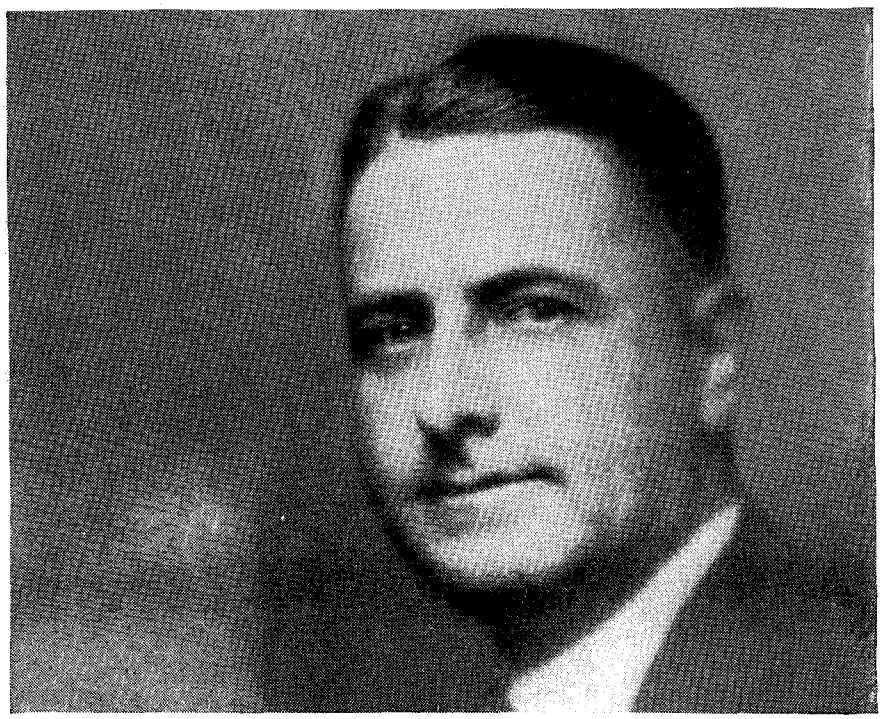
As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How to Invest Money." Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge. Write for Booklet H-1003 or fill in the coupon below.





Clifford S. Burdge, president of the North Side Bank and Trust Co., Bristol, Conn., formerly bank examiner for the State of Connecticut, is actively interested in the rapid industrial and commercial development of the prosperous district centering around Bristol.

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The tremendous volume of non-banking loans quite staggered the imagination. It was possible to account directly for about $3,000,000,000 of funds of this nature — funds that had been obtained entirely without the assistance of banks. Indirectly it was possible to place the amount advanced at approximately $4,000,000,000. Once more fear started up. Such a condition had never occurred before. It was unprecedented; therefore it must be dangerous.

To some extent this uncertainty was justified. There is no doubt now that the sudden withdrawal of a large portion of these funds would have sent the borrowing brokers to the doors of the banks clamoring for assistance, as one banker predicted last March. If the banks had loaned up to the limit of their resources and the Federal Reserve system had extended in anything like the degree that obtained in 1920, the situation might have been exceedingly dangerous. But the fact was that bank credit was not unduly inflated and the Federal Reserve banks were in a splendid position to stabilize the situation through their open market purchases of Government bonds and acceptances, or by rediscounting loans for member banks temporarily during the strain.

To be sure, the Federal Reserve banks are not permitted to lend upon stock exchange collateral, but if they buy Government bonds, acceptances, or rediscount bills for banks, they release so much credit which will in all probability gravitate toward the stock market. While this policy has been the subject of criticism, much of the criticism is now regarded as unjustified. For one reason, the nature of brokers' loans has undergone a considerable change in recent years. Hundreds of corporations have financed their industrial requirements by selling stocks. These stocks have been pledged in large amounts as collateral for brokers' loans, and to this extent brokers' loans indirectly represent money that has gone into productive business, such credit falling well within the classification of commercial loans. Furthermore, it now appears that a large proportion of non-banking loans in Wall Street are of a more or less permanent nature. At least they are not subject to withdrawal upon short notice. This discovery tends to dissipate another fear that beset Wall Street early in the year.

THE WHEAT SCARE

LATE in the spring there was still another manifestation of fear, following a sharp downward reaction in the wheat market. May wheat, which had sold at $1.35 a bushel in February, dropped to 93 cents, and at once speculators began looking about them for the nearest exit, goaded

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by the specter of the economic prostration that followed the collapse in the wheat market in 1920. At that time — nine years ago this summer — the purchasing power of the farmer was seriously curtailed and industry was paralyzed.

But the situation is different now. For one thing, wheat is not the barometer of the farmer's purchasing power that it was a decade ago. The value of the wheat crop in the prosperous year of 1928 was only $887,000,000. But this was only a little over 10 per cent of the total value of all field crops. In fact, the corn crop alone was worth about 2½ times the wheat crop in money value.

During the past decade a campaign has been waged to educate the farmer to diversify his crops so that he will not be dependent upon the hazards of a single product. To some extent this has been successful, and that is another reason why the low market for wheat this year bears a different economic significance from its predecessor in 1920. Moreover, the disparity between the present situation and that in 1920 is greater because of the comparative absence of speculation in land values in the agricultural districts.

In the course of the boom of 1919, prices for agricultural land — especially wheat land of doubtful quality — were inflated to several hundred dollars an acre, often from little or nothing at the start. The collapse of the wheat market was accompanied by a more fearful collapse of the land boom, and its effects were far-reaching. It resulted in freezing credit, closing banks, and in all manner of financial distress, the echoes of which are still heard in every political campaign and in the perennial plea for Government aid for the farmer.

This year's low prices for wheat appear to be due largely to a huge wheat crop all over the world last year. It is not at all unlikely that low prices will result in less wheat being planted next season, which would bring a consequent revival of prices next year. Instead of a three or four-year depression such as followed the collapse of the land boom in 1920, a recession of a single year may be the worst that we need expect.

GENERAL ALARM

THE FACT that industrial activity this spring has been the greatest in history, seems to have caused considerable uncertainty, not to say fear. Normally this would not be the occasion for alarm, and it is not certain that there is any reason for it now. But the history of economics — the record of booms and subsequent crises — is better understood to-day than ever before. To many people it justifies the expectation that excessive activity will be followed by inactivity, as has so often been the case in the past. But it is well to distinguish carefully between activity which is unwholesome and that which is sane and progressive.

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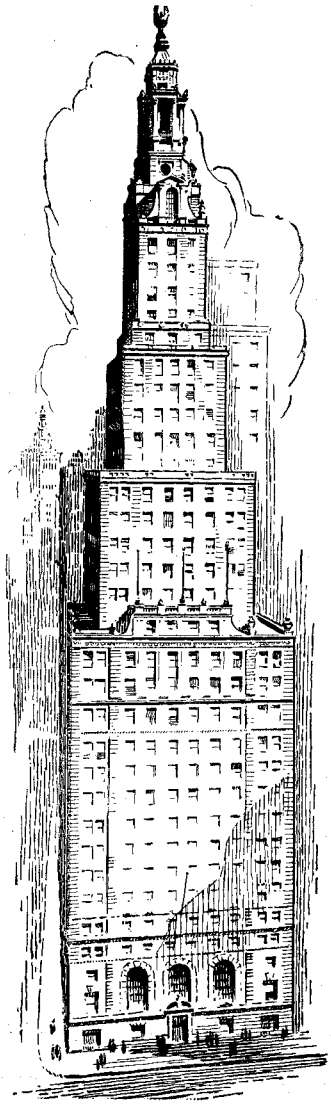

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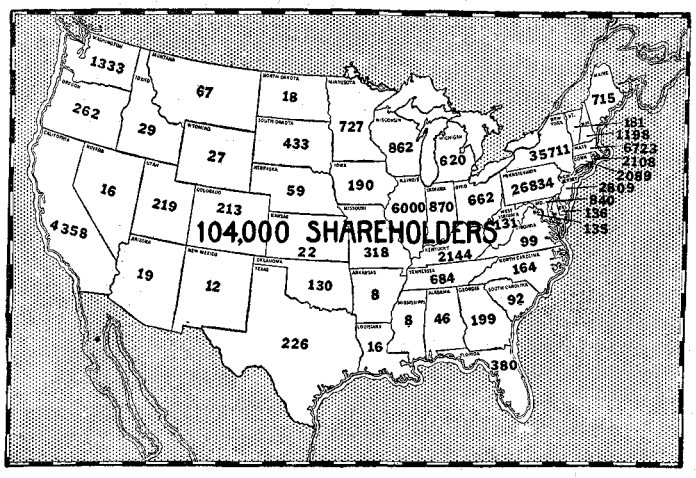

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Almost every boom in history has been attended by swollen inventories, expansion in bank credit, rising commodity prices, and labor unrest. Overproduction has then been followed by unemployment, frozen bank credit, and general industrial depression. So far this year, the record has been remarkably clean in these respects. Neither inventories nor commodity prices are inflated, employment has been steady, with comparative freedom from labor troubles because the purchasing power of the average day's wage is greater than it has ever been before. That the industrial activity of the first half of this year should cause alarm merely because business is active, is hardly logical. If the industrial activity had been accompanied by unwholesome tendencies in business, there might be some justification for alarm.

REASSURANCE

Uncertainty has been occasioned, too, by the fact that stocks are high. Conceding that this is so, and that on the basis of financial history investments in bonds are the safest at this time, it is nevertheless pertinent to consider an underlying change in conditions which has been pointed out by the President of the New York Stock Exchange. In a recent address he said: "For more than a century America was always a debtor country, where securities were more abundant than capital or credit, and where in consequence they sold at relatively low prices and returned high yields. This situation was in complete contrast with the security markets of the 19th century in the creditor nations of Europe. In these European centers, capital and credit were normally more abundant than good securities, with the result that domestic securities generally sold at high prices and returned low yields. . . . We are, I imagine, all of us rather confused as to how a creditor nation really functions. It will take time for American finance to learn this new and thoroughly important lesson."

Whether or not we are correct in our surmise that the situation is sound, we may derive much satisfaction from the fact that the underlying trend of American business is toward increased prosperity. As the Hoover committee on recent economic changes in the United States declared: "We have the power to produce and the capital to bring about exchange between the producing and consuming groups. We have communication to spread the influence of ideas. We have swift and dependable transportation. We have the sciences and arts to help us. We have a great national opportunity. We seem to have touched only the fringe of our potentialities."

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Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems.

AN INDUSTRY THAT NEVER SHUTS DOWN. A descriptive booklet of the properties owned and operated by the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated, 50 Broad Street, New York City. Copies will be mailed upon request.

WHAT IS CLASS A STOCK? A new twelve-page booklet on the Class A Stock describing its priority features and giving an outline of the Associated Gas & Electric System, its established territories, diversity of industries served and consistent gain in revenue. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

WISE PUBLIC BENEFACTIONS. A booklet prepared for public-spirited persons planning such benefactions and making clear the advantages of a standardized form for charitable trusts. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York.

CONVERTIBLE SECURITIES. A booklet describing the attractions of securities having conversion features which allow the investor to retain the safety of senior securities of a company and at the same time share in its prosperity. An extensive list of convertible bonds and stocks is included. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

MONTHLY MARKET LETTER. A diversified list of recommended Securities, showing their market position and the earnings of the various companies. Letter forwarded upon request. Cassatt & Company, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR INCOME BUILDERS. A practical Partial Payment Plan, whereby sound securities may be purchased through monthly payments of as little as $10, and showing how a permanent, independent income may be built through the systematic investing of small sums set aside from current earnings. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York.

HOW TO JUDGE MUNICIPAL BONDS. The factors which make municipal bonds attractive and the points which should be considered in selecting them are analyzed in this pamphlet. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

REASONS WHY. A booklet explaining why first mortgage real estate bonds secured by *insured and guaranteed first mortgages* should comprise a large proportion of any investment list. National Union Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Mackubin Goodrich & Co., Fiscal Agents, Baltimore, Maryland.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE? This booklet presents a graphic answer to this question and offers two interesting plans for systematic savings, including charts and tables, showing accumulated interest on principal by years. Old Colony Corporation, 17 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

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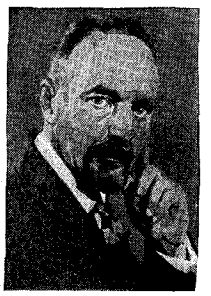
TOASTS

THE appearance of the long-heralded biography of Byron will surely be greeted enthusiastically by all those who read ANDRÉ MAUROIS' *Ariel: the Life of Shelley*. A little over a year ago THE FORUM published his *Disraeli*, which Herschel Brickell described as "a model of all that so-called modern biography should be." While the success of that book was still at its height, M. Maurois set to work upon the life of Byron, which he had long had in mind and for which he had been gathering material during the past five years. Last winter he and Mme. Maurois traveled through Austria, Roumania, Greece, and Italy, following in the footsteps of Childe Harold's creator.



E. BOYD BARRETT

There has been some speculation as to whether his interest in the English romantic poets will lead him to write a life of Keats. He says that he would like to, were it not for the fact that Keats' friends were too uninteresting to provide adequate material.

AS A critic of art and artists, THOMAS CRAVEN projected himself into the reading public's notice by an article in *The American Mercury* entitled "Have Painters Minds?" That was in 1927. Since then he has continued to challenge thought by a succession of equally controversial articles. Born in Kansas in 1889, Mr. Craven, after finishing his formal education there, ventured into nearly every section of this country, trying all kinds of labor — mental and physical. Always, however, he has been interested in the fine arts, and he has spent much of his time in the company of painters.

THE adventures of WALTER D. EDMONDS have been confined largely to upper New York state and Massachusetts. As an undergraduate at Harvard he came under the influence of Professor Copeland, who recognized his ability. It is to "Copey" that his first novel, *Rome Haul*, is dedicated. At present he spends his summers in Boonville, New York, fishing and thinking about what he is going to do in the winter, and his winters in Cambridge, Massachusetts, writing and wishing he were back in Boonville. He once won a prize in one of *Harpers'* intercollegiate short story contests, but they refused to print the story because, he says, they did not know what it was about.

UNTIL a few years ago E. BOYD BARRETT was a loyal member of the Society of Jesus. Put by his Superiors to study psychology, he became so absorbed in tracing the meaning and scope of the "unconscious motive" that he soon found himself applying it to his own life and the organization of which he was a member, with the result that he was no longer a Jesuit at heart. Since leaving the Order, Dr. Barrett has written two books: *The Jesuit Enigma*, which examines the peculiarities of the Loyola idea, and *While Peter Sleeps*, which criticizes certain excresences of Catholicism. He is now devoting himself to writing, lecturing, and the active practice of psycho-analysis. Having studied in the great psychological laboratories of Holland, Belgium, and Germany, he is considered one of the foremost authorities on the psychology of religion, as his degrees from universities abroad show.

AFTER six years as Ambassador to Japan from France, PAUL LOUIS CHARLES CLAUDEL was transferred to this country. As poet, dramatist, and philosopher, this Roman Catholic mystic is an anomaly to those who know his other sides — those of the statesman and man of business. FORUM readers will remember his poem, *L'Enfant Jésus de Prague*, for the best translation of which a prize was given. Many of his poems have been translated into English, and the Theatre Guild has produced his play, *The Tidings Brought to Mary*.

FOR A period of about a year FREDERIC R. COUDERT was an Assistant District Attorney in New York. He is chairman of the committee of New York lawyers opposed to the Jones Law who have organized to defend cases which arise under that law.

HORTENSE FLEXNER, a teacher of versification at Bryn Mawr, is also the author of two books on poetry.

THE author of *The Interpreter's House*, *The Delectable Mountains*, and innumerable essays and stories, MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT confesses that as usual he is about a year behind in his work. "When you write," says Mr. Burt, "and like equally well the writing of verse, short stories, articles, and novels, you are likely to be behind in your schedule. The only things I have not yet written for publication are epic poems and plays."

HERMAN BUNDESEN

THE CORONER of Cook County is the latest title to be added to the already long list of offices held by DR. HERMAN NIELS BUNDESEN. Born in Berlin in 1882, Dr. Bundesen came with his family to Chicago shortly after his birth, and he has been associated with that city ever since. He was graduated from the Northwestern University Medical School in 1909, and has been constantly active in public health and child hygiene movements. From 1922 to 1927 Dr. Bundesen was Chicago's Commissioner of Health, and in 1926 was given the *Chicago Daily News'* annual award for "the greatest individual service to humanity by an individual in Chicago."

"MY HAIR's hair-colored and my eyes are indeterminate and I'm of medium height. I hoe and sew and cook and loaf," writes JANE CASSIDY from her present abode in New Preston, Connecticut. "Once," she adds, "I got married, but never divorced. No excitement there. Sometimes I fall off a horse or have a car roll over with me, but I never get hurt interestingly. I used to live in the other end of Connecticut and now I live in this end of Connecticut. And there you are."

THE COMMENTS which SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA has been making on international affairs have appeared in nearly every issue of THE FORUM for over a year. As lecturer, author, and Chief of the Disarmament Section of the League of Nations, Señor Madariaga is recognized as an authority on international relations.

EDWARD EYRE HUNT has been called in for many conferences on the economic affairs of the nation in recent years. In 1921 he went to Washington for the President's Conference on Unemployment, of which Herbert Hoover was chairman. Later he served on the Committee on Business Cycles and Unemployment under the leadership of Owen D. Young, the United States Coal Commission under John Hays Hammond, and the Committee on Recent Economic Changes, again under the direction of Mr. Hoover. In 1927 he was sent to the World Economic Conference in Geneva as an expert on scientific management.

THE ARTISTS whose work appears in this issue are nearly all seasoned globe-trotters. JOHN MELCHING was born in Leipzig, but has come to this country to study modern design. RICHARD BENNETT is now sketching in Ireland. ROBERT MALONE is a newspaper man. He is especially well known for his drawings of Congressmen. JEAN CHARLOT has been connected with the Carnegie Institute in Washington, and is keenly interested in the art of Mexico. After a trip across Africa, LEROY BALDRIDGE is illustrating a book describing it.

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